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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN

FORS CLAVIGERA

LETTERS TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS OF GREAT BRITAIN

VOLUME III

CONTAINING

LETTERS 73–96

1877, 1878–80–83–84

WITH THE AUTHOR'S INDEX

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXIX

PAGE

List of Illustrations xiii

Introduction to this Volume xv

Bibliographical Note xxix

"Fors Clavigera": Volume VII. (1877): Letters 73–84:—

Synopsis of Letters 73–84 5

LETTER

73. Commissariat 13
74. Father-Law 30
75. Star Law. 54
76. Our Battle is Immortal. 82
77. The Lord that Bought Us 107
78. The Sword of Michael 124
79. Life Guards of New Life 146
80. The Two Clavigeræ 170
81. The First Epistle of John 191
82. Heavenly Choirs 220
83. Hesiod's Measure 257
84. The Last Words of the Virgin 286

"Fors Clavigera": Volume VIII. (1878–1884): Letters 85–96:—

Synopsis of Letters 85–96 307

LETTER

85. Unique Dogmatism (*January*, 1878) 315
86. Let us (all) Eat and Drink (*February*, 1878) . . 335
87. The Snow-Manger (*March*, 1878) 361
88. The Convents of St. Quentin (*March*, 1880) . . . 381
89. Whose Fault is It? To the Trades Unions of England (*September*, 1880) 398

LETTER PAGE
90. Lost Jewels (*May*, 1883). 423
91. Dust of Gold (*September*, 1883) 438
92. Ashestiel (*November*, 1883) 449
93. Invocation (*Christmas*, 1883) 466
94. Retrospect (*March*, 1884) 478
95. Fors Infantiæ (*October*, 1884). 493
96 (Terminal). Rosy Vale (*Christmas*, 1884). . . . 517

APPENDIX

ADDITIONAL PASSAGES FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF, AND LETTERS RELATING TO, "FORS CLAVIGERA"

1. Profit and Loss in the Iron Trade 531
2. The Duties of Landlords. The Shepherd, Lord Clifford . 532
3. Common Sense. Cash Down 534
4. Observation and Description 535
5. The True Meaning of "Mine" and "Work" . . . 536
6. The Worth of a Vote 538
7. Ruskin and Scott 539
8. Notes on the Life of Scott 541
9. Streams and their Use: Translation from Plato . . 546
10. On the Use of Machinery: Letters to a Manchester Manufacturer 547
11. The Definition of Money: Letters to the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe 553
12. Discrimination in Art Teaching 559
13. Laws for the Wine Trade 561
14. Economy: God's and the Devil's 562
15. The Eighteenth Psalm 563
16. "The Religion of Humanity:" Letters to Mr. Frederic Harrison 565
17. Interest; and Railways:—
(*a*) An Additional Passage 570
(*b*) A Letter to Mr. W. Walker 572
18. Morning Thoughts at Geneva 574
19. "These Thy Creatures of Bread and Wine" . . . 578

20. Whistler v. Ruskin:—

PAGE

(a) Report of the Trial 580

(b) "My own Article on Whistler" 585

21. Myths and Novels 588

22. Correspondence with Mr. T. C. Horsfall 589

23. Plato's "Music" and Ludwig Richter 594

24. Good and Evil 596

25. Notes on the Land Question 598

26. Epilogue 600

INDEX

Bibliographical Note 603

Text 609

The following Minor Ruskiniana are also included in this Volume:—

Extracts from Ruskin's Letters to his Mother: the Inn at Martigny (May 11 and 13, 1870) 475

An Unpublished Letter to the "Times" on the Eastern Question (December 27, 1876) 45

Reminiscences of, and Conversations with, Ruskin: by Count Zorzi (Venice, 1876–1877) xvi

Extract from a Letter to Rawdon Brown on his Gondolier's Dog (Venice, January 25, 1877) 68

Extracts from Ruskin's Diary:—

on the Mosaics of St. Mark's (Venice, May 21, 1877) . . . 136

on Revelation ii. 17 (1854) 302

Letter to Mr. George Baker on a Visit to Birmingham (Brantwood, July 18, 1877) 170

Letters from Ruskin on "Whistler v. Ruskin":—

to Burne-Jones (November 2 and 28, 1878) xxiv

to Dean Liddell (November 28, and earlier) xxv

MINOR RUSKINIANA: *Continued*:—

PAGE

CIRCULAR ISSUED ON THE RESUMPTION OF "FORS" (MARCH 1880) . . xxxi

LETTERS TO GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE ON CO-OPERATION (AUGUST 1879 AND APRIL 12, 1880) 414

REMINISCENCES OF RUSKIN AT ASHESTIEL (1883) xxvi

LETTER TO KATE GREENAWAY ON HER ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "FORS" (DECEMBER 26, 1883) xxvi

RUSKIN AND THE CHURCH OF ROME: A LETTER IN THE "CHRISTIAN LEADER" (BRANTWOOD, APRIL 1, 1887) 92

RUSKIN AND BURNE-JONES AT THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS xx

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

JOHN RUSKIN (*Steel Engraving by W. Roffe, from a photograph taken in 1882*) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PLATES

PLATE

I. THE VINE ANGLE OF THE DUCAL PALACE (*Photogravure from a photograph, 1877*) . . *To face page* 34

II. TWO CAPITALS ON THE DUCAL PALACE: THE VIRTUES AND THE SAGES (*Photogravure from photographs, 1877*) . . . . . „ „ 116

III. ANOTHER CAPITAL ON THE DUCAL PALACE: THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC (*Photogravure from a photograph, 1877*) . . . . . „ „ 124

IV. SOUTHERN PORCHES OF THE WEST FRONT OF ST. MARK'S (*Photogravure from a photograph, 1877*) „ „ 131

V. ASHESTIEL AND ABBOTSFORD (*Photogravure from photographs recently taken*) . . . . . „ „ 462

VI. TINTORET'S HANDWRITING (*Examples of his receipts*) „ „ 487

VII. THEUTH'S EARLIEST LESSON (*Woodcut from a child's writing*) . . . . . „ „ 508

VIII. ROSY VALE (*Engraved by W. Roffe, from a drawing by Kate Greenaway*) . . . . . „ „ 517

IX. "OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN" (*Facsimile by H. S. Uhlrich of the woodcut by Ludwig Richter*) . . . . . „ „ 594

X. "THY KINGDOM COME" (*Facsimile by H. S. Uhlrich of the woodcut by Ludwig Richter*) . . . „ „ 595

PRINTED IN THE TEXT

FIG. PAGE

1. DIAGRAM TO ILLUSTRATE THE HAIR IN THE "ETRUSCAN LEUCOTHEA" 129

Steel Engravings by W. Roffe, from drawings by Kate Greenaway

2. "DUST OF GOLD" 438
3. A LITTLE LADY 466
4. A GIRL 478
5. A GIRL WITH SUN-HAT AND PARASOL 492
6. "FORS INFANTIÆ" 493

FACSIMILES

A PAGE OF THE MS. OF LETTER 74 (§ 1) . . *Between pp.* 30, 31

A PASSAGE FROM THE MS. OF SCOTT'S "FORTUNES OF NIGEL" . . . . . „ 264, 265

A PAGE OF THE MS. OF LETTER 91 (§§ 8, 9) . . „ 446, 447

A PAGE OF THE MS. OF LETTER 92 (§ 12) . . . „ 460, 461

A PAGE OF THE MS. OF AN UNPUBLISHED PASSAGE . . „ 536, 537

INTRODUCTION TO VOL. XXIX

THIS volume contains Letters 73–96 of *Fors Clavigera* (corresponding to volumes vii. and viii. of the original issue of the work); an Appendix, consisting of additional passages or letters, relating to *Fors;* and an Index. Full particulars of the original publication, and of subsequent alterations, are given in Bibliographical Notes; in the case of the Letters, at p. xxix., in that of the Index at p. 603.

Letters 73–84 were issued during 1877, and with them may be grouped Letters 85–87, for these followed consecutively during the first three months of 1878. There then comes a break of two years, caused by Ruskin's serious illness. The period of his life and work which is covered by Letters 73–87 has already been dealt with in a previous Introduction (Vol. XXIV.), but some additional notes may here be given in illustration of passages in *Fors Clavigera.*

The earlier Letters (73–78), as also the later Letters in the preceding volume, are dated from Venice, where, it will be remembered, Ruskin spent the winter of 1876 and spring of 1877. While carrying on the general scheme of the book, these Letters reflect his Venetian interests, and the temper of his mind under Venetian influences. They contain discussions of Venetian pictures and architecture, and recite Venetian legends. They show him at work with photographers, artists, and sculptors, collecting examples for St. George's Museum at Sheffield. They have at times a mystical strain which was connected, as already explained,[1] with his imagination of St. Ursula. His Venetian friend Count Zorzi has recently published some Reminiscences of Ruskin[2] during this Venetian period which give a vivid picture of his occupations, interests, and thoughts during the months when the Venetian Letters were written. Among the young artists whom Ruskin had

[1] See Vol. XXIV. pp. xliii., xliv.

[2] In the *Cornhill Magazine,* August and September, 1906. Extracts are here given by courteous permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. Some letters from Ruskin, printed in Count Zorzi's articles, are given in a later volume of this edition.

working for him at Venice was Signor Raffaelle Carloforti of Assisi, whose name figures repeatedly in the Accounts published in *Fors.*[1] He was acquainted with Count Zorzi, and had spoken to Ruskin of the Count's desire to publish a pamphlet of protest against the restoration of St. Mark's. Ruskin had bidden Carloforti to invite Count Zorzi to bring his manuscript:—

"When at eight o'clock that evening I entered his study and drawing-room, Ruskin, upright and serious, was seated at a large writing-table, covered with books, manuscripts, and writing paper, and in his hand he held an immense cork pen-holder as thick as a Havana cigar: he gave me one like it some time later.

"He wore a dark-blue frock-coat, a high cravat, and a higher collar. His ruddy face, his reddish hair and whiskers, and indeed his whole figure, were illuminated by a number of candles burning in silver candlesticks. It seemed to me there were seven of them: perhaps because my head was full of the *Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

"He rose quickly and, with his slight person full of dignity, advanced to meet me as Carloforti introduced me, and thanked me for coming, in very English Italian. Then sitting down again and signing to me to take an arm-chair near him, he continued:

"'And I thank my good friend Raffaele for having fulfilled the mission with which I charged him. So—they are assassinating St. Mark's?'

"'Yes, sir, most unfortunately. And no one can see that better than yourself. They have been at it a good while, and they are going on.'

"'I must say that you are very courageous, and that you have taken upon yourself a right hard task. I see you have brought your manuscript with you, as I told Carloforti to ask you to do. Will you be kind enough to read me some of the most important passages?'"

The Count proceeded to read the pages which were presently published with a preface by Ruskin:[2]—

"I spoke with impetuous enthusiasm, for all my heart was in the subject. All at once Ruskin interrupted me by springing to his feet. I did the same, and found myself in his arms.

"'For thirty years,' he said, with emotion, kissing my forehead, 'I have been seeking a Venetian patrician—an artist—who would think and write about Venice and about St. Mark's as you have done, my young friend, and I am happy to have found you.'"

[1] See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 583, 633, 677, 729, 769; and below, p. 50.
[2] See Vol. XXIV. pp. 403–411.

"Why do you not publish?" asked Ruskin. The Count, it seems, had not the means to venture on separate publication; he proposed to send his chapters piecemeal to the *Adriatico*:—

"'No, no, that is not to be thought of; the polemics roused day by day by your criticisms would spoil the effect of your arguments. Your terrible book must come out as a whole; it must be a big gun and do its work at a single shot. It must sweep away the evils of restoration as practised hitherto on the ancient monuments, evils deeply rooted not only here but in the whole of Europe. Allow me to offer you the means necessary for the publication, and find a publisher at once. Permit me to say that you are young; and although you have already engaged in the struggle for the conservation of the monuments of your city with isolated publications, this is the moment when you may be said to begin the real war against powerful adversaries who enjoy the confidence of the Government—the existing commissions, the bureaucracy. It is true that your artist colleagues and contemporaries are on your side; but you need an old general well known in Europe for the battle on behalf of your new ideas. I will therefore write you a letter addressed to every art centre in Europe, in which I will support and justify everything that you have expressed at greater length so ably and so courageously, touching these matters of archæology, art, and history, which interest the whole civilised world. And you will be kind enough to insert my letter as a preface to your book.'

"'Do you know,' he burst out gaily, in a louder tone—'do you know that the Academy of Fine Arts elected me one of its honorary members a good while ago, and that the "Società Veneta di Storia Patria," on April 25 last, almost as soon as it was started, also wanted to have me among its founders? I am yours! I am yours! I am at last a Venetian!'

"After a pause he went on in a sympathetic tone: 'Carloforti has told me of the recent loss you have sustained in the death of your good father, and described him to me as a real Venetian gentleman of the good old stamp. He told me also that your mother is a Morosini. Pray offer her my respectful homage, and say that I shall feel honoured to pay her a visit if she will permit me.'

"The idea of meeting a real Morosini—who was not only the great-granddaughter of the last Procurator of St. Mark's and descendant in the direct line of the Doge Domenico Morosini (1148–1155), who was buried in Santa Croce, and in whose reign the Campanile of St. Mark's was completed, and of the Doge Marino Morosini (1249–1252), who was buried in St. Mark's Atrium, and at whose death the custom was introduced of hanging up the arms of the Doges in the Basilica—filled Mr. Ruskin with the greatest joy.

"I shall never forget the moment in which, after stopping a long while in Corte Bottera at San Giovanni e Paolo (where I then lived) to admire a precious Byzantine arch, still *in situ*, having escaped the clutches of the robber speculators, he entered my study and bowed before my mother, kissing her hand as he would have kissed the hand of a queen. Never as long as I live shall I forget the veneration with which, stretching out both arms wide, he bent down and laid his forehead on the pile of parchment documents, wills, etc., belonging to the Morosini family, which I had laid out for his inspection on a large table."

A translator for Ruskin's Preface was found in a young Polish lady (Miss Eugenia Szczepanowska), then staying at Venice and now Count Zorzi's wife. The Count polished his proofs; Ruskin wrote his Preface; and they often met to compare notes:—

"I used to visit him every evening from seven to ten o'clock at the 'Calcina' on the Zattere, where, as he said to me, he had transported his household gods in order to be quieter. Sometimes he invited me to supper, and then, as we drank our wine, I toasted him, and Our Venice, and he drank to my health, my mother's and Eugenia's. We talked about Venice, Rome, Assisi, Ravenna, and about Siena, which I had not then seen; discussed Carpaccio, Gentile Bellini, Tintoretto, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Art in general. Not infrequently the conversation turned on religion. He told me about his visit to the tomb of the Holy Apostles, Peter and Paul,[1] and said to me:

"'Although I am a Protestant, and have little in common with Romish priests, I knelt down there several times and wept at the thought of Peter, and of the great apostle of civilisation and of the Gentiles.'

"He confided to me that an English friend of his in England had had certain revelations,[2] and was far advanced in the 'Scienza di Dio.' He spoke of his friend's revelations with such conviction that I was amazed, and he confirmed them repeatedly as if talking to himself, but always with the idea that the listener must give all his attention to what he was saying. While he talked he bent his head from time to time, and then raised it with an energetic movement, gazing upwards with eyes that looked into vacancy or into the infinite, and repeated to himself:

"'Oh, yes, yes; he has gone very far! And he has had many, many clear revelations.'

"Sometimes in our talks politics were introduced . . .; and all at once, leaping from Italy to England, he assured me:

[1] See Letter 43 (July 1874), Vol. XXVIII. pp. 119–120.
[2] See Vol. XXIV. pp. xxii.–xxiv., xliii.–xliv.

"'Ideas there are upset, but a day will come when great and small will rise like one sole gentleman of the good old times, sword in hand' —and he stretched out his arm as if really brandishing a sword—'and compel respect for Christian civilisation, whereas now people respect nothing but interest.'"

These glimpses of Ruskin's thoughts and interests illustrate many a page of the Letters in this volume. For here also we see how St. Ursula personified for him the Good and Beautiful. "All real education goes on into an entirely merry and amused life, like St. Ursula's, and ends in a delightsome death" (p. 23). It is St. Ursula who sends him messages (p. 30), dictating even—alas! in language not entirely intelligible—his policy on the Eastern Question (p. 46). Here, too, we find him laying down laws for Sheffield in Venetian terms (pp. 21, 38), and composing a revised Corn Law Rhyme, taught him, as he says, by the Doge Marino Morosini (p. 40 *n.*).

Count Zorzi has published the first draft of a passage in Ruskin's Preface, which illustrates again the power of St. Ursula over his thoughts at this time. In the Preface, as published, Ruskin praises the Venetian Count for bearing an "ancient name in its unblemished honour."[1] He added in the MS., with reference to one of the pictures in Carpaccio's series,[2] "as St. Ursula's standard-bearer; her standard of St. George's cross, bright against the sky by the Castle of Saint Angelo." Thus, at every point, of his artistic and social work alike, did St. Ursula and St. George govern his mind. But, through all his communings, Ruskin remained true to his gospel of manual labour. The Count thus records a morning call:—

"One morning I found Mr. Ruskin in the court of the 'Calcina' with a hatchet in his hand.

"'Oh, oh! what are you doing?' I cried. 'Are you preparing to execute summary justice on the assassins of artistic Venice?'

"'No, no, my dear friend. As you see, I am cutting wood. Allow me'—and he went on splitting certain logs for firewood with the greatest ease and naturalness. When he had set me a sufficiently good example, he invited me to his room, and as we went upstairs he advised me to take exercise in the same way from time to time, assuring me that wood-cutting was a kind of gymnastics very beneficial to health, which he had practised for some time, and which he was sure would do me good."

[1] See Vol. XXIV. p. 411.

[2] "The Reception of St. Ursula by the Pope": No. 6 in the series as described in Vol. XXIV. p. lii.

At home, as also abroad, this form of exercise and serviceable manual labour was constant with Ruskin; see his note on the subject in Letter 88, written at Brantwood (p. 278[1]).

Ruskin returned from Venice in June 1877, as has been previously said, "to St. George's work";[2] and the Letters written immediately on his return contain much matter on that subject. On a visit to the Midlands, to inspect St. George's land at Bewdley, he saw something of the nail-making district—a sight which inspired one of the most vivid passages in *Fors*, describing the "Clavigeræ" of modern industrial life (p. 174). A visit to London earlier in the year, when he went to the theatre and picture-galleries, had one memorable outcome; for a *critique* of the Grosvenor Gallery in Letter 79 led to the libel case of Whistler *v.* Ruskin, presently to be noticed. Among the places of entertainment which Ruskin was fond of visiting was the St. James's Hall, where the Moore and Burgess company of "Christy Minstrels" used then to perform. "I remember Sir Edward Burne-Jones's account," says Mr. Collingwood, "of a visit to them; how the Professor dragged him there, to a front seat, and those burnt-corked people anticked and shouted, and Burne-Jones wanted to go, and Ruskin wouldn't, but sat laughing through the whole performance as if he loved it. An afternoon to him of oblivion to the cares of life."[3] There is a reference to these Christy Minstrels in Letter 76 (p. 85[4]).

In the autumn of 1877 Ruskin received, among other visitors at Brantwood, Mr. T. C. Horsfall of Manchester, in whose scheme for establishing an Art Museum in that city he was greatly interested. Mr. Horsfall's paper on the subject, with Ruskin's comments, occupies several pages in this volume;[5] and in an Appendix several private letters from Ruskin to the same correspondent are now given. Mr. Horsfall's scheme took shape in the "Manchester Art Museum and University Settlement" (Ancoats Hall, Every Street, Manchester), which for many years has been a centre of "sweetness and light" in that city. It is an admirably educational Museum, and Ruskin's influence is very apparent in the ideas which have governed its arrangements. It includes several of his drawings, as also many copies after Turner by Mr. William Ward, in some cases touched by Ruskin. He wrote a few notes also descriptive of these copies, which the Committee

[1] "Ruskin's bill-hook, for cutting coppice at Brantwood," is among the "personal relics" in the Ruskin Museum at Coniston.
[2] Vol. XXIV. p. xlv.
[3] *Ruskin Relics*, p. 156.
[4] See also Vol. XXVIII. p. 492.
[5] See pp. 149–157, 195–197, 213–217.

have placed under them "as one of the many proofs he has given them of his interest in their work."[1]

The winter months of 1877–1878 were, as already noticed,[2] a time of much mental strain with Ruskin. The state of anger and of isolation, into which the writing of *Fors Clavigera* was apt to throw him, was a dangerous aggravation of over-work. One seems to see him in these later letters constantly fighting, but in vain, against excitement; certainly he is constantly promising the reader that he means in future to keep calm and adopt a gentler tone. "After this seventh year," he writes in the last Letter of 1877, "I am going out into the highways and hedges; but no more with expostulation. I have wearied myself in the fire enough; and now, under the wild roses and traveller's joy of the lane hedges, will take what rest may be in my pilgrimage" (pp. 293–4[3]).

It may be noted that, just a year before, he had made a like vow. "One quite fixed plan for the last year of *Fors*," he wrote to Miss Beever from Venice (November 13, 1876), "is that there shall be absolutely no abuse or controversy in it." He permitted himself, however, "a good fling at the Bishops to finish with."[4] But there was too much "devil" in him to make those blameful words the last. To his state of nervous irritability at the end of 1877 must be attributed the tone of the correspondence with Miss Octavia Hill, an old, true, and well-tried friend, and its publication in Letter 86 (February 1878). He allowed the correspondence to stand when he afterwards revised the book; but at a later date (1888) he spoke to a friend of his desire to "ask forgiveness" for his "anger and pride." The last Letter (87: "The Snow Manger"), written before his illness, is perfectly coherent and forcible, as a reader, who uses the notes of reference now given below the text, will perceive; but the Letter shows also, as he subsequently said, "a dangerous state of more or less excited temper and too much quickened thought" (p. 382).

And then at last came the break-down, in the form of the grave illness of February 1878. His recovery, as we have seen,[5] was not slow;

[1] Mr. Horsfall explained his original scheme for the Museum, both in the letter to the *Manchester Guardian* quoted in *Fors*, and in a pamphlet entitled *The Art Museum, Manchester* (1878). An interesting account of the Museum is given in *The Ruskin Reading Guild Journal*, vol. i. (1889) pp. 149–151.

[2] See Vol. XXV. pp. xxi. *seq.*

[3] See also p. 200.

[4] *Hortus Inclusus*, p. 40 (ed. 1); reprinted in a later volume of this edition. See also the letter of July 28, 1877, to Mr. Horsfal in Appendix 22 (below, p. 589).

[5] Vol. XXV. p. xxvi.

but he was weak, and for some time the injunctions of his doctors made the suspension of *Fors* imperative.

One of the first duties which awaited him on his partial recovery was the task of considering the defence in the libel action brought by Whistler. Ruskin's *critique* had appeared in July 1877 (p. 160), and it was at once reported that Whistler intended to bring an action for libel. Ruskin had been delighted at the prospect. "It's mere nuts and nectar to me," he wrote to Burne-Jones, "the notion of having to answer for myself in court, and the whole thing will enable me to assert some principles of art economy which I've never got into the public's head, by writing, but may get sent over all the world vividly in a newspaper report or two."[1] But this was not to be. The action was not brought immediately; Ruskin's serious illness intervened, and when the case was ready for trial his doctors forbade him to risk the excitement of appearing in person. Ruskin and Whistler, it may be interesting to state, had never met. Some years before Whistler had, through a mutual friend, expressed a desire to make the acquaintance of Ruskin, whose works he knew and appreciated, and he wished to show his pictures to the critic, but the meeting had not taken place.

The works which Whistler had exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877 were (in addition to a portrait of Carlyle):—

4. Nocturne in Black and Gold	*Artist.*
5. Nocturne in Blue and Silver	*Mrs. Leyland.*
6. Nocturne in Blue and Gold	*Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham.*
6A. Nocturne in Blue and Silver	*W. Graham.*
7. Arrangement in Black, No. 3—Irving as Philip II. of Spain	*Artist.*
8. Harmony in Amber and Black	*Artist.*
9. Arrangement in Brown	*Artist.*

Ruskin's criticism was general, but was given a certain specific application by the remark that he had "never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." One of the pictures in question—the "Nocturne in Blue and Silver (Battersea Bridge)"—is now in the Tate Gallery (No. 1959), having been presented to the nation by the Art Collections Fund in 1905. It is often stated that this is the picture which Ruskin attacked, but

[1] *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 86.

the statement is somewhat misleading. Several pictures were, indeed, included in the critical indictment, but the one which in fact aroused Ruskin's ire was, however, the "Nocturne in Black and Gold (The Falling Rocket)"—the only one of the four Nocturnes then for sale —"a night piece," Whistler called it at the trial, "representing the fireworks at Cremorne." This, too, was the picture which Ruskin's principal witness, Burne-Jones, singled out as justifying the criticisms. It now belongs to Mrs. Samuel Untermeyer.

The case, which was tried before Baron Huddleston, excited lively interest both in artistic circles and among the general public. Ruskin's leading counsel was the Attorney-General, Sir John Holker, and with him was Mr. (afterwards Lord) Bowen.[1] On the other side was another famous counsel of the time, Serjeant Parry. Whistler appeared in the box, and he called as experts Mr. Albert Moore, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and Mr. W. G. Wills. Ruskin's witnesses, besides Burne-Jones, were Mr. Frith, R.A., and Mr. Tom Taylor. The names of these witnesses show how sharply both the artistic and the critical opinions were at that time divided on the character of Whistler's work. Perhaps it is true of painters, as Wordsworth said of poets, that innovators have to create the taste by which they are to be admired. Whistler produced his Nocturnes in court; the defence produced Ruskin's portrait of the Doge Andrea Gritti by Titian,[2] to show what is meant by sound workmanship. In the end the jury found for the plaintiff, but awarded only one farthing damages[3]—a verdict which implied that in their opinion Ruskin was technically in the wrong, but that substantially his remarks were fair criticism. The

[1] Bowen's Opinion, given (November 29, 1877) when the action was first threatened, concluded as follows: "Most people of educated habits of mind are well aware of the infinite importance of having works of art, or alleged works of art, freely and even severely criticised by skilled and competent critics. But Mr. Ruskin must not expect that he will necessarily find juries composed of persons who have any knowledge of or sympathy with art. It would, for example, be hopeless to try to convince a jury that Mr. Ruskin's view of Mr. Whistler's performance was right. They never could or would be able to decide on that. They would look to the language used rather than to the provocation. And their sympathies would rather lean to the side of the man who wanted to sell his picture than to the side of the outspoken critic whose criticism interfered with the sale of a marketable commodity. I think, therefore, that Mr. Ruskin, whose language about Mr. Whistler in *Fors Clavigera* is exceedingly trenchant and contemptuous, must not be surprised if he loses the verdict. I should rather expect him to do so. The question is one of fact, whether the limits of fair and reasonable criticism were passed or not. And this issue will have to be determined not by a tribunal with any knowledge of or love for art, but by a jury composed of those who probably know nothing about it."

[2] Plate X. in Vol. XIX.

[3] Whistler for some years used to wear the farthing on his watch-chain.

trial called forth a bitter, but not unamusing, brochure by Whistler, entitled *Whistler* v. *Ruskin: Art and Art Critics;* afterwards included in his book *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies.* But better than anything in Whistler's pamphlet was a remark which he made when under cross-examination. "Can you tell me," asked the Attorney-General, "how long it took you to knock off that Nocturne?" "Two days." "The labour of two days, then, is that for which you ask two hundred guineas?" "No; I ask it for the knowledge of a life-time."

Burne-Jones, on whose evidence Ruskin chiefly relied, had been placed in a position of much delicacy and difficulty. Whistler was also his friend, and the passage in *Fors*, which formed the subject of the action, was practically a comparison between Whistler's work and his own. He felt strongly, however, that Ruskin was justified in asserting that good workmanship was essential to a good picture, and in finding this quality absent from the pictures in question. Ruskin's letters show how much he relied on Burne-Jones, and how grateful he was:—

> "Brantwood, *November* 2 (1878).—I gave your name to those blessed lawyers as chief of men to whom they might refer for anything which in their wisdom they can't discern unaided concerning me. But I commended them in no wise and for no cause whatsoever to trouble or tease you; and neither in your case, nor in that of any other artist, to think themselves justified in asking more than may enable them to state the case in court with knowledge and distinctness."[1]
>
> "Brantwood, *November* 28.—I'm very grateful to you for speaking up, and Arthur [Severn] says you looked so serene and dignified that it was a sight to see. I don't think you will be sorry hereafter that you stood by me, and I shall be evermore happier in my serene sense of your truth to me, and to good causes—for there *was* more difficulty in your appearing than in any one else's, and I'm so glad you looked nice and spoke so steadily."

The result of the trial gave satisfaction to neither side. The damages awarded to Whistler were contemptuous; and the judge had not given the plaintiff costs. Each side was thus left to pay its own costs, and Ruskin found himself mulcted in a sum of £400 as the price of his criticism, which, whether sound or mistaken, was at any rate

[1] This letter has been printed in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 87.

disinterested. Friends and admirers subscribed this sum, and sent it to Ruskin with an "expression of their opinion that your life-long, honest endeavours to further the cause of art should not be crowned by your being cast in the costs arising out of that action." Ruskin acknowledged the gift gratefully, but the result of the trial rankled in his mind, and letters to Dean Liddell show this was the cause which finally decided him to resign his Professorship at Oxford:—

> "Brantwood, *November* 28, 1878.—Although my health has been lately much broken, I hesitated in giving in my resignation of my Art-Professorship in the hope that I might still in some imperfect way have been useful at Oxford. But the result of the Whistler trial leaves me no further option. I cannot hold a Chair from which I have no power of expressing judgment without being taxed for it by British Law. I do not know in what formal manner my resignation should be signified, but thought it best that the decisive intimation of it should be at once placed in your hands."
>
> "Brantwood (no date).—It is much better that the resignation of the office should be distinctly referred to its real cause, which is virtually represented by this Whistler trial. It is not owing to ill-health that I resign, but because the Professorship is a farce, if it has no right to condemn as well as to praise. It has long been my feeling that nobody really cared for anything that I *knew;* but only for more or less lively talk from me—or else drawing-master's work — and neither of these were my proper business."

Ruskin himself wrote, and carefully preserved, some remarks on the action. These are now printed in an Appendix (pp. 585–587), together with a report of the trial (pp. 580–584).

The publication of *Fors Clavigera* was resumed some fourteen months after these events, but after three more Letters had appeared it was again interrupted by a further serious illness (in the spring of 1881). In May 1883 the book was once more resumed, and carried to its conclusion at Christmas 1884. In these later Letters Ruskin succeeded in keeping clear of that "blameful work" which excited him unduly, and they are among the most interesting and charming of the series. We need not here anticipate the story of his life after 1878, which will be found in a later Introduction, but one or two notes may be given in special connexion with *Fors*.

One of the Letters (92) is entitled "Ashestiel," and gives Ruskin's impressions, with some fine descriptive passages, of the Scott country.

These were the result of a journey in September and October 1883, during which he had spent a couple of days as the guest of Lord Reay at Laidlawstiel. An account of this visit by a fellow-guest has been printed by Grant-Duff:[1]—

"Mr. Ruskin (wrote Mr. Rutson to Grant-Duff) came to Laidlawstiel for two nights after I wrote to you. I was delighted with his courtesy and charming manner and his eloquence. We went to Ashestiel. You should have seen the reverent way in which he approached, with his hat off, an old man who had worked for Scott, and how he expressed his sense of the honour of seeing a man who had known Scott, and how the sense of his having known Scott must make the man himself very happy. All this, said in a low and rich tone of Ruskin's beautiful voice, while he stood slightly bowed, made a memorable little picture, the man standing in his doorway, and Ruskin just outside the cottage. . . . In the afternoon we partly drove and partly walked to Traquhair, getting our first view of it from outside the great gates, looking down the avenue guarded by the stone bears. From nearer at hand, Ruskin made a sketch of the house, which he declares (we not dissenting) to be a true work of art, faithful to the genius of the place, towers, height and pitch of roof, size and mutual relation of windows, and strength of material—all harmonising with each other and suited to the need of its inhabitants and to its situation among Scottish hills."

A feature of the later Letters of *Fors* (91, 93, 94, 95, and 96) is the inclusion of drawings by Kate Greenaway. Ruskin had made her acquaintance in 1882, and when these drawings began to appear in *Fors*, the acquaintance had ripened into warm friendship. A large collection of Ruskin's letters to Kate Greenaway will be found in a later volume, but one is given in this place because it refers to the headpiece of *Fors*, Letter 93. It is dated December 26, 1883:—

"I shan't go to sleep over your note to-day.

"But I have no words, any more than if I *was* asleep, to tell you how marvellous I think these drawings. No one has ever done anything equal to them in pure grace of movement—no one in exquisiteness of dainty design. I tremble now to ask you to draw in any other way.

"As for the gift of them, I had never such a treasure given me, in my life—but it is not for me only. I am sure that these drawings will be [valued] endlessly and everywhere if I can get them engraved the least rightly—the sight of them alters one's thoughts of all the world.

[1] *Notes from a Diary, 1881–1886*, vol. i. pp. 186–187.

"The little beauty with the note, alone, would have made a Christmas for me.

"I hope you will like the use I've made of one of your little dance-maidens. I think her glory of simplicity comes well alone." [1]

The Appendix to this volume contains additional passages from the manuscript of *Fors Clavigera*, and letters relating to the books. It has been noticed already [2] how greatly Ruskin's correspondence was increased by the publication of *Fors*. Readers, who were interested in one aspect or another of his schemes, wrote to him in remonstrance or for counsel. *Fors*, again, was often controversial, and the "Correspondence" which he published in the Letters themselves was only a small portion of what he received or wrote. Several of his correspondents have placed their letters at the disposal of the editors, and selections from such material are now included in the Appendix (1, 2, 10, 11, 16, 17 (*b*), and 22).

Ruskin preserved, partly in manuscript and partly in proof, a large quantity of material intended for use in *Fors*. Particulars under this head have already been given.[3] Some of this material was printed in Mr. Faunthorpe's General Index to *Fors;* and this portion (not always the most interesting or important) is in this Complete Edition included: Appendix 3, 9, 14, and 17 (in part). Another piece of over-matter was sent by Ruskin in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Appendix 25). The matter in the other Appendices, selected from the manuscripts at Brantwood, is included for its intrinsic interest and as supplementing the hitherto printed text of the book. Particular attention may be called to the notes on "Ruskin and Scott" (Appendix 7), which explain the special interest taken by Ruskin in the early life of that master; to the additional "Notes on the Life of Scott" (Appendix 8), which Ruskin wrote for *Fors;* to the notes of travel, now entitled "Morning Thoughts at Geneva" (Appendix 18), which he promised in Letter 72 for a later number but omitted to include; to the description of designs by Ludwig Richter (Appendix 23); and to an interesting Epilogue to the whole work (Appendix 26).

The Brantwood MSS. have also been drawn upon for occasional notes under the text; see, for instance, pp. 196, 395, 448, 497.

Finally, Ruskin's own Index to *Fors* has been collated and completed, as explained more fully in a Bibliographical Note below (p. 607).

[1] This letter has appeared in *Kate Greenaway*, by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, 1905, p. 122.

[2] See Vol. XXVIII. p. xv.

[3] See Vol. XXVII. p. lxxxviii.

For particulars with regard to the *manuscript* and *text*, the reader is referred to the Introduction in Volume XXVII. (pp. lxxxviii.–lxxxix.).

The *plates* in this volume are all new, with the exception of the woodcut from a child's writing, called by Ruskin "Theuth's Earliest Lesson" (VII.), and of the drawing by Kate Greenaway called "Rosy Vale" (VIII.). The *frontispiece*—a portrait of Ruskin (*circa* 1882)—though new in this place, occupied the same position in *The Ruskin Birthday Book* (1883). The plates introduced to illustrate the Venetian Letters are from negatives made for Ruskin in 1876 and 1877. The first (I.) is of the Vine Angle of the Ducal Palace; the next two (II. and III.) are of various capitals, described in the text. The fourth (IV.) is of the southern porches of the West Front, as they were at the same time. The next plate (V.) is introduced to illustrate Ruskin's remarks upon Scott's homes, at Ashestiel and Abbotsford. The facsimiles of Tintoret's handwriting on Plate VI. are from some sheets which Ruskin photographed from Venetian archives. The remaining two plates (IX. and X.) are woodcut-facsimiles by Mr. H. S. Uhlrich of two of Richter's designs illustrating the Lord's Prayer—designs which Ruskin included among "Things to be Studied" by all his pupils. The illustrations printed in the text were all included in the original issues of *Fors*.

With regard to the plate of "Rosy Vale," it should be understood that it was intended by the artist to be coloured, and was treated by the engraver accordingly. One or two impressions were coloured by hand, by Miss Emily Warren, but Ruskin abandoned the idea of giving the coloured plate in *Fors*.

The *facsimiles* include three pages of the manuscript of *Fors* as published, and one page from a rough copy of an unused passage (see p. 537 *n.*). The other *facsimile* is of a passage in the manuscript (at Brantwood) of Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*.

E. T. C.

[*Bibliographical Note.*—Letters 73–84 were originally issued in wrappers similar to those described in Vol. XXVIII. p. xxiii., but the imprint was altered at the foot, and reads as follows: "London: Printed for the Author by | Hazell, Watson, and Viney, London and Aylesbury; | and to be had of | Mr. George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent."

Except where otherwise stated, the first edition of Letters 73–84 and 85–96 consisted of 2000 copies, and the second of 1000. The title of the Letter was also, except where otherwise stated, added in the Second Edition.

VOL. VII. (1877)

LETTER 73. *First Edition* (January 1, 1877).—Pages 1–24.
Second Edition (October 1885).

LETTER 74. *First Edition* (February 1, 1877).—Pages 25–56.
Second Edition (October 1885).

LETTER 75. *First Edition* (March 1, 1877).—Pages 57–94. A "cancel" sheet (pp. 57–58, 71–72) was issued with Letter 76, accompanied by a slip dated "Orpington, *April* 2." For the mistakes on pp. 71–72, which rendered the substitution of this sheet necessary, see below.
Second Edition (September 1884).—The mistakes above mentioned were corrected.

LETTER 76. *First Edition* (April 2, 1877).—Pages 95–126.
Second Edition (December 1884).

LETTER 77. *First Edition* (May 1, 1877).—Pages 127–148.
Second Edition (August 1885).

LETTER 78. *First Edition* (June 1, 1877).—Pages 149–179. The actual date of publication was later: see Ruskin's statement in § 17 (p. 140).
Second Edition (May 1885).

LETTER 79. *First Edition* (July 2, 1877).—Pages 181–213.
Second Edition (November 1883). *Third Edition* (January 1900). 150 copies.

LETTER 80. *First Edition* (August 1, 1877).—Pages 215–246.
Second Edition (May 1885).

LETTER 81. *First Edition* (September 1, 1877).—Pages 247–290.
Second Edition (May 1885).

LETTER 82. *First Edition* (October 1, 1877).—Pages 291–342.
Second Edition (May 1885).
This and some preceding Letters, though each of them dated the first of the several months, were in fact issued later: see Letter 82, § 7 (below, p. 227).

LETTER 83. *First Edition* (November 1, 1877).—Pages 343–388.
Second Edition (May 1885).

LETTER 84. *First Edition* (December 1, 1877).—Pages 389–412. At the foot of p. 412 is the imprint "Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury."

Second Edition (March 1885).

Letters 73–84 have never been reprinted collectively in volume form. Volumes supplied by the publisher have been made up from time to time of the separate Letters. The title-page originally issued was as here given (p. 3). That of the volume as now current bears the date "1895" and the words "Third Edition."

NEW SERIES (VOL. VIII., 1878–1884)

With Letter 85 the "New Series" began (see p. 315). The twelve Letters comprising it were originally issued, separately, in buff-coloured paper wrappers. The first six Letters were numbered Letter the First, the Second, and so on. Then the consecutive numbering was adopted; thus, "Letter 91st (Seventh of New Series)," and so on. Letters 1–3 (85–87 in the collected series) had no title-pages, but a title on the front of the wrapper. Letters 4–12 (88–96) had title-pages as well. The "Advertisement" (as before) was printed on p. 4 of each wrapper. The price was 10d. each Letter.

LETTER 85 (New Series, Letter 1). *First Edition* (January 1878).—The title on the wrapper of this, and of the two succeeding Letters, was:—

> Fors Clavigera. | Letters | to the Workmen and Labourers | of Great Britain. | By John Ruskin, LL.D. | New Series. | Letter the First [Second, Third] | January 1st [February 1st, March 1st], 1878 | [*Rose.*] | London: printed for the author by | Hazell, Watson, & Viney, London & Aylesbury; | and to be had of | Mr. George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | Price Tenpence.

Octavo, pp. 1–35.

Second Edition (March 1885).—This was headed "Letter the 85th," instead of "Second Series, Letter 1."

Third Edition (January 1896).—400 copies.

LETTER 86 (New Series, Letter 2).—*First Edition* (February 1, 1878).—Pages 37–74.

Second Edition (March 1885).—Renumbered.

Third Edition (January 1896).—350 copies.

LETTER 87 (New Series, Letter 3).—*First Edition* (March 1, 1878).—Pages 75–100.

Second Edition (March 1885).—Renumbered.

Third Edition (January 1896).—350 copies.

At the beginning of this Letter (1st ed.) the following slip was inserted:—

> "Professor Ruskin, who is at present lying seriously ill—from prostration, caused by overwork—will not, until further notice, be able to issue 'Fors,' his medical advisers having ordered absolute rest for some time.'
>
> "SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
> "*February 26th.*"

LETTER 88 (New Series, Letter 4).—The remaining Letters were issued with title-pages. Common to them all were the words: "Fors Clavigera. | Letters | to the Workmen and Labourers | of Great Britain. | By John Ruskin, LL.D. | [*Rose.*] | George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent." On Letter 88 the description of the contents, after the author's name, was "New Series. | Letter the Fourth | March 21, 1880." The titles were reproduced on the front of the wrapper, with the addition of the words "Price Tenpence" at the foot. In the case of Letters 4–6 the date was omitted from the wrapper. In the case of Letter 4 only there was in ed. 1 an imprint at the foot of the reverse of the title-page—"Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury."

First Edition (March 21, 1880).—Pages 101–126. Page 101 was blank; on p. 102 was the quotation from the Orphic Hymn (see here p. 380).

Second Edition (June 1885).—Renumbered.

Third Edition (July 1900).—250 copies.

With this Letter, at the time of its original issue in March 1880, the following notice (written by Ruskin) was circulated by his publisher as a "Note" at the end of his list of "Works by Mr. Ruskin":—

> "The second series of *Fors Clavigera*, recommencing in the current number, will be carried forward as the author finds leisure, to the close of the eighth volume; the complete summary and indices of the whole, forming a smaller ninth volume, will be issued, with the closing letter, it is hoped within a year of the present date.
>
> "The change in the plan of *Love's Meinie*, from a limited series of University Lectures to a school book of Ornithology, has been the chief cause of the delay in the publication of the third lecture on the Chough. This is now in the press—but displaced so as to become the fourth in order;[1] the intermediate one, on the Ouzel and Dabchick, will be published together with the lecture on Serpents prepared for the London Institution, which will form the seventh number of *Deucalion*.[2] Both these lectures will be ready in April.
>
> "The '*Elements of Prosody*' were found by the author much more difficult, but also much more interesting matter to handle than he expected. The book is at last in the press, and may be safely promised, if all go well, for autumn issue in the present year.[3]
>
> "☞ Mr. Ruskin has always hitherto found his correspondents under the impression that, when he is able for average literary work, he can also answer any quantity of letters. He most respectfully and sorrowfully must pray them to observe that it is precisely when he is in most active general occupation that he can answer fewest private letters, and this year he proposes to answer—none, except those on St. George's business. There will be enough news of him, for any who care to get them, in the occasional numbers of *Fors*."

The last part of the notice was also lithographed on notepaper, with the address "Brantwood, Coniston" at the end, and circulated.

LETTER 89 (New Series, Letter 5).—On the title-page "New Series, | Letter the Fifth. | September 29, 1880."

First Edition (September 29, 1880).—Pages 127–158.

Of this Letter 525 copies were supplied free to Trade Unions, each copy being stamped "Trades Union Copy | presented | by the Author" (see below, p. 411).

Second Edition (January 1884).—Renumbered.

Third Edition (June 1892).—600 copies.

LETTER 90 (New Series, Letter 6).—On the title-page "New Series. | Letter the Sixth. | Lost Jewels. | May, 1883."

[1] See on these matters Vol. XXV. pp. xxxi., xxxii.
[2] See now Vol. XXVI. pp. 295 *seq.*
[3] See now Vol. XXXI.

First Edition (May 1883).—Pages 159–178. This Letter, and the succeeding ones, were entitled from the first.

Second Edition (April 1884).

Third Edition (March 1893).—500 copies.

LETTER 91 (New Series, Letter 7. This, and the remaining Letters were not, however, headed "Second Series"). On the title-page "Letter the 91st. | (Seventh of New Series.) | September, 1883. | Dust of Gold."

First Edition (September 1883).—Pages 179–191.

Second Edition (August 1885).

Third Edition (January 1900).—250 copies.

LETTER 92 (New Series, Letter 8).—On the title-page "Letter the 92nd. | (Eighth of New Series.) | November 1883. | Ashestiel."

First Edition (November 1883).—Pages 193–214.

Second Edition (March 1886).

LETTER 93 (New Series, Letter 9).—On the title-page "Letter the 93rd. | (Ninth of New Series.) | Christmas, 1883. | Invocation." Of this Letter the *first* is the only edition. 3000 copies. Pages 215–230.

LETTER 94 (New Series, Letter 10).—On the title-page "Letter the 94th. | (Tenth of New Series.) | March, 1884. | Retrospect."

First Edition (March 1884).—Pages 231–250. 3000 copies.

Second Edition (January 1900).—250 copies.

LETTER 95 (New Series, Letter 11).—On the title-page "Letter the 95th. | (Eleventh of New Series.) | October, 1884. | Fors Infantiæ."

First Edition (October 1884).—Pages 251–281. 3000 copies.

Second Edition (January 1899).—350 copies.

This Letter had a frontispiece, "Theuth's Earliest Lesson" (here Plate VII.).

Some portion of § 21 in this Letter had previously been used in the papers on *A Museum or Picture-Gallery* (1880): see below, p. 509 *n.*

LETTER 96 (New Series, Letter 12).—On the title-page "Letter the 96th (Terminal). | (Twelfth of New Series.) | Christmas, 1884. | Rosy Vale." Pages 283–306. 3000 copies.

Of this Letter the *first* is the only edition. It had a frontispiece (Plate VIII.).

A slip inserted at the beginning of Letter 96 reads as follows:—

"ADVICE

"SUBSCRIBERS TO 'FORS CLAVIGERA' are requested to note that the present Letter (No. 96, 'Rosy Vale') completes Volume VIII., and the entire series of the work; also that a general Index is in preparation, of which due notice of publication and price will be given shortly.

"SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
"*Christmas*, 1884."

Letters 85–96 have never been collectively reprinted; but the separate numbers are made up by the publisher into a volume. The title-page, as first supplied, is shown here on p. 305.

SMALL EDITION

For particulars of this edition, and of the Pocket Edition, see Vol. XXVII. pp. c.–ciii. Letters 73–96 occupy vol. iv. The following are

the curtailments, etc., made in it, in addition to the omission of all the "Notes and Correspondence" in Letters 73, 74, 77, 78, 83, 85, 86, and 89.

LETTER 73. The passage in § 1 ("In which seventh year . . . my books") is omitted.

LETTER 74. The author's footnote to § 15 is omitted.

LETTER 75. § 7, fourth line from end, "Mr. Swan has" altered to "there are." The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except § 21.

LETTER 76. The author's footnote to § 12 is omitted. The "Notes and Correspondence" are given, except § 22.

LETTER 77. §§ 1, 6, the footnotes are omitted. § 8, the footnote is altered into one giving a short explanation of § 16 ("Notes and Correspondence").

LETTER 79. The passage at the end of § 11 ("For Mr. Whistler's own sake . . . public's face") is omitted. In the second edition of the octavo issue, though later than the libel case, it was retained. The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except that § 14 is given (but not the Accounts).

LETTER 80. Of the "Notes and Correspondence" only §§ 14, 15 (omitting the first paragraph), 16, 17, 22 are given.

LETTER 81. § 4, the author's footnote is omitted. § 10, the last three lines are omitted. The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except that parts of §§ 14, 15 are strung together and given, and that the whole of §§ 17–20 is given.

LETTER 82. § 22, the last sentence but one is omitted. Of the "Notes and Correspondence" only §§ 28, 29, 30, 33, 34 are given.

LETTER 86. § 12 n., the passage, "The following note . . ." to the end, is omitted.

LETTER 88. § 1, the passage, "These will be . . . the work," is omitted.

LETTER 89. § 6, the author's footnote is omitted.

LETTER 90. The whole of §§ 10–12 is omitted.

LETTER 93. The "Christmas Postscript" (§ 11) is omitted.

LETTER 95. The whole of §§ 24–27 is omitted.

REVIEWS

Spectator, April 7 and 14, 1877: articles entitled "Mr. Ruskin's Will" and "Microscopic Extravagance."

Saturday Review, April 14, 1877: "The Confessions of Mr. Ruskin."

Standard, August 22, 1877 (referred to in Letter 81, § 13; below, p. 207).

Spectator, September 22, 1877. An article entitled "Mr. Ruskin's Unique Dogmatism," quoted and commented upon in Letter 85 (below, pp. 318–322).

Appleton's Journal (New York), July 1878, N.S., vol. 5, pp. 58–65: "Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera*" (an intelligent summary of the book).

Atlantic Monthly, July 1878, vol. 42, pp. 39–51. An article by H. E. Scudder on "St. George's Company" (a summary of *Fors*).

Spectator, March 15 and 22, 1879: "Mr. Ruskin's Society." "We give this account," wrote the editor, "from a friend of the scheme, as of a certain intellectual interest. We pass no criticism on what may be called a dream of fair living."

The Manchester Magazine, January 1880, vol. 2, pp. 116–118: "What is the Guild of St. George? Abstract of a lecture delivered to the Aberdeen Branch of the Ruskin Society," by Mr. John Morgan (for whom, see Vol. XIV. p. 312).

The Bingley Telephone and Airedale Courant, April 23, 1880 (referred to in Letter 89, § 1; below, p. 398).

The Winchester Review, June 15, 1880, No. 2, pp. 74–90: an article entitled "A New Utopia," by E. Clarke.

The Scotsman, November 15, 1883 ("Mr. Ruskin on Asheetiel").

Pall Mall Gazette, November 14 and December 27, 1883 (Letters 92 and 93); March 8 and December 23, 1884 (Letters 94 and 96).

Variæ Lectiones.—Letter 73, § 3, lines 7 and 10, "you" and "them" italicised in accordance with Ruskin's marking in his copy. § 11, footnote, "December 2" is here a correction for "December 1." § 15, first note, see p. 24 *n.* § 18, line 2, "makes" is similarly corrected to "make." § 18 (line 17 of p. 29 here), "67" (the number of the Letter referred to) has hitherto been misprinted "p. 27."

Letter 74, § 2, footnote, line 3, "Coldara" is corrected to "Caldara." § 5, for a passage struck out by the author, see p. 33 *n.* § 7, line 29, "angel's" in ed. 1, "angels'" later. § 15, line 27, "be" was misprinted "to" in ed. 2. § 18, line 2, "for" (in ed. 1) was misprinted "or" in later editions. In "Egbert Rydings" account, under January 1, 1877, "Guy" was misprinted "Gay" in ed 1. At the end of the "Notes and Correspondence" there was the following: "ERRATUM.—In *Fors* of December last, p. 381, for xxiii. read xxxiii." (see Vol. XXVIII. p. 759). The mistake was corrected in ed. 3 of Letter 72.

Letter 75, § 2, line 8, "melons" has hitherto been misprinted "lemons." § 9, the last word in the quotation from Cheney is here "permitted" (as in Cheney) instead of "allowed" (in previous editions). See also p. 65 *n.* § 10, line 15, "Couttet" was misprinted "Contet" in ed. 1 and "Coutet" afterwards. § 12, line 2, "quasso" is here a correction for "queso"; line 9, "87th" Psalm is here a correction for "86th." § 14, footnote, "Edward" has hitherto been misprinted "Edwards." § 21 (line 16 of p. 78 here), the word "Free" before "Church" is here omitted; Ruskin wrote it in error—the Act to which the letter refers was concerned with the Established Church.

Letter 76, § 1, line 28, "or" before "householder" in ed. 1, afterwards corrected to "nor." § 15, line 5, "£2200" is the author's correction for "£1200." § 18, line 20, "for" is here inserted after "preparing."

Letter 77, § 3, line 32, the commas before and after "following" (important for the sense) are now inserted in accordance with a note in Ruskin's copy.

Letter 78, § 7, lines 19–21, the text has hitherto read: "No. 10, which is of a door of St. Mark's, with two prophets bearing scrolls, in the midst of vineleaf ornament on each side, and look . . ." The corrections now made are from Ruskin's copy. So in § 8, "The two northern" and "The two southern" are his corrections for "Northern" and "Southern"; and "in No. 11" is his insertion in line 12.

Letter 79, note (*h*), see p. 155 *n*.

Letter 80, § 8, dots are here introduced in the first passages from Plato, to mark where Ruskin passes from 698 B to 699 C. § 9, line 11, at the word "translation" there was in all the octavo editions an asterisk with the following footnote appended:—

> * "*Rock Honeycomb* cost me and my printers' best reader more than usual pains to get into form: some errata have, nevertheless, escaped us both; of which 'fully' for 'full,' in line 114, as spoiling a pretty stanza, and '106' for '166,' in page 62, as causing some inconvenience, had better be at once corrected. It is also the hundred and first, not the fifty-first psalm whose rhythm is analyzed at page xliii. of the Preface."

These corrections are made in *Rock Honeycomb* as printed in this edition (Vol. XXXI.).

Letter 81, § 10, third line from end, "Grey" hitherto is a misprint for "Guy" (corrected by Ruskin in his copy).

Letter 82, § 2, the reference to Müller's *Dorians* is here corrected from "ch. ii." to "ch. xi.," and in the extract "Æolic" is a correction for "Eolic." § 10, author's footnote, "subject of much" is here a correction for "much subject of." § 15, author's footnote, line 5, has hitherto been in all editions "*must* be read now, though I'm terribly sorry to give it only in small print. It must not have small print . . ."; altered by Ruskin in his copy as in the present text. It is strange that the correction should not have been made by his proof-readers, for the passage was given in large print. Ruskin obviously changed his mind in the course of writing the note, and forgot to strike out the words "I'm terribly sorry," etc. § 17, line 20, and § 19, fifth line from end, ed. 1 and the Small Edition "Dionysus"; misprinted "Dionysius" in ed. 2. § 19, note (IV.), line 2, "peoples" in ed. 1. § 20, last line but one, "to" before "be" is omitted as marked by Ruskin in his copy. § 23, line 4, "person" has hitherto been misprinted for "power." § 24, author's footnote, "Blachford" is here a correction for "Blackford." § 33, "Schwab" has hitherto been misprinted "Schawb."

Letter 83, § 7, line 3, "'guided'" in ed. 1; "guided" afterwards; the quotation marks are now restored, as the reference is to the corrected word in Scott's manuscript in § 6. § 24, last line, "Reddie" has hitherto been misprinted "Rennie."

Letter 85, § 10, line 11, the inverted commas after "alleged incomes" were omitted in ed. 3. § 12, line 24, "Herbert Spencer" has hitherto been misprinted "Spencer Herbert." § 14, ed. 1 had a misprint in the extract from Viollet-le-Duc—*e.g.*, "dike" for "dyke" in the eleventh line from the end of the present p. 332; on the other hand, ed. 3 misprinted "were" for "where" in line 7 of p. 334.

Letter 86, § 1, line 3, "an MS." in ed. 1. § 12, footnote, line 13, "retards" in ed. 1. § 16, line 6, "Saint Cross" has hitherto been misprinted "South Cross." § 17, line 20 of Mr. Willett's letter, "systems" was misprinted for "system" in ed. 3. § 18, line 40, "adapted" was misprinted "adopted" in ed. 1. § 26, fifth line from the end of Miss Hill's letter, "people" for "the people" in ed. 1.

Letter 87, § 1, line 9, "the" is Ruskin's correction in his copy for "these," and ed. 1 reads "nor is it possible." § 2, line 26, "Winny" is here altered to "Winnie" (to correspond with the spelling of the name

in *Castle Blair*). § 4, line 23, "and" is similarly his insertion; and so also "following" in § 7, line 24. In § 13, line 5, the punctuation now given is in accordance with Ruskin's correction; the passage has hitherto been printed "I am myself so nearly, as you are so grievously faithless . . ." § 13, line 35, "and" was misprinted "add" in the third and small editions. § 14, line 10, "of" misprinted "or" in ed. 3. § 15, line 11, "Parizade" was misprinted "Pairzael" in ed. 1; line 17 from end, "worked" was misprinted "wroked" in ed. 1; Ruskin in his copy changed the "worked" of later editions into "wrought."

Letter 88, § 11, line 56, "1861" is here a correction for "1864." § 14, line 49, for "three nights" ed. 1 reads "four nights." § 17, line 13, "a twelfth" is here a correction for "an eleventh."

Letter 89, § 1, lines 6–9, the brackets are inserted in accordance with Ruskin's copy. § 2, line 2, "silence hitherto" is his correction for "hitherto silence." § 7, the last word "nations" is here substituted in accordance with Hartwig's text for "governments." § 8, line 18, "these" is his correction for "their." § 10, line 6, "while" is his correction for "and." § 13, line 19, the word "is" has now been inserted after "in which." § 14, line 26, the word "getting" is here inserted. § 18, line 20, "industrious" was misprinted "industries" in ed. 3.

Letter 90, § 11, line 12, "dog" is here a correction for "dogs."

Letter 91, § 4, line 4, "develope" in ed. 1.

Letter 92, § 6, the quotation marks were incorrectly printed in previous editions. § 7, line 6, "six" is here a correction for "five."

Letter 93, § 5, line 2, "not only that" is here a correction (required by the subsequent form of the sentence) for "that, not only." In the list of members of the Guild (p. 477) "Somervell" is here a correction for "Somerville."

Letter 95, § 25, line 4 of (2) "Mr. Park's (family?)" is here a correction for "Mr. Park"; the former words being those given in Mr. Craig-Brown's book (for which, see p. 512 *n.*).

Letter 96, § 1, line 1, "Menevia" is here a correction for "Meneira." § 4. The account of "The Mother of the Orphans" was reprinted with some revisions in Part III. of *Christ's Folk in the Apennine* (1887). The revisions have been followed in the text given in this volume. They are (in addition to minor matters of punctuation) as follows:—

In lines 8 and 9, *Fors* reads "the contemplative side of such a life."

On page 520, the notes * and † were not given in *Christ's Folk*; lines 10, 11, 28 and 29, the italics were added in *Christ's Folk*; page 521, line 6, *Fors* reads "at" for "on," and in line 12, "the room" for "a room"; line 26, *Fors* adds "leave it" after "do." The italics and the two footnotes on this page were not given in *Christ's Folk*.

Page 522, lines 1 and 2, the italics were not there given; lines 33 *seq.*, *Fors* has "D." for "Don." Differences in the author's footnotes are explained under the text.

Page 523, line 2, "(3d.)" is an addition from *Christ's Folk*, as is "Don" for "D."; line 32, the italics were not given in *Christ's Folk*.

Page 525, the italics and the footnote were not in *Christ's Folk*.

Page 526. The footnote is added from *Christ's Folk*.]

FORS CLAVIGERA

LETTERS 73–96

CONTENTS OF VOL. VII

(1877)

LETTER 73 (*January*)

PAGE

COMMISSARIAT 13

(*Venice, November* 20, 1876.) 1. The seventh year of *Fors* to close its first series. Plans for a future series. 2. "Clavigera," as nailing follies to the barn-door. Saying of the *Pall Mall Gazette* that "the wealth of the world is infinite," examined. 3, 4. Limitation of the quantity and use of true wealth. 5. Fraud and force hitherto the modes of obtaining land. 6, 7. The newspapers on England's "immense accession of wealth," and their tests of prosperity. 8. The author's suggestions: a registry of inhabitants and incomes in each district: *e.g.*, Sheffield. 9. A peace commissariat. 10. Community of wage-fund; idle persons to be fed, if tolerated. 11. A Duke of Sheffield to be elected. Advantages of fixed salaries beginning to be perceived. 12. Middlemen would not be tolerated, if once visible: retail, and cost, price of beer. 13. Drunkenness, so shocking to the respectable society dining with the brewer at Drayton Park. 14. The need of education. The art of being rightly amused. 15. The *Laws* of Plato on Music.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—16. Affairs of the Company. 17. Affairs of the Master. 18. Letter from "A Methodist Preacher."

LETTER 74 (*February*)

FATHER-LAW 30

(*Venice, Christmas Day,* 1876.) 1, 2. St. Ursula sends the author her dianthus; and a friend in England, a sprig of vervain. Classic significance of the vervain: Horace's song for home sacrifice; the Greek dianthus. 3. Use of myths. 4. Gift of a painting of a pitcher of holy water: sacramental significance of Christ's first, and last, miracles. (*January* 2, 1877.) 5. The Dianthus. 6. Significance of the sculptures on the Fig-tree Angle and Vine Angle of the Ducal Palace. (*January* 3.) 7, 8. The story of Tobias and his dog. The Dog in mythology. 9. The sacredness of our daily bread. 10, 11. The boy with a basket of rotten figs in front of the Ducal Palace (Letter 20, § 4). Old

PAGE

Venetian laws regulating the sale of fruit. John Bright and the author. A new Corn Law Rhyme taught to the author in St. Mark's Portico. Results of free trade in modern Venetian greengrocery. 12. Ancient "Mother Law" of Venice forbidding middlemen in the sale of melons. (*January* 5.) 13. Food of the poor the first care of Venetian legislation. 14. The prayer for daily bread. 15. The Devil's taxes on the food of the poor. 16. "Four little myths" on the Eastern Question.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—17. Accounts of the Company. 18. Accounts of the Master: author's absence of mind at Verona. 19. Letter on "Turkish Loans and Bulgarian Atrocities." 20. Reference to a letter from a Scottish correspondent.

LETTER 75 (*March*)

STAR LAW 54

(*Venice, February* 1, 1877.) 1, 2. St. Ursula's message: the ministry of guardian angels; figurative perceptions and real presences. 3. "Cœli Enarrant:" analysis of Psalm xix.; its natural and spiritual astronomy. 4. Comparison of Psalms viii. and xix. Astronomy, ocular and telescopic, compared. 5. The British Public as the centre of the Universe. A vision of the Heavens and Earth without their God. 6. Mental knowledge of the stars, how possible, and how differing from merely instrumental. 7. The real nature of wisdom. What England should have done in the Eastern Question. 8. St. Mark and St. Theodore, the standard-bearers of Venice: the pillars of the Piazzetta. Deep meaning of "Mother Law." 9. Note by Edward Cheney on the "Schools" or Confraternities of Venice. Mother-Law of St. Theodore's School. Legend of St. Theodore and the Dragon. "Theodore," the Divine life in nature: the saint's prayer to the divine nature in his horse, and conquest of the dragon. (*February* 2.) 10. Description of St. Ursula's flower in morning light. Death of the author's old Chamouni guide, and of James Hinton. 11. Story of a Venetian gondolier's dog. 12. St. Theodore's dragon, the "Rahab" of the Psalms. 13. Animals as an article of wealth: how to obtain our share of it. 14. How boys should be initiated in natural history; reference to the life of Thomas Edward, the Scotch naturalist. 15. Education of gentlemen by three animal companions and tutors—dog, horse, and eagle. 16. Brotherhood to the beast. Divine life throughout creation. 17. Canal life as a form of "university" education. Steam tram-cars and real live donkey rides.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—18. Accounts of the Company. 19. Affairs of the Master. 20, 21. Letter on the system of election in the Church of Scotland. Author's suggestion of "*cardinal*-elders." 22. Supposed letter from Carlyle on "The Gospel of Dirt." 23. Letter from Mr. W. Hale White on House-building. 24. A note on spirals: mechanical and natural.

LETTER 76 (*April*)

PAGE

OUR BATTLE IS IMMORTAL 82

(*Venice, Sunday, March* 4, 1877.) A passage from Plato.—1. Salvation and destruction of States; their causes summed by Plato. The Divine Life in organic nature; man the possession of God. 2. "Seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt." 3. Tennyson's "Prefatory Sonnet" to the *Nineteenth Century*, compared with Wordsworth's "Daffodils." Song for delight the vital form of poetry. 4. So also art and ironwork; the "Harmonious Blacksmith." Religious laws underlying the active work of St. George's Guild. 5. More distinctively Christian tone in the author's recent writings. Fallacy in his art teaching discovered by the author at Assisi in 1874. 6. His early enthusiasm for religious painting. His discovery of Tintoret, and admiration for the non-religious work of Titian. 7. Resolution to do work well the only true foundation of religion; the true "Religion of Humanity." The author's erroneous conclusion that the great worldly painters were in opposition to the sacred painters, and that the religious artists were weaker than the irreligious. 8. Impression made on the author's mind by a service at the Waldensian Chapel at Turin: his conversion from Protestant insolence. 9. Recognition of the real intellectual strength of Giotto. 10. The author's "Catholic" faith: deep and true sense of the term. 11. The Catholic Epistles. 12. The question of Jude; and the answer of Jesus, defining the two species of men. 13. The epistle general of Jude the sum of all the Epistles: imperative to St. George's Company. 14. Character and failures of Mazzini and Garibaldi. The days of Kinghood and Priesthood not ended.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—15. Affairs of the Company: provision of allotments at Sheffield. 16. Affairs of the Master: his discovery of the inscription on the church of St. James of the Rialto. 17–19. General statement of his fortune and his disposal of it. 20, 21. His plans for the future. 22. Letter on William Tyndale's house at Little Sodbury, with extracts from Faber and Froude on Tyndale's translation of the Bible.

LETTER 77 (*May*)

THE LORD THAT BOUGHT US 107

(*Venice, Easter Sunday,* 1877.) 1. Education: difficulties of the School Board therein, on the hypothesis of there being no God. Irreconcilableness of the Decalogue with modern practices. Disestablishment, of many powers besides that of the Church, approaching. 2. Author's translation of the opening passage of the Epistle of St. Jude. 3. Importance of using the same word in English, where it is the same in the original. Notes on the passage: competition, the "fury" of St. Jude. 4. God as the only true "Despot"; meaning of the words "Despot" and "Tyrant." Instructions to Sheffield shoemakers. 5. Frank

PAGE

exposure of accounts required in St. George's Company. 6. Why the British soul is impatient of confession and inquisition. 7, 8. The desire for secrecy implies guilt or danger. Our ability to say the Lord's Prayer the sign of a good day. 9. Photographs of capitals of the Ducal Palace sent to the Sheffield Museum: the Virtues and the Sages. 10. Treatment of foliage and hair in sculpture.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—11. Affairs of the Company. Suggestions to women for securing good linen and other stuffs. 12. Affairs of the Master. Further notes on his disposal of his fortune. 13. Newspaper paragraph on the Wesleyan Mayor of St. Helens and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool. 14. The author's comments thereon. 15. Instance at Venice of "turning the grace of God into fury": advertisement of "Great Sabbath of the Witches" on the front of St. Mark's. 16. Newspaper paragraph on the walls of Berwick, and the proposal to sell a part of them to the Corporation; North British Railway station built on the site of Berwick Castle.

LETTER 78 (*June*)

THE SWORD OF MICHAEL 124

(*Venice, May* 9, 1877.) 1. The eighteenth capital of the Ducal Palace. The Angel of the Moon: heraldic and pictorial symbolism distinguished. 2. The Angel of Jupiter. 3, 4. The Archangel Michael. Uriel, the modern Archangel, and Photography. Why is there no Ducal Palace at Sheffield? 5–7. Lesson Photograph (The "Etruscan Leucothea") discussed. Sculpturesque treatment of hair. Comparison with Athena. Sculpturesque treatment of drapery. 8. Photographs of St. Mark's sent to the Sheffield Museum. Treatment of the west front by the modern Venetians. Modern Advertisements upon it, to be compared with the ancient Inscriptions on the mosaics inside. 9. St. George's Company not a new thing, but the re-declaration of laws as old as Sinai. 10. The Modern Decalogue. 11. "Let him that stole steal no more." 12, 13. Beers, still and sparkling; different codes of morality respecting them, enunciated by Mr. Greg. Author's challenges to Mr. Greg, Mr. Fawcett, and the Bishop of Manchester in regard to wages, interest, and rent. 14. Author's land experiment at Sheffield. Why he assumes the Mastership of St. George's Guild. Harmony of his literary work as leading up to *Fors Clavigera*. 15. His message on political matters sufficiently spoken. Plans for future rest. 16. Translation of passage from the *Laws* of Plato.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—17. Affairs of the Company: hitch in the purchase of land in Sheffield. 18. Affairs of the Master: statement by Miss Octavia Hill about his houses in London. 19. Speech by Professor Goldwin Smith on the "marvellous growth of wealth." 20. Illustrated by a newspaper article on margarine, as superseding butter. 21. Increase of money not increase of prosperity. 22. "A Plea for Boys" quoted with approval from the *New York Christian Union*. 23. Letter from John Guy on the use of machinery.

LETTER 79 (*July*)

PAGE
LIFE GUARDS OF NEW LIFE 146

(*Herne Hill, June* 18.) 1. Work without wages inconceivable to the modern mind. 2. Spirit in which St. George's land at Sheffield is to be worked. 3. Loyalty and obedience possible in useful, no less than in useless, employment. 4. Why no rent is to be asked for St. George's land at Abbeydale. 5. Peace, not necessarily joy, the promised reward of right doing. 6. Statement by Mr. T. C. Horsfall that "for our working men no heroic tales exist." 7. Where are our painters to come from? 8, 9. Further passages from Mr. Horsfall's letter on the state of arts in England, with the author's remarks thereon. 10. Criticism of the Grosvenor Gallery. 11. An appreciation of Burne-Jones. Attack on Whistler. 12. Pictures by Heilbuth and Tissot. What Millais might have been: his animal painting. 13. Story of a horse and kitten.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—14. Affairs of the Company: appointment of new Trustees. Purchase of a picture by Verrocchio. Accounts. 15. Future plans for *Fors Clavigera*. 16, 17. Letters from a schoolmistress on the education of girls. 18. Note on the reclamation of land.

LETTER 80 (*August*)

THE TWO CLAVIGERÆ 170

(*Birmingham, July* 16.) 1. The author taken captive by his enemies at Birmingham. 2. Relations of masters and men: the life of the workman, St. George's only thought. 3. The numbers of miserable poor and of happy rich. 4. Author's visit to St. George's land at Bewdley, and to two women nailmakers. 5. Wages of these "Clavigeræ." 6. The figures in Burne-Jones' "Mirror of Venus" contrasted. 7. Ladies (the best and prettiest of them) answerable for all the mischief that goes on in the world. Letter from Coventry Patmore, in remonstrance against Letter 64, on the duties of women. 8. Translation of a passage from the *Laws* of Plato on the "father-laws," or guardian laws, of Greece. 9. Usury is a denial of one of the guardian laws of States. 10. Main principle of usury defined.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE. 11. Affairs of the Company. To be called "St. George's Guild." 12. Purchase of land at Mickley (Abbeydale). Accounts. 13. Affairs of the Master. The author and his friends. 14. A clergyman's letter in defence of usury. 15–17. Correspondence on the alleged inconsistency of the author in denouncing usury and receiving interest from investments. 18. Letter on the life of a good workman. 19. Letter on Church Service in modern days. 20. Letter on the proportion of rent to the income of the poor. 21. Letters from George Allen on bees and School Board education. 22. Letter from a young lady.

LETTER 81 (*September*)

PAGE
THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN 191

(*Brantwood, August* 13.) 1. The author not self-asserting, but a bringer of "the message that ye have heard from the beginning, that we should love one another." 2. "Doing" as understood by St. John. 3. The literal brotherhood and sisterhood of Christianity. 4. Despising of the poor. 5. The author's plans for re-delivering his message in gentler terms. 6. Letter of remonstrance against his anger and impatience. 7. Author only claims to be a "make-shift Master." *Fors Clavigera,* a *letter* written in a kind of bitter play, concerned with eternal laws, not present-day policies. Its language, however, always carefully weighed. 8. Examples of its precision of language. 9. The hammer of Jael in the hand of *Fors*, nailing down scarecrows of idiotic soul. Usury the Salvation of men according to the modern Gospel. 10. Letter on the dearness of food for the poor. 11. A protest by Mr. T. C. Horsfall against the severity of the author's epithets. 12. Universal gabble, the curse of the age. Evils of cheap printing. The author's object to extricate the few books and words that are Divine from among the insectile noise.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—13. Author's letter to the *Standard* on a supposed correspondence with Mr. Lowe. 14. Affairs of the Company. Accounts. 15. Affairs of the Master. 16. Extract from the *Monetary Gazette* on distress in India. 17–20. Letter from Mr. Horsfall on a proposed museum for working men, with comments by the author. 21. Little Harriet's Botanical Museum. 22. Proclamation by the "Bread-winners' League" in New York.

LETTER 82 (*October*)

HEAVENLY CHOIRS 220

(*Brantwood, September* 13.) 1. Capital punishment in the eighteenth century A.D. compared with that in the fifth century B.C. 2. Extract from Müller's *Dorians;* the pre-Christian view. 3. Extracts from an article by Mr. Gale; the English eighteenth-century view. 4. Annual executions of innocent persons in English trade. 5. General conclusions respecting national progress require careful weighing. Progress in Manchester; and its robbery of Thirlmere. (The Judasian heresy and the heresy of the tables in Political Economy. The functions of Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus.) The hills and vales, the true temples of God. 6. Plato on crimes against the Gods. 7. Pains taken by the author in writing *Fors Clavigera;* henceforward he proposes to give more space to extracts from classical authors. Translation of passages from Plato's *Laws* on knowledge of the existence of the Gods and how it is to be gained. 8. Plato's general plan of education: gentlemen and slaves. 9. Education as a discriminator of men: to be rough for the rough and smooth for the smooth.

PAGE

10. Plato's "necessary sciences." 11, 12. Science evilly laid hold of worse than none. A great sentence from Plato, and its translators. 13. Plato on the teaching of science. 14. Asceticism and self-discipline to be practised only to make us capable of sacred joy. 15. Importance of birth in education. Plato on tragedy: Greek ideal of drama. Actors, doers. Realities of life, the best and truest tragedy. 16. Plato's scheme of education. Grammar (the general word for literature) only to be taught to youths for three years. 17. First training of children. Virtue, the symphony of the soul's faculties and parts. The essence of education is Music, properly understood. 18. Definitions and relations of Soul and Body in Plato's writings. Music essential to the right government of passions and intellect. Choral association essential to it. 19. Importance of children's play. Deadliness of novelty in youthful education. Rank of Angels among ancient spiritual powers. Plato's Three Choirs. Sacred continuance of song in the discipline of adult life. 20. Uselessness of Plato's conception to the modern mind. His ideal and its perversion. How the evil angels pervert the powers of the greatest men; yet their ministry to the soul of the race continues. 21. Sermon by the Bishop of Manchester on the peril of anticipating immortality. J. S. Mill on belief in immortality as a useful illusion. 22. Challenge to the Bishop on Usury repeated. 23. The gist of the author's quotations from Plato. Spiritual uses of dress, food, and music; reformation of the lower orders only possible by distribution of these things among them. The test of Christianity. 24. The need of giving to the poor without any return therefor. Modern prayer only street-boys' play with God's door-knocker. 25. Exhortation to learn the meaning of Prayer and Alms. Dies Misericordiæ to be remembered with the Dies Iræ. The Light of the Day of the Lord: to whom promised.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—26. Affairs of the Company prospering. 27. Affairs of the Master too many for him. 28. Letter from a correspondent on the conduct of life. 29. The author's reply: no compromise with evil possible. The true meaning of martyrdom and idolatry. 30. Advice on bodily exercise. 31. Report of the Howard Association on "Industrial Education *versus* Crime." 32. Letter from an English doctor, settled as a farmer in California. 33. Letter from Thomas Dixon on the new Labour League of America and on English leisure. 34. An answer from Plato. 35. Article from the *Scotsman* on rural depopulation.

LETTER 88 (*November*)

HESIOD'S MEASURE 257

1. Greek leisure obtained by slavery. The true story and strength of the world in its workers; its fiction and feebleness in its idlers. The coming revolution. Good servants to wait for their Master's coming. 2. Plato's choir of old men. 3. The seven technical divisions of music by him. 4. His account of

PAGE

the ruin of the Doric cities. His definition of music, as the movement of sound so as to reach the soul for the education of it in virtue. 5. The Greek "Amusia" and modern "Amusement." The measure of Hesiod: the half more than the whole. 6. Ruin of England by the "amusia" of her Cavaliers and Puritans. Unconscious action of Scott's imagination as pleaded by Scott himself in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. 7. The heavenly involuntariness of the great masters. 8. Its connexion with sense of moral law. 9. "Poetical Justice." Shakespeare and Tragic Destiny. 10. Assertion of moral law in the *Heart of Midlothian*, the greatest of Scott's novels. Its analysis of Protestantism. 11. Its tragedy the result of "museless" hardness of nature. 12. Muselessness of the Cameronian leaders. Puritan errors respecting dancing; their negligence of the laws of nature; consequent corruption of dance and song. 13. The sirenic blasphemy of modern oratorio and opera. Plato's "euphemy" and "blasphemy." 14. Letter from A. S. Murray on Greek myths of music. 15. The author's interpretation of them.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—16. Affairs of the Company. Difficulties on the Abbey Dale property. 17. Affairs of the Master. His wood-chopping. 18. Article from the *Builder* on land monopoly. 19, 20. Extracts and Correspondence on Temporalities and Church Leases (1838). 21. Archbishop Tait and Irish Disestablishment: newspaper extract. 22. Letter on the conditions of labour in the case of a shop-girl under a churchwarden. 23. False and true education exemplified in the bondage of a government teacher, and the happiness of an old shepherd and his wife. 24. Manchester and the Thirlmere water scheme. Hydrophobia. 25. The real causes of the Indian famine. 26. The instincts of maternity extinguished by Mammon. Some statistics of home produce in 1857. 27. Talbot Village, Bournemouth. 28. Mourning by machinery: a tolling machine.

LETTER 84 (*December*)

THE LAST WORDS OF THE VIRGIN 286

(*Brantwood, October* 29.) 1. "They have no wine:" an appeal for the help of the poor. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it:" a command to serve the Lord. 2. An autumn evening above the Lago di Garda. 3, 4. The peasant race of Northern Italy. The Church on earth is now in such peasant races. 5. "To give them their meat in due season." 6. The return of the Lord "from the wedding." 7. "My Lord delayeth his coming." 8–11. The punishment of hypocrisy and division of heart: passages from Livy and Dante. 12. "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." 13. Future plans for *Fors Clavigera:* henceforth to be constructive only, the author putting aside expostulation and blame. 14. Summary of the evil of the day. Pillage of the labourer by the idler —the landlord, soldier, lawyer, priest, merchant, and usurer. To be cured only by an ordered Hierarchy. 15. The words of the King to the Seven Churches; 16, addressed to their Angels, or Guardian Spirits. 17–26. Analysis of Revelation, chapters ii. and iii.

FORS CLAVIGERA

LETTER 73

COMMISSARIAT[1]

VENICE, *20th November*, 1876.

1. THE day on which this letter will be published will, I trust, be the first of the seventh year of the time during which I have been permitted, month by month, to continue the series of *Fors Clavigera*. In which seventh year I hope to gather into quite clear form the contents of all the former work; closing the seventh volume with accurate index of the whole.[2] These seven volumes, if I thus complete them, will then be incorporated as a single work in the consecutive series of my books.

If I am spared to continue the letters beyond the seventh year, their second series[3] will take a directly practical character, giving account of, and directing, the actual operations of St. George's Company; and containing elements of instruction for its schools, the scheme of which shall be, I will answer for it,[4] plainly enough, by the end of this year, understood. For, in the present volume,[5] I intend speaking directly, in every letter, to the Yorkshire

[1] [See below, § 9.]

[2] [On this subject, see below, p. 166.]

[3] [Letters 85–96 (No. 85 being the first of the eighth year) were called "New Series": see the Bibliographical Note (above, p. xxx.).]

[4] ["But I did not say 'If the Lord will,' and the answer was an entirely unexpected one."—*MS. note by Author in his copy.* He refers to the illnesses which made the last volume of *Fors* intermittent, and prevented him from carrying out the intentions stated in the text, which, moreover, were somewhat modified in a later Letter (see below, p. 138).]

[5] [Of the original edition, Letters 73–84.]

operatives, and answering every question they choose to put to me,—being very sure that they will omit few relevant ones.

2. And first they must understand one more meaning I have in the title of the book. By calling it the "Nail bearer," I mean not only that it fastens in sure place the truths it has to teach (January, 1872[1]), but also, that it nails down as on the barn-door of our future homestead, for permanent and picturesque exposition, the extreme follies of which it has to give warning: so that in expanded heraldry of beak and claw, the spread, or split, harpies and owls of modern philosophy may be for evermore studied, by the curious, in the parched skins of them.

For instance, at once, and also for beginning of some such at present needful study, look back to Letter 44, §§ 2, 3,[2] wherein you will find a paragraph thus nailed fast out of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—a paragraph which I must now spend a little more space of barn-door in delicately expanding. It is to the following effect (I repeat, for the sake of readers who cannot refer to the earlier volumes):—

"The wealth of this world may be 'practically' regarded as infinitely great. It is not true that what one man appropriates becomes thereby useless to others; and it is also untrue that force or fraud, direct or indirect, are the principal, or indeed that they are at all common or important, modes of acquiring wealth."

You will find this paragraph partly answered, though but with a sneer, in the following section, § 4; but I now take it up more seriously, for it is needful you should see the full depth of its lying.

3. The "wealth of this world" consists, broadly, in its healthy food-giving land, its convenient building land, its useful animals, its useful minerals, its books, and works of art.[3]

The healthy food-giving land, so far from being infinite, is, in fine quality, limited to narrow belts of the globe.

[1] [Letter 13, § 4 (Vol. XXVII. p. 231; and compare Letter 60, § 2 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 463).]

[2] [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 126–128.]

[3] [Compare *A Joy for Ever*, §§ 144 *seq.* (Vol. XVI. pp. 129 *seq.*).]

What properly belongs to *you* as Yorkshiremen is only Yorkshire. You, by appropriating Yorkshire, keep other people from living in Yorkshire. The Yorkshire squires say the whole of Yorkshire belongs to *them*, and will not let any part of Yorkshire become useful to anybody else, but by enforcing payment of rent for the use of it; nor will the farmers who rent it allow its produce to become useful to anybody else but by demanding the highest price they can get for the same.

The convenient building land of the world is so far from being infinite, that, in London, you find a woman of eight-and-twenty paying one-and-ninepence a week for a room in which she dies of suffocation with her child in her arms (*Fors*, December, 1872[1]); and, in Edinburgh, you find people paying two pounds twelve shillings a year for a space nine feet long, five broad, and six high, ventilated only by the chimney (*Fors*, April, 1874; and compare March, 1878[2]).

4. The useful animals of the world are not infinite: the finest horses are very rare; and the squires who ride them, by appropriating them, prevent you and me from riding them. If you and I and the rest of the mob took them from the squires, we could not at present probably ride them; and unless we cut them up and ate them, we could not divide them among us, because they are not infinite.

The useful minerals of Yorkshire are iron, coal, and marble,—in large quantities, but not infinite quantities by any means; and the masters and managers of the coal mines, spending their coal on making useless things out of the iron, prevent the poor all over England from having fires, so that they can now only afford close stoves (if those!) (*Fors*, March, 1878[3]).

The books and works of art in Yorkshire are not infinite, nor even in England. Mr. Fawkes' Turners are many, but not infinite at all, and as long as they are at Farnley

[1] [Letter 24, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 431).]
[2] [Letter 40, § 11 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 73), and Letter 27, § 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 498).]
[3] [Letter 27, § 14 (Vol. XXVII. p. 502).]

they can't be at Sheffield. My own thirty Turners[1] are not infinite, and as long as they are at Oxford, can't be at Sheffield. You won't find, I believe, another such thirteenth-century Bible as I have given you,[2] in all Yorkshire; and so far from other books being infinite, there's hardly a woman in England, now, who reads a clean one, because she can't afford to have one but by borrowing.[3]

5. So much for the infinitude of wealth. For the mode of obtaining it, all the land in England was first taken by force, and is now kept by force. Some day, I do not doubt you will yourselves seize it by force.[4] Land never has been, nor can be, got, nor kept, otherwise, when the population on it was as large as it could maintain. The establishment of laws respecting its possession merely defines and directs the force by which it is held:[5] and fraud, so far from being an unimportant mode of acquiring wealth, is now the only possible one; our merchants say openly that no man *can* become rich by honest dealing. And it is precisely because fraud and force *are* the chief means of becoming rich, that a writer for the *Pall Mall Gazette* was found capable of writing this passage. No man could by mere overflow of his natural folly have written it. Only in the settled purpose of maintaining the interest of Fraud and Force; only in fraudfully writing for the concealment of Fraud, and frantically writing for the help of unjust Force, do literary men become so senseless.[6]

The wealth of the world is not infinite, then, my Sheffield friends; and moreover, it is most of it unjustly divided, because it has been gathered by fraud, or by dishonest force, and distributed at the will, or lavished by the neglect, of such iniquitous gatherers. And you have to ascertain

[1] [Ruskin's collection of Turners was much more numerous (see Vol. XIII. pp. 556–558). He must here refer to those which happened to be in his rooms at Corpus at this time.]
[2] [See Letter 70, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 727).]
[3] [Compare Letter 16, § 12 (Vol. XXVII. p. 288).]
[4] [Compare Letter 2, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 30).]
[5] [Compare Letter 45, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 152).]
[6] [Compare below, p. 200.]

definitely, if you will be wise Yorkshiremen, how much of it is actually within your reach in Yorkshire, and may be got without fraud, by *honest* force. Compare Propositions V. and VI., October, 1872.[1]

6. It ought to be a very pleasant task to you, this ascertaining how much wealth is within your reach in Yorkshire, if, as I see it stated in the article of the *Times* on Lord Beaconsfield's speech at the Lord Mayor's dinner, quoted in *Galignani* of the 10th of November, 1876:[2] "The immense accession of wealth which this country has received through the development of the railway system and the establishment of free trade, makes the present war expenditure," etc., etc., etc. What it does in the way of begetting and feeding Woolwich Infants[3] is not at present your affair; your business is to find out what it does, and what you can help it to do, in making it prudent for you to beget, and easy for you to feed, Yorkshire infants.

But are you quite sure the *Times* is right? Are we indeed, to begin with, richer than we were? How is anybody to know? Is there a man in Sheffield who can,—I do not say, tell you what the country is worth,—but even show you how to set about ascertaining what it is worth?

The *Times* way, *Morning Post* way, and *Daily News* way of finding out, is an easy one enough, if only it be exact.

Look back to *Fors* of December, 1871,[4] and you will find the *Times* telling you that "by every kind of measure,

[1] [Letter 22, §§ 11, 12 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 379, 380).]

[2] [*Galignani* must have been here quoting from some other paper. The passage cited does not occur in the article of the *Times*, which was by no means sympathetic towards Lord Beaconsfield's speech; in this he said (on the eve of the Constantinople Conference): "Although the policy of England is peace, there is no country so well prepared for war as our own. If she enters into a conflict in a righteous cause, if the contest is one which concerns her liberty, her independence, or her Empire, her resources are, I feel, inexhaustible. She is not a country that, when she enters into a campaign, has to ask herself whether she can support a second or a third campaign."]

[3] [See Letter 2, § 20 *n.* (Vol. XXVII. p. 43).]

[4] [Letter 12, § 24 (Vol. XXVII. p. 215).]

and on every principle of calculation, the growth of our prosperity is established," because we drink twice as much beer, and smoke three times as many pipes, as we used to. But it is quite conceivable to *me* that a man may drink twice as much beer, and smoke three times as many pipes, as he used to do, yet not be the richer man for it, nor his wife or children materially better off for it.

7. Again, the *Morning Post* tells you (*Fors*, October, 1872[1]) that because the country is at present in a state of unexampled prosperity, coals and meat are at famine prices; and the *Daily News* tells you (*Fors*, May, 1873[2]) that because coals are at famine prices, the capital of the country is increased. By the same rule, when everything else is at famine prices, the capital of the country will be at its maximum, and you will all starve in the proud moral consciousness of an affluence unprecedented in the history of the universe. In the meantime your wealth and prosperity have only advanced you to the moderately enviable point of not being able to indulge in what the *Cornhill Magazine* (*Fors*, April, 1873[3]) calls "the luxury of a wife," till you are forty-five—unless you choose to sacrifice all your prospects in life for that unjustifiable piece of extravagance;—and your young women (*Fors*, May, 1873[4]) are applying, two thousand at a time, for places in the Post Office!

8. All this is doubtless very practical, and businesslike, and comfortable, and truly English. But suppose you set your wits to work for once in a Florentine or Venetian manner, and ask, as a merchant of Venice would have asked, or a "good man" of the trades of Florence, *how much money there is in the town*,—who has got it, and what is becoming of it? These, my Sheffield friends, are the first of economical problems for *you*, depend upon it; perfectly soluble when you set straightforwardly about them; or, so

[1] [Letter 22, § 7 (Vol. XXVII. p. 376).]
[2] [Letter 29, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. p. 527).]
[3] [Letter 28, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 521).]
[4] [Letter 29, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 536).]

far as insoluble, instantly indicating the places where the roguery is. Of money honestly got, and honourably in use, you can get account: of money ill got, and used to swindle with, you will get none.

But take account at least of what is countable. Your initial proceeding must be to map out a Sheffield district clearly. Within the border of that, you will hold yourselves Sheffielders;—outside of it, let the Wakefield and Bradford people look after themselves; but determine your own limits, and see that things are managed well within them. Your next work is to count heads. You must register every man, woman, and child, in your Sheffield district (compare and read carefully the opening of the *Fors* of February last year[1]); then register their incomes and expenditure; it will be a business, but when you have done it, you will know what you are about, and how much the town is really worth.

9. Then the next business is to establish a commissariat.[2] Knowing how many mouths you have to feed, you know how much food is wanted daily. To get that quantity good; and to distribute it without letting middlemen steal the half of it, is the first great duty of civic authority in villages, of ducal authority in cities and provinces, and of kingly authority in kingdoms.

Now, for the organization of your commissariat, there are two laws to be carried into effect, as you gain intelligence and unity, very different from anything yet conceived for your co-operative stores—(which are a good and wise beginning, no less). Of which laws the first is that, till all the mouths in the Sheffield district are fed, no food must be sold to strangers. Make all the ground in your district as productive as possible, both in cattle and vegetables; and see that such meat and vegetables be distributed swiftly to those who most need them, and eaten fresh.

[1] [Letter 62, § 3 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 513).]
[2] [See the title to this Letter.]

Not a mouthful of anything is to be sold across the border, while any one is hungry within it.

10. Then the second law is, that as long as any one remains unfed, or barebacked, the wages fund must be in common.* When every man, woman, and child is fed and clothed, the saving men may begin to lay by money, if they like; but while there is hunger and cold among you, there must be absolutely no purse-feeding, nor coin-wrapping. You have so many bellies to fill;—so much wages fund (besides the eatable produce of the district) to do it with.† Every man must bring all he earns to the common stock.

"What! and the industrious feed the idle?"

Assuredly, my friends; and the more assuredly because under that condition you will presently come to regard their idleness as a social offence, and deal with it as such: which is precisely the view God means you to take of it, and the dealing He intends you to measure to it. But if you think yourselves exempted from feeding the idle, you will presently believe yourselves privileged to take advantage of their idleness by lending money to them at usury, raising duties on their dissipation, and buying their stock and furniture cheap when they fail in business. Whereupon you will soon be thankful that your neighbour's shutters are still up, when yours are down; and gladly

* Don't shriek out at this, for an impossible fancy of St. George's. St. George only cares about, and tells you, the constantly necessary laws in a well-organized state. *This* is a temporarily expedient law in a distressed one. No man, of a boat's crew on short allowance in the Atlantic, is allowed to keep provisions in a private locker;—still less must any man of the crew of a *city* on short allowance.[1]

† "But how if other districts refused to sell *us* food, as you say we should refuse to sell food to *them*?"

You *Sheffielders* are to refuse to sell food only because food is scarce with you, and cutlery plenty. And as you had once a reputation for cutlery, and have yet skill enough left to recover it if you will, the other districts of England (and some abroad) will be glad still to give you some of their dinner in exchange for knives and forks,—which is a perfectly sagacious and expedient arrangement for all concerned.

[1] [Compare *Time and Tide*, § 65 (Vol. XVII. p. 372).]

promote his vice for your advantage. With no ultimate good to yourself, even at the devil's price, believe me.

11. Now, therefore, for actual beginning of organization of this Sheffield commissariat, since probably, at present, you won't be able to prevail on the Duke of York[1] to undertake the duty, you must elect a duke of Sheffield, for yourselves. Elect a doge, if, for the present, to act only as purveyor-general:—honest doge he must be, with an active and kind duchess. If you can't find a couple of honest and well-meaning married souls in all Sheffield to trust the matter to, I have nothing more to say: for by such persons, and by such virtue in them only, is the thing to be done.

Once found, you are to give them fixed salary * and fixed authority; no prince has ever better earned his income, no consul ever needed stronger lictors, than these will, in true doing of their work. Then, by these, the accurately estimated demand, and the accurately measured supply, are to be coupled, with the least possible slack of chain; and the quality of food, and price, absolutely tested and limited.

12. But what's to become of the middleman?[2]

If you really saw the middleman at his work, you would not ask that twice. Here's my publisher, Mr. Allen, gets tenpence a dozen for his cabbages; the consumer pays threepence each. That is to say, you pay for three cabbages

* The idea of fixed salary, I thankfully perceive, is beginning to be taken up[3] by philanthropic persons (see notice of the traffic in intoxicating liquors in *Pall Mall Budget* for December 2, 1876[4]), but still connected with the entirely fatal notion that they are all to have a fixed salary themselves for doing nothing but lend money, which, till they wholly quit themselves of, they will be helpless for good.

[1] [At the time when Ruskin wrote, there was, however, no Duke of York, the title having been in abeyance from the death of George III.'s son Frederick in 1827 to the creation of the present Prince of Wales as Duke of York in 1892.]

[2] [The question is taken up again in the next Letter: see below, pp. 41–42.]

[3] [That is, since Ruskin preached the idea in *Unto this Last* (1860): see Vol. XVII. pp. 33 *seq.*]

[4] [A leading article entitled "The Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors," discussing Mr. Chamberlain's advocacy of the "Gothenburg System." One of his proposals is described as being "to empower local authorities to carry on the trade themselves through the agency of managers remunerated by fixed salaries."]

and a half, and the middleman keeps two and a half for himself, and gives you one.

Suppose you saw this financial gentleman, in bodily presence, toll-taking at your door,—that you bought three loaves, and saw him pocket two, and pick the best crust off the third as he handed it in;—that you paid for a pot of beer, and saw him drink two-thirds of it and hand you over the pot and sops,—would you long ask, then, what was to become of him?

To my extreme surprise, I find, on looking over my two long-delayed indexes,[1] that there occurs not in either of them the all-important monosyllable "Beer." But if you will look out the passages referred to in the index for 1874, under the articles "Food" and "Fish,"[2] and now study them at more leisure, and consecutively, they will give you some clear notion of what the benefit of middlemen is to you; then, finally take the *Fors* of March, 1873,[3] and read § 10 carefully,—and you will there see that it has been shown by Professor Kirk, that out of the hundred and fifty-six millions of pounds which you prove your prosperity by spending annually on beer and tobacco, you pay a hundred millions to the rich middlemen, and thirty millions to the middling middlemen, and for every two shillings you pay, get threepence-halfpenny-worth of beer to swallow!

18. Meantime, the Bishop, and the Rector, and the Rector's lady, and the dear old Quaker spinster who lives in Sweetbriar Cottage, are *so* shocked that you drink so much, and that you are such horrid wretches that nothing can be done for you! and you mustn't have your wages raised, because you *will* spend them in nothing but drink. And to-morrow they are all going to dine at Drayton Park, with the brewer who is your member of Parliament, and is building a public-house at the railway station, and

[1] [See Vol. XXVII. pp. 437, 505, 553, 568.]

[2] [See the Index, below, p. 631; and for the entries now supplied under "Beer," p. 615.]

[3] [Letter 27 (Vol. XXVII. p. 497).]

another in the High Street, and another at the corner of Philpott's Lane, and another by the stables at the back of Tunstall Terrace, outside the town, where he has just bricked over the Dovesbourne, and filled Buttercup Meadow with broken bottles; and, by every measure, and on every principle of calculation, the growth of your prosperity is established!

You helpless sots and simpletons! Can't you at least manage to set your wives—what you have got of them—to brew your beer, and give you an honest pint of it for your money? Let *them* have the halfpence first, anyhow, if they must have the kicks afterwards.

Read carefully over, then, thirsty and hungry friends, concerning these questions of meat and drink, that whole *Fors* of March, 1873; but chiefly Sir Walter's letter,[1] and what it says of Education, as useless, unless you limit your tippling-houses.*

14. Yet some kind of education is instantly necessary to give you the courage and sense to limit them. If I were in your place, I should drink myself to death in six months, because I had nothing to amuse me; and such education, therefore, as may teach you how to be rightly amused I am trying with all speed to provide for you. For, indeed, all real education, though it begins in the wisdom of John the Baptist—(quite *literally* so; first in washing with pure water[2]), goes on into an entirely merry and amused life, like St. Ursula's; and ends in a delightsome death. But to be amused like St. Ursula you must feel like her, and become interested in the distinct nature of Bad and Good. Above all, you must learn to know faithful and good men from miscreants.[3] Then you will be amused by knowing the histories of the good ones—and very greatly entertained by visiting their tombs, and seeing their statues. You will

* Compare *Fors*, February, 1872 [Letter 14, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. p. 256).]

[1] [Letter 27, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. p. 500).]
[2] [Compare Letter 71, § 12 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 740).]
[3] [For this word, see Vol. XXVII. p. 466.]

even feel yourselves pleased, some day, in walking considerable distances, with that and other objects, and so truly seeing foreign countries, and the shrines of the holy men who are alive in them, as well as the shrines of the dead. You will even, should a voyage be necessary, learn to rejoice upon the sea, provided you know first how to row upon it, and to catch the winds that rule it with bright sails. You will be amused by seeing pretty people wear beautiful dresses when you are not kept yourselves in rags, to pay for them; you will be amused by hearing beautiful music, when you can get your steam-devil's tongues, and throats, and wind-holes anywhere else, stopped, that you may hear it; and take enough pains yourselves to learn to know it, when you do. All which sciences and arts St. George will teach you, in good time, if you are obedient to him:—without obedience, neither he nor any saint in heaven can help you.[1]

15. Touching which, now of all men hated and abused, virtue,—and the connection more especially of the arts of the Muse with its universal necessity,—I have translated a piece of Plato for you,[2] which, here following, I leave you to meditate on till next month:—

"The Athenian."—It is true, my friends, that over certain of the laws, with us, our populace had authority; but it is no less true that there were others to which they were entirely subject.

"The Spartan."—Which mean you?

"The Athenian."—First, those which in that day related to music, if indeed we are to trace up to its root the change which has issued in our now too licentious life.

For, at that time, music was divided according to certain ideas and forms necessarily inherent in it; and one kind of songs consisted of prayers to the gods, and were called hymns; and another kind, contrary to these, for the most part were called laments,* and another, songs of resolute strength

* The Coronach of the Highlanders represents this form of music down to nearly our own days. It is to be defined as the sacredly ordered expression of the sorrow permitted to human frailty, but contrary to prayer, according to Plato's words, because expressing will contrary to the will of God.[3]

[1] [For a passage originally intended for this Letter, see Appendix 19 (p. 578).]
[2] [*Laws*, ii. 700–701.]
[3] [This note was placed in quotation marks in later editions, though not in ed. 1. It can hardly be doubted, however, that the note is Ruskin's.]

and triumph, were sacred to Apollo; and a fourth, springing out of the frank joy of life, were sacred to Dionusos, and called "dithyrambs." * And these modes of music they called Laws as they did Laws respecting other matters; but the laws of music for distinction's sake were called Harp-laws.

And these four principal methods, and certain other subordinate ones, having been determined, it was not permitted to use one kind of melody for the purpose of another; and the authority to judge of these, and to punish all who disobeyed the laws concerning them, was not, as now, the hissing, or the museless † cry of the multitude in dispraise, neither their clapping for praise: but it was the function of men trained in the offices of education to hear all in silence; and to the children and their tutors, and the most of the multitude, the indication of order was given with the staff; ‡ and in all these matters the multitude of the citizens was willing

* "The origin of the word is unknown" (Liddell and Scott). But there must have been an idea connected with a word in so constant use, and spoken of matters so intimately interesting;[1] and I have myself no doubt that a sense of the doubling and redoubling caused by instinctive and artless pleasure in sound, as in nursery rhymes, extended itself gradually in the Greek mind into a conception of the universal value of what may be summed in our short English word "reply"; as, first, in the reduplication of its notes of rapture by the nightingale,—then, in the entire system of adjusted accents, rhythms, strophes, antistrophes, and echoes of burden; and, to the Greek, most practically in the balanced or interchanged song of answering bodies of chorus entering from opposite doors on the stage: continuing down to our own days in the alternate chant of the singers on each side of the choir.

† "Museless," as one says "shepherdless," unprotected or helped by the Muse.

‡ I do not positively understand this,[2] but the word used by Plato signifies properly, "putting in mind," or rather putting in the notion, or "nous"; and I believe the wand of the master of the theatre was used for a guide to the whole audience, as that of the leader of the orchestra is to the band,—not merely, nor even in any principal degree, for time-keeping (which a pendulum in his place would do perfectly),—but for exhortation and encouragement. Supposing an audience thoroughly bent on listening and understanding, one can conceive the suggestion of parts requiring attention, the indication of subtle rhythm which would have escaped uncultivated ears, and the claim for sympathy in parts of singular force and beauty, expressed by a master of the theatre, with great help and pleasure to the audience;—we can imagine it best by supposing some

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[1] [The derivation of the word remains unknown. Ruskin, in connecting it with some idea of "doubling," accepts the old explanation, *δι θύραμβοι* for *δι θύραμοι*, applied to Bacchus, meaning *double-doored*, an allusion to the double birth of the god (see Euripides, *Bacchæ*, 526), who is thus supposed to have given the name to the strain. But the fact that the first syllable in *δι θύραμβοι* is long seems a fatal objection to this explanation: see Donaldson's *Theatre of the Greeks*, p. 17 *n.*]

[2] [*ῥάβδου κοσμούσης ἡ νουθέτησις ἐγίγνετο.*]

to be governed, and did not dare to judge by tumult; but after these things, as time went on, there were born, beginners of the museless libertinage,—poets, who were indeed poetical by nature, but incapable of recognizing what is just and lawful for the Muse; exciting themselves in passion, and possessed, more than is due, by the love of pleasure: and these mingling laments with hymns, and pæans with dithyrambs, and mimicking the pipe with the harp, and dragging together everything into everything else, involuntarily and by their want of natural instinct * led men into the false thought that there is no positive rightness whatsoever in music, but that one may judge rightly of it by the pleasure of those who enjoy it, whether their own character be good or bad. And constructing such poems as these, and saying, concerning them, such words as these, they led the multitude into rebellion against the laws of music, and the daring of trust in their own capacity to judge of it. Whence the theatric audiences, that once were voiceless, became clamorous, as having professed knowledge, in the things belonging to the Muses, of what was beautiful and not; and instead of aristocracy in that knowledge, rose up a certain polluted theatrocracy. For if indeed the democracy had been itself composed of more or less well-educated persons, there would not have been so much harm; but from this beginning in music, sprang up general disloyalty, and *pronouncing of their own opinion by everybody about everything;* and on this followed mere licentiousness, for, having no fear of speaking, supposing themselves to know, fearlessness begot shamelessness. For, in our audacity, to have no fear of the opinion of the better person, is in itself a corrupt impudence, ending in extremity of license. And on this will always follow the resolve no more to obey established authorities; then, beyond this, men are fain to refuse the service and reject the teaching of father and mother, and of all old age,—and so one is close to the end of refusing to obey the national laws, and at last to think no more of oath, or faith, or of the gods themselves: thus at last likening themselves to the ancient and monstrous nature of the Titans, and filling their lives full of ceaseless misery.

great, acknowledged, and popular master, conducting his own opera, secure of the people's sympathy. A people not generous enough to give sympathy, nor modest enough to be grateful for leading, is not capable of hearing or understanding music. In our own schools, however, all that is needful is the early training of children under true musical law; and the performance, under excellent masters, of appointed courses of beautiful music, as an essential part of all popular instruction, no less important than the placing of classical books and of noble pictures, within the daily reach and sight of the people.

* Literally, "want of notion or conception."[1]

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[1] [μουσικῆς ἄκοντες ὑπ' ἀνοίας καταψευδόμενοι.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

16. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

Our accounts to the end of the year will be given in the February *Fors*.[1] The entire pause in subscriptions, and cessation of all serviceable offers of Companionship,* during the last six months, may perhaps be owing in some measure to the continued delay in the determination of our legal position. I am sure that Mr. Somervell,[2] who has communicated with the rest of the Companions on the subject, is doing all that is possible to give our property a simply workable form of tenure; and then, I trust, things will progress faster; but whether they do or not, at the close of this seventh year, if I live, I will act with all the funds then at my disposal.

17. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

Paid—		£	s.	d.
Nov. 18.	The Bursar of Corpus	13	0	0
„	Henry Swan; engraving for *Laws of Fésole*[3]	5	0	0
29.	Jackson	25	0	0
Dec. 7.	C. F. Murray, for sketch of Princess Ursula and her Father, from Carpaccio[4]	10	0	0
10.	Oxford Secretary	100	0	0
11.	Self at Venice†	150	0	0
12.	Downs	50	0	0
15.	Burgess	42	0	0
		£395	0	0
Balance, November 15th		£1135	3	4[5]
		395	0	0
Balance, December 15th		£740	3	4

* I have refused several which were made without clear understanding of the nature of the Companionship; and especially such as I could perceive to be made, though unconsciously, more in the thought of the honour attaching to the name of Companions, than of the self-denial and humility necessary in their duties.

† Includes the putting up of scaffolds at St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace to cast some of their sculptures;[6] and countless other expenses, mythologically definable as the opening of Danaë's brazen tower; besides enormous bills at the "Grand Hotel," and sundry inexcusable "indiscriminate charities."[7]

[1] [Letter 74 (p. 48).]
[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 659.]
[3] [Plate II.: see Vol. XV. p. 367.]
[4] [No. 56 in the Sheffield Museum: see Vol. XXX.]
[5] [This amount should be £670, 9s. 4d., leaving a balance on December 15th of £275, 9s. 4d. See Letter 74, § 18 (p. 50), where Ruskin corrects the mistakes in accounts in Letter 72, § 13.]
[6] [Some of the casts were sent to Sheffield: see below, p. 116.]
[7] [See Letters 4, § 7 (Vol. XXVII. p. 67), and 93, § 6 (below, p. 471).]

18. (III.) The mingled impertinence and good feeling of the following letter make it difficult to deal with.[1] I should be unjust to the writer in suppressing it, and to myself (much more to Mr. Sillar) in noticing it.[2] The reader may answer it for himself; the only passage respecting which I think it necessary to say anything is the writer's mistake in applying the rule of doing as you would be done by to the degree in which your neighbour may expect or desire you to violate an absolute law of God. It may often be proper, if civil to your neighbour, to drink more than is good for you; but not to commit the moderate quantity of theft or adultery which you may perceive would be in polite accordance with his principles, or in graceful compliance with his wishes.

"*November 14th*, 1876.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—Why so cross? *I* don't want to discuss with you the 'uses of Dissent.' I am no more a Dissenting minister than you are, and not nearly as much of a Dissenter; and where you find my 'duly dissenting scorn of the wisdom of the Greeks and the legality of the Jews' I don't know.

"Mr. Sillar backbites with his pen, and does evil to his neighbour. He does it quite inadvertently, misled by a passage in a book he has just read. Mr. Ruskin, forgetting his own clear exposition of Psalm xv., takes up the reproach against his neighbour, believes the evil, and won't even pray for the sinner. I correct the mistake; whereupon Mr. Ruskin, instead of saying he is sorry for printing a slander, or that he is glad to find Mr. Sillar was mistaken, calls Mr. Wesley an ass ('unwise Christian—altering rules so as to make them useless,' are his words, but the meaning is the same), and sneers at Methodism evidently without having made even an 'elementary investigation' of its principles, or having heard one sermon from a Methodist preacher,—so at least I judge from *Fors* 36, § 7.

"If you wanted information—which you don't—about our rules, I would point out that our rules are only three:—1, 'To do no harm;' 2, 'To do all the good we can to men's bodies and souls;' and 3, 'To attend upon all the ordinances of God.' A Methodist according to Mr. Wesley's definition (pardon me for quoting another of his definitions; unfortunately, in this case it does not express what *is*, but what ought to be) is, 'One who lives after the method laid down in the Bible.'

"In answer to your questions, we don't approve of *going to law*, yet sometimes it may be necessary to appeal unto Cæsar; and in making a reference to a Christian magistrate in a Christian country, we don't think we should be doing what St. Paul condemns,—'going to law before the unjust, before unbelievers and not before saints.'

"As to usury and interest. Hitherto, perhaps wrongly, we have been satisfied with the ordinary ideas of men—including, apparently, some of your most esteemed friends—on the subject. You yourself did not find out the wrong of taking interest until Mr. Sillar showed you how to judge of it (*Fors* 43, § 14); and your investigations are still, like mine, so elementary that they have not influenced your practice.

"I cannot tell you with 'pious accuracy' the exact number of glasses of wine

[1] [For the previous letter from this correspondent, and Ruskin's comments thereon, see Letter 71, §§ 18, 19 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 750).]

[2] [Here in his notes for the Index Ruskin has: "*Dissent*, Temper of, illustrated by Dissenter's letter. As I arrange this bit of index, Fors sends me a letter from a friend with this sentence in it: 'There is a chapel in the village, Methodist, I conclude—we were amused to find that the mangling was done in the chapel; so I suppose it is a laundry during the week.'"]

you may properly take, giving God thanks; but pray don't take too many. Personally, I fancy the rule, 'Do unto others as you would be done by,' would keep me on the right side if I had any capital to invest, which I haven't. My good mother, eighty-three years of age, has a small sum, and since reading *Fors* I have just calculated that she has already received the entire amount in interest; and of course she must now, if your ideas are correct, give up the principal, and 'go and work for more.'

"As for my postscript, I really thought from *Fors* 66 (§ 19), 67 (§ 22), that you were bothered with lawyers, and did not know what to do with sums of money given to you for a definite purpose, and which apparently could not be legally applied to that purpose. A plan that has answered well for John Wesley's Society would, I thought, answer equally well for another company, in which I feel considerable interest. The objects of the two societies are not very dissimilar: our rules are substantially yours, only they go a little further. But whilst aiming at remodelling the world, we begin by trying to mend ourselves, and to 'save our own souls,' in which I hope there is nothing to raise your ire, or bring upon us the vials of your scorn. Referring to *Fors* 67,[1] I think I may say that 'we agree with most of your directions for private life.' In our plain and simple way, —assuredly not with your eloquence and rigour,—'we promulgate and recommend your principles,' without an idea that they are to be considered distinctively yours. We find them in the Bible: and if we don't 'aid your plans by sending you money,' it is because not one of us in a hundred thousand ever heard of them; and besides, it is possible for us to think that, whilst your plans are good, our own are better. For myself, I have for some time wished and intended to send something, however trifling it might seem to you, towards the funds of St. George's Company. Will you kindly accept 20s. from a *Methodist Preacher?** I was going to send it before you referred to us, but spent the money in your photographs and Xenophon;[2] and sovereigns are so scarce with me that I had to wait a little before I could afford another.

"And now, if you have read as far as this, will you allow me to thank you most sincerely for all that I have learnt from you? I could say much on this subject, but forbear. More intelligent readers you may have, but none more grateful than

"Yours very truly,
"A METHODIST PREACHER."

* With St. George's thanks.

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[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 657.]

[2] [That is, the Lesson Photographs and "The Economist of Xenophon" (vol. i. of *Bibliotheca Pastorum*).]

LETTER 74

FATHER-LAW

VENICE, *Christmas Day*, 1876.*

1. LAST night, St. Ursula sent me her dianthus "out of her bedroom window, with her love,"[1] and, as I was standing beside it, this morning,—(ten minutes ago only,—it has just struck eight), watching the sun rise out of a low line of cloud, just midway between the domes of St. George and the Madonna of Safety, there came into my mind the cause of our difficulties about the Eastern question:[2] with considerable amazement to myself that I had not thought of it before; but, on the contrary, in what I had intended to say, been misled, hitherto, into quite vain collection of the little I knew about either Turkey or Russia; and entirely lost sight (though actually at this time chiefly employed with it!) of what Little Bear has thus sent me the flower out of the dawn in her window, to put me in mind of,—the religious meanings of the matter.

I must explain her sign to you more clearly before I can tell you these.

2. She sent me the living dianthus (with a little personal message besides,[3] of great importance to *me*, but of none to the matter in hand), by the hands of an Irish

* I believe the following entry to be of considerable importance to our future work; and I leave it, uncorrected, as it was written at the time for that reason.

[1] [For this passage, see the Introduction to Vol. XXIV. p. xliii.; and compare Letter 20, giving account of the picture of St. Ursula's Dream (Vol. XXVII. p. 342, and Plate VIII.), and Letters 75, § 1, and 88, § 6 (below, pp. 54, 385).]

[2] [See below, p. 45. Ruskin in his notes for the Index compares Letter 75, § 7 (p. 60).]

[3] [For "one of the pieces of the private message," see Letter 76, § 18 (p. 101).]

MS of Fors.
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the remainder on back letter.
are MS. of Times letter

First 1

Venice; Christmas day
1876

Last night, St Ursula sent me
her dianthus "out of her bedroom
window, with her love"; and as I was
standing beside it this morning.—
(—ten minutes ago only,—it has just
struck eight)—watching the sun rise
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there came into my mind the cause of
our difficulties about the Eastern
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to myself that I had not thought of it
before, but, (on the contrary) in what I had intended
to-day, been misled hitherto into quite
vain collection of the little I knew ~~rather~~
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entirely lost sight, (though actually at this ~~moment~~ ~~of my own pen~~ ~~for once~~
chiefly employed with it) ~~of what it is my own~~ — of what Little
Bear has thus sent me the flower ~~out~~ ~~from anything~~
out of the dawn in her window to put me
in mind of,—the religious ~~bearings~~ meaning of the ~~bearings~~ matter.

A PAGE OF THE MS. OF LETTER 74 (§ 1)

friend now staying here:[1] but she had sent me also, in the morning, from England, a dried sprig of the other flower in her window, the sacred vervain,* by the hands of the friend who is helping me in all I want for *Proserpina*,—Mr. Oliver.[2]

Now the vervain is the ancient flower sacred to domestic purity; and one of the chief pieces of teaching which showed me the real nature of classic life, came to me ten years ago, in learning by heart one of Horace's house-songs, in which he especially associates this herb with the *cheerful* service—yet sacrificial service—of the household Gods.

"The whole house laughs in silver;—maid and boy in happy confusion run hither and thither; the altar, wreathed with chaste vervain, asks for its sprinkling with the blood of the lamb."[3]

Again, the Dianthus, of which I told you[4] more was to be learned, means, translating that Greek name, "Flower of God," or especially of the Greek Father of the Gods; and it is of all wild flowers in Greece the brightest and richest in its divine beauty. (In *Proserpina*, note classification.†)

8. Now, see the use of myths, when they are living.

You have the Domestic flower, and the Wild flower.

* I had carelessly and very stupidly taken the vervain for a decorative modification of olive.[5] It is painted with entire veracity, so that my good friend Signor Caldara (who is painting Venetian flowers for us,[6] knew it for the "Erba Luisa" at the first glance), went to the Botanical Gardens here, and painted it from the life. I will send his painting, with my own drawing of the plant from the Carpaccio picture, to the Sheffield museum.[7] They can there be photographed for any readers of *Fors* who care to see such likeness of them.

† All left as written, in confusion: I will make it clear presently [§ 5].

[1] [Lady Castletown.]
[2] [See Vol. XXV. p. 331.]
[3] [Horace, *Odes*, IV. xi. 6–10.]
[4] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 745 *n.*]
[5] [In Letter 71: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 745.]
[6] [See the Rudimentary Series at Oxford, Cabinet XI. (Vol. XXI. p. 231); and Letter 71 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 749).]
[7] [The drawings, however, were not sent, but the Museum contains one by J. W. Bunney of St. Ursula's window with the plants. Ruskin's drawing was No. 176 in the Ruskin Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in 1907.]

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CALIFORNIA

Allen & Co. Sc.

The Vine Angle of the Ducal Palace.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

sculpture of Erring Sin, is carved the angel Raphael, leading Tobias, and his dog.[1]

Not *Tobit*, and his dog, observe. It is very needful for us to understand the separate stories of the father and son, which gave this subject so deep a meaning to the mediæval Church. Read the opening chapter of Tobit,[2] to the end of his prayer. That prayer, you will find, is the seeking of death rather than life, in entirely noble despair. Erring, but innocent; blind, but *not thinking that he saw*,—therefore without sin.

To him the angel of all beautiful life is sent, hidden in simplicity of human duty, taking a servant's place for hire, to lead his son in all right and happy ways of life, explaining to him, and showing to all of us who read, in faith, for ever, what is the root of all the material evil in the world, the great error of seeking pleasure before use.[3] This is the dreadfulness which brings the true horror of death into the world, which hides God in death, and which makes all the lower creatures of God —even the happiest, suffer with us,—even the most innocent, injure us.*

But the young man's dog went with them—and returned, to show that all the lower creatures, who can love, have passed, through their love, into the guardianship and guidance of angels.

And now you will understand why I told you in the last *Fors* for last year that you must eat angels' food before you could eat material food.[4]

* Measure,—who can,—the evil that the Horse and Dog, worshipped before God, have done to England.

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[1] [For an earlier description of this sculpture, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. pp. 363–364); and for the story of Tobias and the dog, *ibid.*, p. 364 *n.*, and compare Vol. XXIII. p. 377.]

[2] [Ruskin writes from memory. It is not "the opening chapter" that he refers to, but ch. iii. 1–6.]

[3] [Compare Letter 61, § 16 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 502).]

[4] [See Letter 72, § 8 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 763).]

Tobit got leave at last, you see, to go back to his dinner.

8. Now, I have two pretty stories to tell you (though I must not to-day) of a Venetian dog,[1] which were told to me on Christmas Day last, by Little Bear's special order. Her own dog, at the foot of her bed, is indeed unconscious of the angel with the palm, but is taking care of his mistress's earthly crown;[2] and St. Jerome's dog, in his study, is seriously and admiringly interested in the progress of his master's literary work, though not, of course, understanding the full import of it.[3]

The dog in the vision to the shepherds, and the cattle in the Nativity, are always essential to these myths, for the same reason; and in next *Fors*, you shall have with the stories of the Venetian dog, the somewhat more important one of St. Theodore's horse,[4]—God willing. Finally, here are four of the grandest lines of an English prophet, sincere as Carpaccio, which you will please remember:—

> "The bat that flits at close of eve,
> Hath left the brain that won't believe."

> "Hurt not the moth, nor butterfly,
> For the Last Judgment draweth nigh."[5]

And now, Tobit having got back to his dinner, we may think of ours: only Little Bear *will* have us hear a little reading still, in the refectory. Take patience but a minute or two more.

9. Long ago, in *Modern Painters*,[6] I dwelt on the, to

[1] [See Letter 75, § 11 (p. 67).]
[2] [For the picture of St. Ursula, see Plate VIII. in Vol. XXVII. (p. 344).]
[3] [For the picture of St. Jerome, see Plate LXVI. in Vol. XXIV. (p. 354), and for an engraving of the dog, *ibid.*, p. 230.]
[4] [See Letter 75, §§ 9, 11 (pp. 66-69).]
[5] [William Blake, *Auguries of Innocence;* referred to also in *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 4 (Vol. XIX. p. 56), and see Appendix 18 (below, p. 577). Blake wrote "Kill," not "Hurt."]
[6] [See in this edition Vol. V. pp. 80-81.]

me, utter marvellousness, of that saying of Christ (when "on this wise showed He Himself")—

> "Come and dine. . . . .
> . . . . So when they had dined," etc.[1]

I understand it now, with the "Children, have ye here any meat?"[2] of the vision in the chamber. My hungry and thirsty friends, do not you also begin to understand the sacredness of your daily bread; nor the divinity of the great story of the world's beginning;—the infinite truth of its "Touch not—taste not—handle not, of the things that perish in the using, but only of things which, whether ye eat or drink, are to the glory of God"?[3]

10. But a few more words about Venice, and we come straight to Sheffield.

My boy with his basket of rotten figs *could* only sell them in front of the sculpture of Noah, because all the nobles had perished from Venice, and he was there, poor little costermonger, stooping to cry fighiaie between his legs, where the stateliest lords in Europe were wont to walk, erect enough, and in no disordered haste. (Curiously, as I write this very page, one of the present authorities in progressive Italy, progressive without either legs or arms, has gone whizzing by, up the canal, in a steam propeller, like a large darting water beetle.) He *could* only sell them in that place, because the Lords of Venice were fallen, as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs; and the sentence is spoken against them, "No man eat fruit of thee, hereafter."[4] And he could only sell them in Venice at all, because the laws of the greater Lords of Venice who *built* her palaces are disobeyed in her modern liberties. Hear this, from the

[1] [John xxi. 1, 12, 15.]
[2] [John xxi. 5: compare (in a later volume) *Letters on the Lord's Prayer* (August 19).]
[3] [Colossians ii. 21, 22; 1 Corinthians x. 31. With § 9 compare the passage from Ruskin's diary given in Vol. XXIV. p. xxxiii.]
[4] [Revelation vi. 13; Mark xi. 14.]

Venetian Laws of State respecting "Frutti e Fruttaroli," preserved in the Correr Museum:—

19th June, 1516.*—"It is forbidden to all and sundry to sell bad fruits. Figs, especially, must not be kept in the shop from one day to another, on pain of fine of twenty-five lire."

30th June, 1518.—"The sale of squeezed figs and preserved figs is forbidden. They are to be sold ripe."

10th June, 1523.—"Figs cannot be preserved nor packed. They are to be sold in the same day that they are brought into this city."

The intent of these laws is to supply the people largely and cheaply with ripe fresh figs from the mainland, and to prevent their ever being eaten in a state injurious to health, on the one side, or kept, to raise the price, on the other. Note the continual connection between Shakespeare's ideal, both of commerce and fairyland, with Greece, and Venice: "Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,—with purple grapes, *green* figs, and mulberries;"[1] the laws of Venice respecting this particular fruit being originally Greek (Athenian; see derivation of word "sycophant," in any good dictionary[2]).

11. But the next law, 7th July, 1523, introduces question of a fruit still more important to Venetians:—

"On pain of fine (ut supra), let no spoiled or decaying melons or bottle-gourds be sold, nor any yellow cucumbers."

9th June, 1524.—"The sale of fruits which are not good and nourishing is forbidden to every one, both on the canals and lands of this city. Similarly, it is forbidden to keep them in baskets more than a day; and, similarly, to keep bad mixed with the good."

On the 15th July, 1545, a slight relaxation is granted of this law, as follows:—

"Sellers of melons cannot sell them either unripe or decayed (crudi o marci), without putting a ticket on them, to certify them as such."

* "Innibito a chiunque il vendere frutti cattivi." *Before* 1516, observe, nobody *thought* of doing so.

[1] [*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii. sc. 1.]

[2] ["A *fig-shewer*, i.e., *one who informs against persons exporting figs* from Attica, or *plundering sacred fig-trees*; hence a common informer, and so generally a false accuser" (Liddell and Scott).]

And to ensure obedience to these most wholesome ordinances of state, the life of the Venetian greengrocer was rendered (according to Mr. John Bright *) a burden to him, by the following regulations:—

6th July, 1559.—"The superintendents of fruits shall be confined to the number of eight, of whom two every week (thus securing a monthly service of the whole octave) shall stand at the barrier, to the end that no fruits may pass, of any kind, that are not good."

* *Fors*, January, 1874 [Letter 37, § 4 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 16)].

I observe that, in his recent speech at Rochdale,[1] Mr. Bright makes mention of me which he "hopes I shall forgive." There is no question

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[1] [A speech on Temperance at the Rochdale Workmen's Club, fully reported in the *Times* of January 3, 1877. Bright said: "I have not come here for the purpose of lecturing or preaching to you. I agree very much with an observation that I met with the other day in a lecture by Mr. Ruskin, that there is a good deal of the patronising style practised when men come forward to address any of the labouring classes or the workmen such as are members of this Club. I should like to read you an extract from one of his lectures to explain to you what I mean. Mr. Ruskin is a great critic; he is a man who writes beautifully; he says a great many things that are worth being remembered; and, I must say,—I hope he will forgive me—he says a great many things that ought to be forgotten. Well, Mr. Ruskin on a subject like this says: 'Nothing appears to me at once more ludicrous and more melancholy than the way the people of the present age usually talk about the morals of labourers. You hardly ever address a labouring man upon his prospects in life, without quietly assuming that he is to possess, at starting, as a small moral capital to begin with, the virtue of Socrates, the philosophy of Plato, and the heroism of Epaminondas.' Now these were among the very greatest of the men of ancient Greece, and I think anybody who expects that is a little unfair. Mr. Ruskin says (here Bright quoted the rest of § 183 of *The Two Paths*, Vol. XVI. p. 400). I shall not follow the methods which Mr. Ruskin so amusingly condemns."

Later on in the speech Bright quoted "the lines of Ebenezer Elliott, the Sheffield poet, the Corn Law rhymer:—

> "Bread-taxed weaver all may see
> What thy tax hath done for thee
> And thy children, vilely led
> Singing hymns for shameful bread,
> Till the stones of every street
> Know their little naked feet.
> What shall bread-tax do for thee,
> Venerable monarchy?
> Dreams of evil spare my sight,
> And let that horror rest in night."

Later, again, in extolling the blessings of the cheap press, with its daily panorama of the world, Bright said: "Then you go to India, and even this very day

More special regulations follow, for completeness of examination; the refusal to obey the law becoming gradually, it is evident, more frequent as the moral temper of the people declined, until, just two centuries after the issuing

of forgiveness in the matter; Mr. Bright speaks of me what he believes to be true, and what, to the best of his knowledge, is so: he quotes a useful passage from the part of my books which he understands; and a notable stanza from the great song of Sheffield, whose final purport, nevertheless, Mr. Bright himself reaches only the third part of the way to understanding. He has left to me the duty of expressing the ultimate force of it, in such rude additional rhyme as came to me yesterday, while walking to and fro in St. Mark's porch, beside the grave of the Duke Marino Morosini;[1] a man who knew more of the East than Mr. Bright, and than most of his Rochdale audience; but who, nevertheless, shared the incapacity of Socrates, Plato, and Epaminondas, to conceive the grandeur of the ceremony "which took place yesterday in Northern India."

Here is Ebenezer's stanza, then, with its sequence, taught me by Duke Morocen:—

"What shall Bread-Tax do for thee,
Venerable Monarchy?
Dreams of evil,—sparing sight,
Let that horror rest in night.

What shall Drink-Tax do for thee,
Faith-Defending Monarchy?
Priestly King,—is *this* thy sign,
Sale of Blessing,—Bread,—and Wine?

What shall Roof-Tax do for thee,
Life-Defending Monarchy?
Find'st thou rest for England's head,
Only free among the Dead?
Loosing still the stranger's slave,—
Sealing still thy Garden-Grave?
Kneel thou there; and trembling pray,
'Angels, roll the stone away.'"

(Venice, 11th January, 1877.)

—Socrates and Plato and Epaminondas and all the ancient Greeks and ancient Romans had never dreamt of such a thing as you see in your newspapers—read of the grand ceremony celebrated yesterday at Delhi, in North India, and the Proclamation made that the Queen of England was henceforth the Empress of the Indian Dominions." For a reference by Ruskin to the "Socrates, Plato, and Epaminondas" passage, see below, p. 58.]

[1] [For Ruskin's description of Morosini's tomb in the *atrium* of St. Mark's, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. pp. 112–113).]

of the first simple order, that no bad fruit is to be sold, the attempts at evasion have become both cunning and resolute, to the point of requiring greater power to be given to the officers, as follows:—

28th April, 1725.—"The superintendents of the fruits may go through the shops, and seek in every place for fruits of bad quality, and they shall not be impeded by whomsoever it may be. They shall mount upon the boats of melons and other fruits, and shall prohibit the sale of bad ones, and shall denounce transgressors to the magistracy."

Nor did the government once relax its insistance, or fail to carry its laws into effect, as long as there was a Duke in Venice. Her people are now Free, and all the glorious liberties of British trade are achieved by them. And having been here through the entire autumn, I have not once been able to taste wall-fruit from the Rialto market, which was not *both* unripe and rotten, it being invariably gathered hard, to last as long as possible in the baskets; and of course the rottenest sold first, and the rest as it duly attains that desirable state.

12. The Persian fruits, however, which, with pears and cherries, fill the baskets on the Ducal Palace capitals,[1] are to the people of far less importance than the gourd and melon. The "melon boats," as late as 1845, were still so splendid in beauty of fruit, that my then companion, J. D. Harding,[2] always spent with me the first hour of our day in drawing at the Rialto market. Of these fruits, being a staple article in constant domestic consumption, not only the quality, but the price, became an object of anxious care to the government; and the view taken by the Venetian Senate on the question I proposed to you in last *Fors*,[3] the function of the middleman in raising prices, is

[1] [See the descriptions of the 25th and 27th capitals in *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. pp. 423, 424).]

[2] [For Ruskin's days at Venice with J. D. Harding, see the Epilogue to *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 353).]

[3] [See Letter 73, §§ 11, 12 (p. 21).]

fortunately preserved at length in the following decree of 8th July, 1577:—

DECREE OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORDS, THE FIVE OF THE MARIEGOLE *

"It is manifestly seen that Melons in this City have reached a price at which scarcely anybody is bold enough to buy them; a condition of things discontenting to everybody, and little according with the dignity of the persons whose duty it is to take such precautionary measures as may be needful," (the Five, most Illustrious, to wit,) "and although our Presessors † and other Magistrates, who from time to time have had special regard to this difficulty, have made many and divers provisional decrees, yet it is seen manifestly that they have always been vain, nor have ever brought forth the good effect which was desired; and the cause of this is seen expressly to be a great number of buyers-to-sell-again who find themselves in this city, and in whose presence it is impossible so quickly to make public anything relating to the import or export of food, but this worst sort of men pounce on it, ‡ and buy it, before it is born; in this, using all the intelligences, cunnings, and frauds which it is possible to imagine; so that the people of this city cannot any more buy anything, for their living, of the proper Garden-master of it; but only from the buyers-to-sell-again, through whose hands such things will pass two or three times before they are sold, which notable disorder is not by any manner of means to be put up with. Wherefore, both for the universal benefit of all the City, and for the dignity of our Magistracy, the great and illustrious Lords, the Five Wise Men, and Foreseers upon the Mariegole, make it publicly known that henceforward there may be no one so presumptuous as to dare, whether as Fruiterer, Green-grocer, Buyer-to-sell-again, or under name of any other kind of person of what condition soever, to sell melons of any sort, whether in the shops or on the shore of our island of Rialto, beginning from the bridge of Rialto as far as the bridge of the Beccaria; and similarly in any part of the piazza of St. Mark, the Pescaria, or the Tèra Nuova, § under penalty to whosoever such

* A Mariegola, Madre-Regola, or Mother-Law, is the written code of the religious and secular laws either of a club of Venetian gentlemen, or a guild of Venetian tradesmen.[1] With my old friend Mr. Edward Cheney's help, I shall let you hear something of these, in next *Fors*.[2]

† Those who before us sat on this Seat of Judgment.

‡ Most illustrious, a little better grammar might here have been advisable;—had indignation permitted!

§ These limitations referring to the Rialto market and piazza, leave the *town* greengrocers free to sell, they being under vowed discipline of the Mariegola of Greengrocers.

[1] [See p. 10 of Cheney's *Remarks on the Illuminated Manuscripts of the Venetian Republic* (for further particulars of which, see below, p. 64 n.). Compare also Letter 87, § 15 (p. 376).]

[2] [See, again, p. 64; and for Ruskin's friendship with Edward Cheney, Vol. XXIV. pp. xxxix., 187.]

person shall sell or cause to be sold contrary to the present order, of 120 ducats for each time; to lose the melons, and to be whipped round the Piazza of the Rialto, or of San Marco, wheresoever he has done contrary to the law;" but the Garden-masters and gardeners may sell where they like, and nobody shall hinder them.[1]

5th January, Morning.

18. I will give the rest of this decree in next *Fors;*[2] but I must pause to-day, for you have enough before you to judge of the methods taken by the Duke and the statesmen of Venice for the ordering of her merchandize, and the aid of her poor.

I say, for the ordering of her merchandize; other merchandize than this she had;—pure gold, and ductile crystal, and inlaid marble,—various as the flowers in mountain turf. But her first care was the food of the poor; she knew her first duty was to see that they had each day their daily bread. Their corn and pomegranate; crystal, not of flint, but life; manna, not of the desert, but the home—"Thou shalt let none of it stay until the morning."[3]

14. "To *see* that they had their daily bread;" yes—but how to make such vision sure? My friends, there is yet one more thing, and the most practical of all, to be observed by you as to the management of your commissariat. Whatever laws you make about your bread—however wise and brave,—you will not get it unless you pray for it. If you would not be fed with stones, by a Father Devil, you must ask for bread from your Father, God. In a word, you must understand the Lord's Prayer—and *pray it;* knowing, and desiring, the Good you ask; knowing also, and abhorring, the Evil you ask to be delivered from. Knowing and obeying your Father who is in Heaven; knowing and wrestling with "your Destroyer" who is come down to Earth; and praying and striving also, that

[1] [For a reference to these "Mariegolas of Venice," see *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. p. 385).]

[2] [This, however, was one of the things for which Ruskin could not find time in the next *Fors:* see below, p. 55.]

[3] [Exodus xii. 10.]

your Father's will may be done there,—not his; and your Father's kingdom come there, and not his.

And finally, therefore, in St. George's name, I tell you, you cannot know God, unless also you know His and your adversary, and have no fellowship with the works of that Living Darkness, and put upon you the armour of that Living Light.[1]

15. "Phrases,—still phrases," think you? My friends, the Evil Spirit indeed exists; and in so exact contrary power to God's, that as men go straight to God by believing in Him, they go straight to the Devil by disbelieving in Him. Do but fairly rise to fight him, and you will feel him fast enough, and have as much on your hands as you are good for. Act, then. Act—yourselves, waiting for no one. Feed the hungry, clothe the naked,[2] to the last farthing in your own power. Whatever the State does with its money, do you that with yours. Bring order into your own accounts, whatever disorder there is in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's; then, when you have got the Devil well under foot in Sheffield, you may begin to stop him from persuading my Lords of the Admiralty that they want a new grant, etc., etc., to make his machines with; and from illuminating Parliament with new and ingenious suggestions concerning the liquor laws.[3] For observe, as the outcome of all that is told you in this *Fors*, all taxes put by the rich on the meat or drink of the poor, are *precise* Devil's laws. That is why they are so loud in their talk of national prosperity, indicated by the Excise, because the fiend, who blinds them, sees that he can also blind you, through your lust for drink, into quietly allowing yourselves to pay fifty millions a year, that the rich may make their machines of blood with, and play at shedding blood.*

* See third article in Correspondence [p. 51], showing how the gain of our nobles becomes the gain of our usurers.

[1] [Ephesians v. 11; Romans xiii. 12.]
[2] [See Matthew xxv. 35, 36.]
[3] [See above, p. 21 *n.*]

But patience, my good fellows. Everything must be confirmed by the last, as founded on the first, of the three resolutions I asked of you in the beginning,—"Be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones."[1] No rattening, if you please;[2] no pulling down of park railings;[3] no rioting in the streets. It is the Devil who sets you on that sort of work. Your Father's Servant does not strive, nor cry, nor lift up His voice in the streets. But He will bring forth judgment unto victory;[4] and, doing as He bids you do, you may pray as He bids you pray, sure of answer, because in His Father's gift are all order, strength, and honour, from age to age, for ever.

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16. Of the Eastern question, these four little myths contain all I am able yet to say:[5]—

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[1] [See Letter 2, § 22 (Vol. XXVII. p. 44).]

[2] [An allusion with particular reference to Sheffield; the practice of rattening (that is, abstracting tools and destroying machinery, etc.) having been specially common among the trade unionists of that town: see Murray's *New English Dictionary*, and Justin McCarthy's *History of our Own Times*, 1880, vol. iv. p. 156.]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 493.]

[4] [Matthew xii. 19, 20.]

[5] [Some sheets of MS. at Brantwood show that Ruskin sent these "four little myths" in a letter to the *Times*, thus:—

"VENICE, *December* 27, 1876.

"SIR,—I observe in your columns a letter from Lord FitzWilliam, in which he speaks of the conveners of the late meeting on the Eastern Question as ignorant persons and enthusiasts. Will you permit four words, or, in their now despised Greek form, myths, to be spoken on the Eastern Question by one of the ignorant persons to English wisdom, and by one of these enthusiastic persons to English caution? . . . [I.–IV. as in the text.]
I am, Sir, yours faithfully, J. RUSKIN."

In a second draft: "I am informed that recently in your columns there has appeared a letter from an English nobleman whom I have reason to respect," etc. The letter was not inserted. Lord FitzWilliam's letter was quoted in the *Times* of October 24 from the *Sheffield Independent*. It criticised Mr. Gladstone's language as "calculated to influence the minds of the ill-informed." In a letter in the *Times* of October 26 he referred to such persons as "men who have had their indignation naturally and justly aroused," but "many of whom probably have neither leisure nor opportunity for general historical reading." For Ruskin as one of the conveners of the Conference on the Eastern Question, see Vol. XXIV. p. xxxviii. He refers to such taunts as Lord FitzWilliam's in Letter 87, § 4 (*below*, p. 365).]

I. St. George of England and Venice does not bear his sword for his own interests;[1] nor in vain.

II. St. George of Christendom becomes the Captain of her Knights in putting off his armour.

III. When armour is put off, pebbles serve.[2]

IV. Read the psalm "In Exitu."[3]

[1] [See *Mornings in Florence*, § 136 (Vol. XXIII. p. 428); and compare Letter 78, § 5 (below, p. 128).]
[2] [1 Samuel xvii. 40.]
[3] [Psalm cxiv.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

17. (I.) AFFAIRS of the Company.

Our accounts I leave wholly in the hands of our Companion, Mr. Rydings, and our kind helper, Mr. Walker. I believe their statement will be ready for publication in this article.

Our legal affairs are in the hands of our Companion, Mr. Somervell,[1] and in the claws of the English faculty of Law: we must wait the result of the contest patiently.

I have given directions for the design of a library for study connected with the St. George's Museum at Sheffield,[2] and am gradually sending down books and drawings for it, which will be specified in *Fors* from time to time, with my reasons for choosing them. I have just presented

JOHN RUSKIN, Esq., IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND

Dr.				*Cr.*			
1876.	£	s.	d.	1876.	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions to March 14th, see April *Fors*	1023	11	10	Paid to Bankers, see April *Fors*	977	12	1
Additional to end of year:—				,, ,, May, less 3d. charges	52	9	3
May	8	6	1	,, ,, June	95	12	6
June	10	10	0	,, ,, October	50	0	0
July	102	0	6	,, ,, December	10	0	0
September	16	16	0	Purchase of land and house at Sheffield for Museum	930	0	0
November	50	0	0	Law expenses, ditto	26	15	11
December	10	0	0	Chemicals at Museum	5	0	0
Cheques £300, £500, £330	1130	0	0	Prints, Colnaghi	29	10	0
	2351	4	5	Law expenses, Tarrant and Mackrell	20	17	5
				Repairs of cottages at Barmouth	27	0	0
				Cheque to H. Swan, Sheffield, see Feb. *Fors*	50	0	0
				Cheque to H. Swan, Sheffield, see Feb. *Fors*	44	0	0
				Cheque to H. Swan, Sheffield, see Aug. *Fors*	55	15	3
				Cheque to H. Swan, Sheffield, see Nov. *Fors*	60	0	0
To Balance	108	8	0	Mr. Rydings, for feeble workers at Laxey, Isle of Man	25	0	0
	£2459	12	5		£2459	12	5

[1] [To whom the matter had been referred: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 659, and above, p. 27. For the final settlement, see Vol. XXX.]

[2] [For the Museum at Walkley, see, again, Vol. XXX. For later references in *Fors* to examples sent to it, see below, pp. 124, 130, 165.]

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (Chancery Lane Branch) IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND

Dr. *Cr.*

1876.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	To Balance	14	1	10
6.	,, Dividend on £8000 Consols	119	0	0
13.	,, Per George Allen	24	11	1
Feb. 15.	,, Per John Ruskin, Esq.	25	0	0
,,	,, Draft at Sheffield	8	0	0
,,	,, Ditto at Ambleside	6	0	0
,,	,, Ditto at Bridgwater	100	0	0
,,	,, Ditto at Birmingham	5	0	0
22.	,, Per John Ruskin, Esq.	35	0	0
Mar. 4.	,, Draft at Windsor	20	0	0
7.	,, Per John Ruskin, Esq.	25	0	0
,,	,, Draft at Oxford	50	0	0
14.	,, Per John Ruskin, Esq.	6	0	0
,,	,, Draft at Sheffield	20	0	0
May 3.	,, Per John Ruskin, Esq.	17	11	0
6.	,, Draft at Bridgwater	9	19	3
9.	,, Ditto at Douglas, £25, less charges	24	18	9
June 9.	,, Per John Ruskin, Esq.	5	0	0
13.	,, Draft at Bridgwater	20	12	6
,,	,, Ditto at Bilston	50	0	0
17.	,, Cash per John Ruskin, Esq.	20	0	0
July 6.	,, Dividend on £8000 Consols	118	10	0
Oct. 12.	,, Draft at Bridgwater	50	0	0
24.	,, Per J. P. Stilwell	25	0	0
Dec. 4.	,, Draft at Bridgwater	10	0	0
23.	,, Per George Allen	12	6	0
		£821	10	5

1876.		£	s.	d.
Feb. 22.	By charges on two local notes	0	0	10
25.	By Postage of pass book	0	0	3
Mar. 3.	,, John Ruskin, Esq.	300	0	0
July 28.	,, Ditto	330	0	0
Oct. 12.	,, Postage of pass book	0	0	3
Dec. 31.	By Balance	191	9	1
		£821	10	5

CASH STATEMENT OF ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY TO 31st DECEMBER, 1876

Dr. *Cr.*

RECEIPTS.				£	s.	d.
Subscriptions to beginning of year, see April *Fors*			785	1	10	
Ditto to end of year, see *Fors*, April to July, Sept., Nov., and Dec.			461	2	7	
Ditto from Mr. George Allen, viz.:						
Miss Kate Bradley	£1	1	0			
F. Somerscales	5	0	0			
Miss Guest	2	2	0			
Mona	1	1	0			
Miss Guest	2	2	0			
"Methodist Preacher"	1	0	0			
			12	6	0	
Ditto from Mr. Rydings, Dec. 14			33	15	0	
				1292	5	5
Interest on £7000 Consols to Jan. 1875, and on £8000 from July 1875 to July 1876				1007	17	6
Interest from balance at bankers'				9	18	0
Balance remaining due to Mr. Ruskin for sums advanced at various times				108	8	0
				£2418	8	11

PAYMENTS.			£	s.	d.
Purchase of £1000 Consols			918	15	0
Power of attorney for dividends			0	5	0
Cheque book and other small charges at bankers'			0	6	3
Purchase of land and house at Sheffield for Museum			930	0	0
Law expenses on the above			26	15	11
F. D. Acland, for chemicals at Museum			5	0	0
Fittings, salary, taxes, etc., at ditto, per separate accounts to Dec. 31			193	12	2
Repairs of cottages at Barmouth			27	0	0
Colnaghi and Co., for prints			29	10	0
Law charges for the Company			20	17	5
Mr. Rydings, for feeble "home-spun" workers at Laxey			25	0	0
Mr. Rydings, cheque sent to Italy and not yet returned		£33 15 0			
Cash at bankers'		191 9 1			
Ditto at Museum		16 3 1			
			241	7	2
			£2418	8	11

EGBERT RYDINGS IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY

Dr. (From June 29, 1876, to January 16, 1877) *Cr.*

1876.		£	s.	d.
June 29.	To Mrs. Jane Lisle	1	1	0
30.	,, Charles Firth	1	1	0
Aug. 7.	,, G. No. 50	10	10	0
12.	,, Miss Sargood	2	2	0
12.	,, Miss Christina Allan	2	2	0
Sept. 1.	,, John Morgan, for 1871, No. 6	1	1	0
5.	,, Geo. Thomson	5	0	0
Nov. 8.	,, John Morgan, for 1876, No. 6	1	1	0
9.	,, B. B., No. 26	1	10	0
Dec. 7.	,, J. D., No. 49	0	5	0
9.	,, Josiah Gittins	1	0	0
9.	,, Miss M. Guest	2	2	0
12.	,, A. H., No. 37	5	0	0
16.	,, Wm. Smither	5	0	0
July 1.	,, Miss M. Guest (received by Mr. Ruskin, omitted in his account)	2	2	0
Dec. 23.	,, Miss Dora Livesey	5	0	0
29.	,, John E. Fowler	3	0	0
1877.				
Jan. 1.	,, Miss Julia Firth	7	0	0
1.	,, John and Mary Guy	1	0	0
3.	,, Miss Sarah A. Gimson	1	1	0
16.	,, Miss F. B.	2	0	0
		£59	18	0

1876.		£	s.	d.
Dec. 14.	By cash paid to the Union Bank to the St. George's Fund	33	15	0
1877.				
Jan. 16.	,, Balance in E. Rydings' hands	26	3	0
		£59	18	0

SHEFFIELD MUSEUM ACCOUNT

Dr. *Cr.*

1876.		£	s.	d.
July 1.	To Balance in hand	38	17	2
Nov. 22.	,, J. Ruskin, Esq., by cheque	60	0	0
		£98	17	2

1876. *Current Expenses.*		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
July 1.	H. Swan (salary)	10	0	0			
17.	Gas	0	6	2			
Sept. 11.	Water	0	5	7			
Oct. 1.	H. Swan (salary)	10	0	0			
Nov. 16.	Water	0	8	8			
Dec. 13.	Gas	0	7	3			
23.	Poor-rate	0	15	4			
					22	3	0
Repairs and Building Expenses.							
Oct. 14.	J. Tunnard, for two gates	3	15	0			
Dec. 20.	Silicate Paint Company	0	17	1			
21.	Gravel and cartage	0	13	6			
					5	5	7
Fittings and Cases.							
Sept. 6.	Jones, for cloth	0	3	6			
,,	Cockayne, ditto	0	3	4			
	Jackson, ditto	0	7	8			
Oct. 12.	C. H. Griffiths, safe	6	0	0			
Nov. 22.	Leaf and Co., velvets	3	7	4			
Dec. 1.	Smithson and Dale, cabinet cases	40	0	0			
12.	Cockayne, velvet	0	2	3			
					50	4	1
	Cartage of goods	3	13	2			
	Petty expenses	1	8	3			
					5	1	5
	Balance in hand				16	3	1
					£98	17	2

Examined and found correct, WM. WALKER, Jan. 9th, 1877.

the library with another thirteenth-century Bible,[1]—that from which the letter R was engraved at § 7 of *Fors*, April, 1872;[2] and two drawings from Filippo Lippi and Carpaccio, by Mr. C. F. Murray.[3]

18. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I am bound to state, in the first place,—now beginning a new and very important year, in which I still propose myself for the Master of the St. George's Company,—that my head certainly does not serve me as it did once, in many respects. The other day, for instance, in a frosty morning at Verona, I put on my dressing-gown (which is of bright Indian shawl stuff) by mistake for my great-coat; and walked through the full market-place, and half-way down the principal street, in that costume, proceeding in perfect tranquillity until the repeated glances of unusual admiration bestowed on me by the passengers led me to investigation of the possible cause. And I begin to find it no longer in my power to keep my attention fixed on things that have little interest for me, so as to avoid mechanical mistakes. It is assuredly true, as I said in the December *Fors*,[4] that I *can* keep accounts; but, it seems, not of my own revenues, while I am busy with the history of those of Venice. In § 13, the November expenses were deducted from the sum in the first column instead of from that in the third, and the balance in that page should have been £670, 9s. 4d.; and in last *Fors*, £275, 9s. 4d. My Greenwich pottery usually brings me in £60; but I remitted most of the rent, this year, to the tenant, who has been forced into expenses by the Street Commissioners. He pays me £24, 16s. 9d., bringing my resources for Christmas to the total of £300, 6s. 1d.

My expenses to the end of the year are as follows:—

		£	s.	d.
Dec. 18.	Raffaelle (*a*)	15	0	0
22.	A. Giordani (*b*)	20	0	0
23.	Self	50	0	0
25.	Gift to relation	60	0	0
,,	Paul Huret (*c*)	5	0	0
27.	Downs	10	0	0
		£160	0	0

(*a*) In advance, because he goes home to Assisi at Christmas.[5]

(*b*) The old Venetian sculptor who cast the Colleone statue for the Crystal Palace.[6] Payment for casting Noah's vine on the Ducal Palace.[7]

(*c*) My godson at Boulogne. (His father, a pilot, now dead, taught me to steer a lugger.[8]) Christmas gift for books and instruments.

[1] [For the first one, see Letter 70, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 727). The second is a large manuscript Bible, described in Vol. XXX.]

[2] [Letter 16 (Vol. XXVII. p. 284).]

[3] [These are the drawings described by Ruskin in the passage printed in Vol. XXIV. p. 451. They are in the Sheffield Museum: see Vol. XXX. The study from Carpaccio is the one mentioned in Ruskin's accounts above, p. 27.]

[4] [Letter 72, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 768).]

[5] [Raffaelle Carloforti of Assisi, studying at this time under Ruskin at Venice: see the Introduction, above, p. xvi.]

[6] [For this cast, see Vol. XI. p. 19.]

[7] [See Vol. XXX.]

[8] [In 1861: see Vol. XVII. p. xxxvii.]

Thus leaving me, according to my own views (I don't vouch for the banker's concurrence in all particulars), £140, 6s. 1d. to begin the year with, after spending, between last New Year's Day and this, the total sum of——I won't venture to cast it till next month;[1] but I consider this rather an economical year than otherwise. It will serve, however, when fairly nailed down in exposition, as a sufficient specimen of my way of living for the last twelve years, resulting in an expenditure during that period of some sixty thousand, odd, pounds. I leave, for the present, my Companions to meditate on the sort of Master they have got, begging them also to remember that I possess also the great official qualification of Dogberry and am indeed "one that hath had losses."[2] In the appropriate month of April, they shall know precisely to what extent, and how much—or little—I have left, of the money my father left me—with the action I mean to take in the circumstances.[3]

19. (III.) I reprint the following admirable letter with all joy in its sturdy statements of principle; but I wish the writer would look at Mr. D. Urquhart's *Spirit of the East*.[4] He is a little too hard upon the Turk, though it is not in Venice that one should say so.

"TURKISH LOANS AND BULGARIAN ATROCITIES

"To the Editor of the 'Carlisle Journal'

"SIR,—There appears to be one probable cause of the present Eastern imbroglio which has escaped the notice of most of those who have written or spoken on the subject, viz., the various Turkish loans which have been floated on the London Stock Exchange.

"At first sight, few would be inclined to regard these as the root of the present mischief, but investigation may reveal that Turkish loans at high rates of interest, and Bulgarian atrocities, follow each other simply as cause and effect.

"Of course few of the Christian investors in these loans would ever think, when lending their spare capital to the Turk, that they were aiding and abetting him in his brutalities, or sowing the seed which was to produce the harvest of blood and other abominations in the Christian provinces under his sway. But such, nevertheless, may be the fact, and the lenders of the sinews of war to tyrannical and bloodthirsty governments should be warned that they are responsible for the sanguinary results which may ensue.

"The horrors to which our world has been subjected, through this system of lending and borrowing, are beyond possibility of computation. But let us simply inquire how much misery, destitution, and death lie at the door of our own national debt.

"If our ecclesiastical leaders could take up this subject during the present mission, and preach sermons upon it (as Christ Himself would have done), from such texts as these,—'For they bind burdens upon men's shoulders, grievous to be borne, and will not touch themselves with one of their fingers,' and 'For ye devour widows' houses,'—they would not find it necessary to refer so much to

[1] [But not done then: see below, pp. 74–75.]

[2] [*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act iv. sc. 2.]

[3] [See Letter 76, §§ 17 *seq.* (pp. 99 *seq.*).]

[4] [*The Spirit of the East, illustrated in a Journal of Travels through Roumeli during an Eventful Period*, 2 vols., 1838. "He" in Ruskin's text means not Urquhart (who was a Turcophil), but the writer of the letter.]

empty or appropriated pews, or to lament that only five per cent. of our working men are in attendance at church.

"One can fancy the effect which could be produced by a few sermons on these texts. Our own debt is a 'burden' which takes nearly one pound annually from every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, and our war armaments take nearly another pound. How many 'widows' houses' must these 'burdens' be literally devouring? And yet when do we find the professed followers of 'the Prince of Peace' imitating their Master, and crying out boldly against those who lay these heavy burdens upon the shoulders of the people?

"Few would think, when investing in the Turkish loans, that they were laying the train which has just exploded in the Turkish provinces with such disastrous effects, scattering so much ruin and desolation amongst the poor inhabitants there. No, they would only think what a good investment it was, and what a large interest the Turkish Government had engaged to pay for the accommodation. This is as far as borrower and lender usually look. The child wishes to hold the razor, the maniac wants the revolver; let them have them; it is their look-out, not ours, what use they make of them; and in this same spirit we callously hand over the wealth which the labour of England and its laws have put under our control, to a race of homicides, and sit supinely by while they, having transformed part of it into powder and shot, shower these relentlessly over their Christian subjects, till the heart of Europe turns sick at the sight.

"Now, let us follow the consequences, as they crop out in natural sequence. The Turk obtains his loan from Englishmen, and doubtless intends to pay the large interest he promised; but how has he to accomplish this? If he had had a Fortunatus' purse he would not have had to borrow. He has no such purse, but he has provinces, where a population of Christians are faithfully cultivating the soil, and in one way or another providing themselves with the means of existence. These have to be the Fortunatus' purse, out of which he will abstract the cash to pay the English lenders the promised interest on their loan. The principal he spends in luxurious living, and in providing the arguments (gunpowder and steel) which may be required to convince his Christian subjects that they owe the English lenders the interest he has engaged to pay for the loan. The loan itself, of course, had been contracted for their protection and defence!

"Here, then, we come to the old story. His tax-farming agents have to apply the screw of higher taxes to the people, demanding more and still more, to pay these English lenders their interest, till human patience reaches its limit; and the provinces revolt, resolved to be free from those unjust and cruel exactions, or to perish in the attempt. The rest is all too well known to need recapitulation. Every one knows how the Turkish hordes rushed down upon the patient people whom they had despoiled for centuries, like an avalanche of fire and steel, and the horrors and abominations that ensued. Yet, when a neighbouring monarch, of kindred faith to the suffering provinces, demanded (with an

> 'Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered Saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered o'er Bulgaria's mountains cold'[1])

that these oppressions and atrocities should cease, as our Oliver Cromwell did effectually two centuries ago when similar atrocities were being perpetrated in Piedmont, what did we see?

"To the everlasting shame of England, we saw its fleet despatched to Besika Bay, as a menace to Russia not to put an end to these iniquities, and as a hint to Turkey to stamp out the revolt as quickly as possible, and by whatever means it might see fit to employ.

"Now to what have we to attribute this degradation of the British flag and British influence? Is it to secure British interests, the interest of a beggarly fifty

[1] [Milton's sonnet, *On the late Massacre in Piedmont*, applied to Bulgaria.]

millions, or thereabouts, of foolishly invested money, that our jolly tars have to be despatched to give at least moral support and countenance to the murderers of women and children?

"Why, take it on this mercenary ground, and calculate what those Christians, if freed from their thraldom to the Turk, might make out of this 'fairest part of God's creation' in a year or two, and the result will be astonishing. An agricultural race like the French, in a year, would raise ten times fifty millions' worth of produce from the ground which Turkish rule is only cumbering. Then is it not time this cumberer were cut down? It has been let alone for centuries, and we, as its special husbandman, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, have been digging about it and dunging it (to our cost), and all to no purpose, and yet we have statesmen who think this fruitless—Heaven's lightning-struck—old trunk must still be nourished as a shelter and protection to our interests in the East.

"These Turks, whom a few are so anxious to protect, have been a curse to Europe ever since they entered it. Their first generally known atrocities upon Christians were the massacres and outrages on the pilgrims who, in the Middle Ages, were visiting the Holy Sepulchre. Serve them right for their folly, say many. But call it our 'ancient muniments,' and how then? What would be said if a party from London, visiting Stonehenge, had to get their heads broken by the people of Salisbury for their folly? These atrocities roused the chivalry of the Christian nations of Europe, and gave rise to the Crusades. These eventually led to the Turks' entrance into Europe, which they were likely to overrun, when Sobieski, 'a man sent from God, whose name was John,' came to the front and drove them back again. Ever since their appearance, they have been a thorn in the side of Europe—a thorn which should long ere this have been extracted.

"Should Europe extract this thorn now, and send this man of the sword back to his native deserts, and place a guard of Christian knights in charge of Constantinople, to teach him, should he attempt to return, that 'all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword,' then the nations of Europe, too long crushed under the weight of 'bloated armaments' and standing armies, might begin to study the art of peace.

"Then might we begin to regard ironclads and Woolwich infants as demons from the pit, which some of our bishops might venture to exorcise as monsters that were devouring widows' houses every day they floated, or every time they were discharged; and which had no right to exist in a Christian or sane community. Then, too, we might find that Russia was, after all, no more a bear than England was a lion; and that, though peopled with men with passions like our own, they had them not less bridled than we, and could prove themselves to be men of honour, men to be trusted, and men who desired to stand by the principles of right and justice, be the consequences what they might, even though the heavens should fall and earthly patronisers of the angels be dissatisfied.—I am, etc.,

COSMOPOLITAN."

20. (IV.) I am grieved to leave my Scottish correspondent's letter still without reply. But it is unconnected with the subjects on which I wish to lay stress in this letter; and I want to give its own most important subject a distinct place.[1]

[1] [See Letter 75, §§ 20, 21 (pp. 75–78).]

LETTER 75

STAR LAW[1]

VENICE, *1st February*, 1877.

1. I AM told that some of my "most intelligent readers" can make nothing of what I related in last *Fors*, about St. Ursula's messages to me.[2] What is their difficulty? Is it (1), that they do not believe in guardian angels,—or (2), that they do not think me good enough to have so great an angel to guard me,—or (3), that knowing the beginning of her myth, they do not believe in St. Ursula's personality?

If the first, I have nothing more to say;—if the second, I can assure them, they are not more surprised than I was myself;—if the third, they are to remember that all great myths are conditions of slow manifestation to human imperfect intelligence;[3] and that whatever spiritual powers are in true personality appointed to go to and fro in the earth,[4] to trouble the waters of healing, or bear the salutations of peace, can only be revealed, in their reality, by the gradual confirmation in the matured soul of what at first were only its instinctive desires, and figurative perceptions.

2. Oh me! I had so much to tell you in this *Fors*, if I could but get a minute's peace;—my stories of the

[1] ["Squires' Stables" (see below, § 13) was a rejected title for this Letter. On the wrapper of his copy Ruskin also wrote "Astronomy and St. Theodore," as a summary of the contents of this Letter.]

[2] [See Letter 74, §§ 1, 2 (p. 30).]

[3] ["Cf. *Queen of the Air*, ch. i. § 2 (Vol. XIX. p. 296)."—*Author's MS. note.* Ruskin in making his Index notes, here wrote against this passage, "take out for book on mythology"—a project never carried out.]

[4] [Zechariah i. 10; and for the following Bible references, see John v. 4; and Luke ii. 13, 14.]

Venetian doggie,[1] and others of the greater dog and the lesser dog—in Heaven; and more stories of Little bear in Venice, and of the Greater bear and Lesser bear in Heaven; and more of the horses of St. Mark's, in Venice, and of Pegasus and the chivalry of Heaven;—ever so much more of the selling of melons in Venice,[2] and of the twelve manner of fruits in Heaven for the healing of the nations.[3] And here's an infernal paragraph about you, in your own Sheffield, sent me in a Lincoln paper by some people zealous for schools of art—poor fools!—which is like to put it all out of my head. Of that presently.[4] I *must* try to keep to my business.

8. Well, the beginning of all must be, as quickly as I can, to show you the full meaning of the nineteenth Psalm. "Cœli enarrant;" the heavens declare—or make clear—the honour of God; which I suppose, in many a windy oratorio, this spring, will be loudly declared by basses and tenors, to tickle the ears of the public, who don't believe one word of the song all the while![5]

But it is a true song, none the less; and you must try to understand it before we come to anything else; for these Heavens, so please you, are the real roof, as the earth is the real floor, of God's house for you here, rentless, by His Law. That word "cœli," in the first words of the Latin psalm, means the "hollow place."[6] It is the great space, or, as we conceive it, vault, of Heaven. It shows the glory of God in the existence of the light by which we live. All force is from the sun.

The firmament is the ordinance of the clouds and sky of the world.* It shows the handiwork of God. He daily

* See *Modern Painters*, in various places.[7]

[1] [As promised above, p. 36. The stories are given below, pp. 67–69.]
[2] [As promised in the last Letter: see p. 43.]
[3] [Revelation xxii. 2.]
[4] [See below, § 17 (p. 73).]
[5] [With the reference here, compare Vol. XXII. p. 497; Vol. XXV. p. 167; and below, p. 269.]
[6] [On this subject, see Vol. VII. p. 195 *n.*]
[7] [For instance, in this edition, Vol. VI. pp. 106 *seq.*, and Vol. VII. pp. 195, 196.]

paints that for you; constructs, as He paints,—beautiful things, if you will look,—terrible things, if you will think. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind (cyclone and other), fulfilling His Word.[1] The Word of God, printed in very legible type of gold on lapis-lazuli, needing no translation of yours, no colporteurship. There is no speech nor language where *their* voice is not heard. Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their word to the ends of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the Sun, the Lord of Physical Life; in them also, a tabernacle for the Sun of Justice,[2] the Lord of Spiritual Life. And the light of this Sun of the Spirit is divided into this measured Iris of colours:—

I. THE LAW OF THE LORD. Which is perfect, converting the soul.

That is the constant law of creation, which breathes life into matter, soul into life.

II. THE TESTIMONIES OF THE LORD. Which are sure,—making wise the simple.

These are what He has told us of His law, by the lips of the prophets,—from Enoch, the seventh from Adam,[3] by Moses, by Hesiod, by David, by Elijah, by Isaiah, by the Delphic Sibyl, by Dante, by Chaucer, by Giotto. Sure testimonies all; their witness agreeing together, making wise the simple—that is to say, all holy and humble men of heart.[4]

III. THE STATUTES OF THE LORD. Which are right, and rejoice the heart.

These are the appointed conditions that govern human life;—that reward virtue, infallibly; punish vice, infallibly;

[1] [Psalms cxlviii. 8.]
[2] [Compare Vol. VI. p. 614, and Vol. XVII. p. 59.]
[3] [Jude 14, 15: see Letter 77, § 1 (below, p. 108).]
[4] [Verse 31 of the Canticle, "Benedicite, omnia opera," sung at Morning Prayer.]

—gladsome to see in operation. The righteous shall be glad when he seeth the vengeance—how much more in the mercy to thousands?[1]

IV. THE COMMANDMENT OF THE LORD. Which is pure, enlightening the eyes.

This is the written law—under (as we count) ten articles, but in many more, if you will read. Teaching us, in so many words, when we cannot discern it unless we are told, what the will of our Master is.

V. THE FEAR OF THE LORD. Which is clean, enduring for ever.

Fear, or faith,—in this sense one: the human faculty that purifies, and enables us to see this sunshine; and to be warmed by it, and made to live for ever in it.

VI. THE JUDGMENTS OF THE LORD. Which are true, and righteous altogether.

These are His searchings out and chastisements of our sins; His praise and reward of our battle; the fiery trial that tries us, but is "no strange thing";[2] the crown that is laid up for all that love His appearing.[3] "More to be desired are they than gold;"—(David thinks first of these special judgments)—"Sweeter than honey, or the honeycomb; —moreover by them is Thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is great reward." Then—pausing—"Who can understand his errors? Cleanse Thou me from the faults I know not, and keep me from those I know; and let the words of my lips, and the thoughts of my brain, be acceptable in Thy open sight—oh Lord my strength, who hast made me,—my Redeemer, who hast saved."

4. That is the natural and the spiritual astronomy of the nineteenth Psalm; and now you must turn back at

[1] [Psalms lviii. 10; Jeremiah xxxii. 18.]
[2] [See 1 Peter iv. 12.]
[3] [See 2 Timothy iv. 8.]

once to the analysis given you of the eighth, in *Fors*, May, 1875.[1]

For as, in the one, David looking at the sun in his light, passes on to the thought of the Light of God, which is His law, so in the eighth Psalm, looking at the sun on his throne, as the ruler and guide of the state of Heaven, he passes on to the thoughts of the throne and state of man, as the ruler and light of the World: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,—Thou hast put all things under his feet,"—beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl.

It is of this dominion in love over the lower creatures that I have to speak to-day: but I must pause a moment to point out to you the difference between David's astronomy with his eyes,[2] and modern astronomy with telescopes.*

David's astronomy with the eyes, first rightly humbles him,—then rightly exalts;—What is man that Thou so regardest him—yet, how Thou hast regarded! But modern astronomy with telescope first wrongly exalts us, then wrongly humbles.

First, it wrongly exalts. Lo and behold—we can see a dozen stars where David saw but one; we know how far they are from each other; nay, we know where they will all be, the day after to-morrow, and can make almanacks. What wise people are we! Solomon, and all the Seven Sages of Greece, where are they? Socrates, Plato, and Epaminondas—what talk you to us of them![3] Did they know, poor wretches, what the Dog Star smelt of?

5. We are generally content to pause at this pleasant stage of self-congratulation; by no means to ask further

* Compare the whole of the lecture on Light, in *Eagle's Nest* [Vol. XXII. pp. 193–207].

[1] [Letter 53, §§ 9–11 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 325–328).]

[2] [Compare what Ruskin says of the business of education being to "see the sky" in Letter 9 (Vol. XXVII. p. 164).]

[3] [Ruskin here notes for Index: "Plato, Socrates, Epaminondas, Mr. John Bright's contempt of. Compare his speech in last number" (above, pp. 39–40 n.).]

what the general conclusions of the telescope may be, concerning ourselves. It might, to some people, perhaps seem a deficiency in the telescope that it could discern no Gods in heaven; that, for all we could make out, it saw through the Gods, and out at the other side of them. Mere transparent space, where we thought there were houses, and gardens, and rivers, and angels, and what not. The British public does not concern itself about losses of that nature: behold, there is the Universe: and here are we, the British public, in the exact middle of it, and scientific of it in the accuratest manner. What a fine state of things! Oh, proud British public, have you ever taken this telescopic information well into your minds; and considered what it verily comes to?

Go out on the seashore when the tide is down, on some flat sand; and take a little sand up into your palm, and separate one grain of it from the rest. Then try to fancy the relation between that single grain and the number in all the shining fields of the far distant shore, and onward shores immeasurable. Your astronomer tells you, your world is such a grain compared with the worlds that are, but that he can see no inhabitants on them, no sign of habitation, or of beneficence. Terror and chance, cold and fire, light struck forth by collision,[1] desolateness of exploding orb and flying meteor. Meantime—you, on your grain of sand—what are you? The little grain is itself mostly uninhabitable; has a damp green belt in the midst of it. In that,—poor small vermin,—you live your span, fighting with each other for food, most of the time; or building—if perchance you are at peace—filthy nests, in which you perish of starvation, phthisis, profligate diseases, or despair. There is a history of civilization for you! briefer than Mr. Buckle's[2] and more true—when you see the Heavens and Earth without their God.

6. It is a fearful sight, and a false one. In what manner

[1] [Compare Letter 6, § 9 (Vol. XXVII. p. 108).]
[2] [For other references to Buckle's book, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 157.]

or way I neither know nor ask; this I know, that if a prophet touched your eyes, you might in an instant see all those eternal spaces filled with the heavenly host;[1] and this also I know, that if you will begin to watch these stars with your human eyes, and learn what noble men have thought of them, and use their light to noble purposes, you will enter into a better joy and better science than ever eye hath seen.[2]

> "Take stars for money—stars, not to be told
> By any art,—yet to be purchased."[3]

I have nothing to do, nor have you, with what is happening in space (or possibly may happen in time), we have only to attend to what is happening here—and now. Yonder stars are rising. Have you ever noticed their order, heard their ancient names, thought of what they were, as teachers, "lecturers," in that large public hall of the night, to the wisest men of old? Have you ever thought of the direct promise to you yourselves, that you may be like them if you will? "They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever."[4]

7. They that be *wise*. Don't think that means knowing how big the moon is. It means knowing what you ought to do, as man or woman; what your duty to your father is, to your child, to your neighbour, to nations your neighbours. A wise head of the English Government, for instance (Oliver, had he been alive[5]), would have sent word, a year ago, to the Grand Signior, that if he heard a word more of "atrocities" in Bulgaria after next week, he would blow his best palace into the Bosphorus. Irrespective of all other considerations, that was the first thing to be wisely said,

[1] [Luke ii. 13.]
[2] [See 1 Corinthians ii. 9.]
[3] [George Herbert, *The Temple* ("Church Porch," stanza 29): compare Vol. XXVII. pp. 217, 419.]
[4] [Daniel xii. 3.]
[5] [For similar references to Cromwell, see Vol. XXVII. pp. 270, 272, 279.]

and done, if needful. What *has* been said and *not* done, since,—the quantities of print printed, and talk talked, by every conceivable manner of fool,—not an honest syllable in all the lot of it (for even Mr. Bright's true and rational statement—the only *quite* right word, as far as I can judge, I've seen written on the business,* that Russians had as much right to the sea, everywhere, as anybody else,[1] was tainted by his party spirit), I only wish I could show, in a heap of waste paper, to be made a bonfire of on Snowdon top.

That, I repeat, was the one simple, knightly, English-hearted thing to be done; and so far as the "Interests of England" are concerned, her first interest was in this, to *be* England; and not a filthy nest of tax-gatherers and horse-dealers. For the horse-dealer and the man-dealer are alike ignoble persons, and their interests are of little consequence. But the horse-rider and the man-ruler, which was England's ancient notion of a man, and Venice's also (of which, in abrupt haste, but true sequence, I must now speak), have interests of a higher kind. But, if you would well understand what I have next to tell you, you must first read the opening chapter of my little Venetian guide, *St. Mark's Rest*,[2] which will tell you something of the two

* I do not venture to speak of the general statements in my master Carlyle's letter;[3] but it seemed to me to dwell too much on the idea of total destruction to the Turk, and to involve considerations respecting the character of Turk and Russian not properly bearing on the business. It is not, surely, "the Eastern Question" whether Turkey shall exist, or Russia triumph, but whether we shall or shall not stop a man in a turban from murdering a Christian.

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[1] [This was a principal contention in Bright's speech to his constituents at Birmingham on December 4, 1876.]

[2] [See Vol. XXIV. pp. 207 *seq.*]

[3] [A letter to Mr. George Howard (afterwards Earl of Carlisle), dated November 24, and published in the *Times* of November 28, 1876. Carlyle, after praising the Russians as "a good and even noble element in Russia," went on to urge that "the unspeakable Turk" should "be peremptorily informed that we can stand no more of his attempts to govern in Europe, and that he must *quam primum* turn his face to the eastward." The letter was reprinted at vol. ii. pp. 307-311 of R. H. Shepherd's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Carlyle* (1881).]

piazzetta shafts, of which Mr. Swan has now photographs to show you at St. George's Museum;[1] and my Venetian readers, on the other hand, must have this *Fors*, to tell them the meaning of the statues on the top of said pillars.

8. These are, in a manner, her Jacob's pillars, set up for a sign that God was with her.[2] And she put on one of them, the symbol of her standard-bearer, St. Mark; and on the other, the statue of "St. Theodore," whose body, like St. Mark's, she had brought home as one of her articles of commercial wealth;[3] and whose legend—what was it, think you?—What Evangel or Gospel is this, to be put level with St. Mark's, as the banner on the other wing of the Venetian Host?

Well, briefly, St. Mark is their standard-bearer in the war of their spirit against all spiritual evil; St. Theodore their standard-bearer in the war of their body against material and fleshly evil:—not the evil of sin, but of *material malignant force*. St. Michael is the angel of war against the dragon of sin; but St. Theodore, who also is not merely a saint, but an angel, is the angel of noble fleshly life in man and animals, leading both against base and malignant life in men and animals. He is the Chevalier, or Cavalier, of Venice,—her first of loving knights, in war against all baseness, all malignity; in the deepest sense, St. Theodore, literally "God gift," is Divine life in nature; Divine Life in the flesh of the animal, and in the substance of the wood and of the stone, contending with poison and death in the animal,—with rottenness in the tree, and in the stone. He is first seen (I can find no account of his birth) in the form of a youth of extreme beauty; and his first contest is with a dragon very different from St. George's; and it is fought in another manner. So much of the legend I must give you in Venice's own words, from her Mother-Rule of St. Theodore,—the Rule,

[1] [See Vol. XXX.]
[2] [See Genesis xxviii. 18–20.]
[3] [Compare *St. Mark's Rest*, § 3 (Vol. XXIV. p. 210.]

from the thirteenth century down, of her chief Club, or School, of knights and gentlemen. But meditate a little while first on that Venetian word "Mother-Law."[1] You were told, some time since, in *Fors*, by an English lawyer, that it was not a lawyer's business to make laws.[2] He spoke truth—not knowing what he said. It is only God's business to make laws. None other's than His ever were made, or will be. And it is lawyer's business to read and enforce the same; however laughable such notion of this function may be to the persons bearing present name of lawyer.* I walked with one of these—the Recorder of London[3]—to and fro beside a sweet river bank in South England, a year ago; he discoursing of his work for public benefit. He was employed, at that time, in bringing before Parliament, in an acceptably moderate form, the demand of the Railroad Companies to tax the English people to the extent of six millions, as payment for work they had expected to have to do; and were *not* to do.

A motherly piece of law, truly! many such Mariegolas your blessed English liberties provide you with! All the while, more than mother, "for she *may* forget, yet will I not forget thee"[4]—your loving Lord in Heaven pleads with you in the everlasting law, of which all earthly law, that shall ever stand, is part; lovable, infinitely; binding, as the bracelet upon the arm—as the shield upon the neck; covering, as the hen gathereth her brood under her wings;[5] guiding, as the nurse's hand the tottering step; ever

* Compare *Unto this Last*, § 46, *note*,[6] significant of all my future work. (I am about to republish this book page for page in its first form.)

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[1] [See Letter 74, § 12 *n.* (p. 42).]

[2] [See the last paragraph but one of Mr. Frederic Harrison's letter to the author, printed in Letter 67, § 24 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 663).]

[3] [Russell Gurney. Ruskin refers in *Love's Meinie*, § 132, to the compensation awarded to the Railway Companies for the Government's taking over of the telegraphs (Vol. XXV. p. 126 *n.*).]

[4] [Isaiah xlix. 15.]

[5] [Proverbs iii. 3; Luke xiii. 34.]

[6] [Vol. XVII. p. 63. The book was republished in August 1877: see *ibid.*, p. 5.]

watchful, merciful, life-giving; Mariegola to the souls,—and to the dust,—of all the world.

9. This of St. Theodore's was first written, in visible letters for men's reading, here at Venice, in the year 1258:[1]—

"At which time we all, whose names are written below, with a gracious courage, with a joyful mind, with a perfect will, and with a single spirit,* to the honour of the most holy saviour and lord sir Jesus christ, and of the glorious virgin madonna saint mary his mother, and of the happy and blessed sir saint theodore, martyr and cavalier of God,—('martir et cavalier de dio')—and of all the other saints and saintesses of God" (have set our names,—understood), "to the end that the above-said sir, sir saint theodore, who stands continually before the throne of God, with the other saints, may pray to our Lord Jesus christ that we all, brothers and sisters, whose names are underwritten, may have by his most sacred pity and mercy, remission of our minds, and pardon of our sins."

* "Cum gratiosa mente, cum alegro anemo, cum sincera voluntate, et cum uno spirito, ad honor de lo santissimo salvador et signor nostro, misier Jesu-cristo et de la gloriosa verghene madofia senta maria soa mare."

So much of the dialect of Venice, in mid-thirteenth century, the reader may bear with; the "mens" being kept in the Homeric sense still, of fixed purpose, as of Achilles.[2] It is pretty to see the word "Mother" passing upon the Venetian lips into "sea."

The precious mariegola from which these passages are taken was first, I believe, described by Mr. Edward Cheney, *Remarks on the Illuminated Manuscripts of the Early Venetian Republic,* page 13.[3] Of the manuscript written in 1258 there remain, however, only two leaves, both illuminated (see notes on them in fifth chapter of *St. Mark's Rest*[4]), the text is a copy of the original one, written after 1400. Mr. Cheney's following account of the nature of the "Schools" of Venice, of which this was the earliest, sums all that the general reader need learn on this subject:—

"Though religious confraternities are supposed to have existed at a much earlier period, their first *historical* mention at Venice dates from the middle of the thirteenth century. They were of various sorts; some were

[1] [This Mariegola illustrated with miniatures is in the Correr Museum. It contains besides the effigy of the patron saint surrounded by a crowd of devotees a large miniature on a gold ground, representing the Saviour seated between the Virgin and St. John the Baptist (Cheney, p. 13).]

[2] [See *Queen of the Air,* § 16 *n.* (Vol. XIX. p. 307).]

[3] [This monograph (pp. 95) is No. 1 in vol. xi. (1867–1868) of the "Miscellanies" of the Philobiblion Society. It was also separately bound for private circulation. Ruskin's quotation about the "Scuole" is from pp. 10–12. Another monograph by Cheney (pp. 112)—*Original Documents relating to Venetian Painters* (see Vol. XXIV. p. 187)—is No. 2 in vol. xiv. (1872–1876) of the "Miscellanies," and was also similarly circulated.]

[4] [The fifth chapter was published some months later than this Letter, and did not contain these intended notes.]

"Remission of mind" is what we now profess to ask for in our common prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, oh Lord, and renew a right spirit within me."[1] Whereupon follow the stories of the contest and martyrdom of St. Theodore, and of the bringing his body to Venice. Of which tradition, this is the passage for the sake of which I have been thus tedious to you:—

"For in that place there was a most impious dragon, which, when it moved, the earth trembled; when it came forth of its cave, whatsoever it met, it devoured.

"Then St. Theodore said in his heart, 'I will go, and of my Father's substance[2] make sacrifice, against the most impious dragon.' So he came into the very place, and found there grass with flowers, and lighted down off his horse, and slept, not knowing that in that place was the cave of the dragon. And a kind woman, whose name was Eusebia, a Christian, and fearing God, while she passed, saw St. Theodore sleeping, and went with fear, and took him by the hand, and raised him up, saying, 'Rise, my brother, and leave this place, for, being a youth, you know not, as I see,

confined to particular guilds and callings, while others included persons of every rank and profession.

"The first object of all these societies was religious and charitable. Good works were to be performed, and the practices of piety cherished. In all, the members were entitled to receive assistance from the society in times of need, sickness, or any other adversity.

"The 'Confraternità Grandi' (though all had the same object) were distinguished by the quantity, as well as by the quality, of their members, by their superior wealth, and by the magnificence of the buildings in which they assembled; buildings which still exist, and still excite the admiration of posterity, though the societies to which they owed their existence have been dispossessed and suppressed.

"The 'Confraternità Piccole,' less wealthy, and less magnificently lodged, were not the less constituted societies, with their own rules and charters, and having their own chapel, or altar, in the church of their patron-saint, in the sacristy of which their 'mariegola' was usually preserved. Many of the confraternities had a temporal as well as a spiritual object, and those which were composed exclusively of members of the same trade regulated their worldly concerns, and established the rules by which the Brothers of the Guild should be bound. Their bye-laws were subject to the approval of the Government; they were stringent and exclusive, and were strictly enforced. No competition was permitted."

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[1] [Psalms li. 10.]

[2] [Here in ed. 1 was a footnote, "Litor paterne substantie mee," and the text continued: ". . . substance, will strive with the most impious dragon." This was one of "two delicious mistakes" mentioned in the following letter: see p. 93 n.]

the fear that is in this place. A great fear is here. But rise quickly, and go thy way.' Then the martyr of Christ rose and said, 'Tell me, woman, what fear is in this place.' The maid-servant of God answered, saying, 'Son, a most impious dragon inhabits this place, and no one can pass through it.' Then St. Theodore made for himself the sign of the cross, and smiting on his breast, and looking up to heaven, prayed, saying, 'Jesus, the Son of the living God, who of the substance of the Father didst shine forth for our salvation, do not slack my prayer which I pray of thee (because thou in battle hast always helped me and given me victory), that I may conquer this explorer of the Devil.' Thus saying, he turned to his horse, and speaking to him as to a man, said, 'I know that in all things I have sinned against thee, oh God, who, whether in man or beast, hast always fought with me. Oh thou horse of Christ, comfort thee, be strong like a man, and come, that we may conquer the contrary enemy.' And as the horse heard his master saying fiery (sacrificial) words,[1] he stood, looking forth as with human aspect, here and there; expecting the motion of the dragon. Then the blessed Theodore with a far-sent voice cried, and said, 'Dragon, I say to thee, and give precept to thee in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ, who is crucified for the human race, that thou shouldest come out of thy place, and come to me.' Instantly as he heard the voice of St. Theodore, he prepared himself that he should go out to him. And he moving himself and raging, presently in that place the stones were moved, and the earth trembled. . . . Then the blessed Theodore, as he saw him moving himself in his fury, mounted his horse, and trampled him down, and the horse, giving a leap, rose over the most impious dragon, trampling it down with all its four feet. Then the most strong martyr of Christ, St. Theodore, extending his lance, struck it through the heart, and it lay stretched out dead."

VENICE, *Purification of the Virgin*, 1877.

10. Oh me, again, how am I ever to tell you the infinite of meaning in this all-but-forgotten story? It is eleven years to-day since the 2nd of February became a great festival to me:[2] now, like all the days of all the years, a shadow; deeper, this, in beautiful shade. The sun has risen cloudless, and I have been looking at the light of it on the edges of St. Ursula's flower, which is happy with me, and has four buds bursting, and one newly open flower, which the first sunbeams filled with crimson light down under every film of petal; whose jagged edges of paler rose broke over and over each other, tossed here and

[1] [In ed. 1, "saying prayerful words (rogalia verba), he stood." This is the second of the "delicious mistakes."]

[2] [1866. The day was one upon which Miss Rose La Touche came on a visit to Denmark Hill.]

there into crested flakes of petal foam, as if the Adriatic breakers had all been changed into crimson leaves at the feet of Venice-Aphrodite. And my dear old Chamouni guide, Joseph Couttet, is dead; he who said of me "le pauvre enfant,—il ne sait pas vivre"[1] and (another time) he would give me nine sous a day, to keep cows, as that was all I was worth, for aught he could see. Captain of Mont Blanc, in his time,—eleven times up it, before Alpine clubs began; like to have been left in a crevasse of the Grand Plateau, where three of his mates were left, indeed; he, fourth of the line, under Dr. Hamel, just brought out of the avalanche-snow breathing. Many a merry walk he took me in his onward years—fifty-five or so, thirty years ago. Clear in heart and mind to the last, if you let him talk; wandering a little if you wanted him to listen;—I've known younger people with somewhat of that weakness. And so, he took to his bed, and—ten days ago, as I hear, said, one evening, to his daughter Judith, "Bon soir, je pars pour l'autre monde," and so went. And thinking of him, and of others now in that other world, this story of St. Theodore, which is only of the Life in this, seems partly comfortless. "Life in nature." There's another dead friend, now, to think of, who could have taught us much, James Hinton;[2] gone, he also, and we are here with guides of the newest, mostly blind, and proud of finding their way always with a stick. If they trusted in their dogs, one would love them a little for their dogs' sakes. But they only vivisect their dogs.[3]

11. If I don't tell you my tale of the Venetian doggie at once, it's all over with it. How so much love and life

[1] [For earlier references to Joseph Marie Couttet and this saying of his, see Letters 4 and 5 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 61, 85). See also Vol. IV. p. xxv., and compare Vol. XXVI. p. lv. Couttet was one of the twelve guides who accompanied Dr. Hamel on his fatal ascent in August 1820; he was dragged out senseless and "nearly black from the weight of snow which had fallen upon him": see *The Annals of Mont Blanc*, by C. E. Mathews, p. 227. This accident is the subject of Ruskin's poem of 1835, entitled "The Avalanche": see Vol. II. p. 7.]

[2] [James Hinton (1822–1875), surgeon and philosophical writer; a fellow-member with Ruskin of the Metaphysical Society; author of *The Mystery of Pain* (1866).]

[3] [For Ruskin's views on vivisection, see Vol. XXVI. p. 179.]

can be got into a little tangle of floss silk, St. Theodore knows; not I; and its master is one of the best servants in this world, to one of the best masters.[1] It was to be drowned, soon after its eyes had opened to the light of sea and sky,—a poor worthless wet flake of floss silk it had like to have been, presently. Toni pitied it, pulled it out of the water, bought it for certain sous, brought it home under his arm. What it learned out of his heart in that half-hour, again, St. Theodore knows;—but the mute spiritual creature has been his own, verily, from that day, and only lives for him. Toni, being a pious Toni as well as a pitiful, went this last autumn, in his holiday, to see the Pope; but did not think of taking the doggie with him (who, St. Theodore would surely have said, ought to have seen the Pope too). Whereupon, the little silken mystery wholly refused to eat. No coaxing, no tempting, no nursing, would cheer the desolate-minded thing from that sincere fast. It would drink a little, and was warmed and medicined as best might be. Toni came back from Rome in time to save it; but it was not its gay self again for many and many a day after; the terror of such loss, as yet again possible, weighing on the reviving mind (stomach, supposably, much out of order also). It greatly dislikes getting itself wet; for, indeed, the tangle of its mortal body takes half a day to dry; some terror and thrill of uncomprehended death, perhaps, remaining on it, also,—who knows? but once, after this terrible Roman grief, running along the quay cheerfully beside rowing Toni, it saw him turn the

[1] [Antonio, gondolier to Rawdon Brown. In his copy of *Fors Clavigera* bequeathed to the Library of St. Mark at Venice, Rawdon Brown here pasted in a photograph of Cici—the doggie of his gondolier "Toni"—writing beneath it the following extract from a letter of Ruskin's (dated January 25, 1877): "The photograph gives no idea of this little dog, which seemed to be an angel, entangled in a skin of silk, from which it was continually trying to escape." In the same volume is a MS. sheet in Ruskin's hand, containing a much-corrected Italian version of this passage, which he had sent to Toni. Ruskin corresponded with Toni after his master's death; and Toni's name is preserved in Browning's sonnet on Rawdon Brown (*Century Magazine*, February 1884). For an anecdote told by Ruskin "in memory of the relations existing between my dear friend Mr. Rawdon Brown of Venice, an Englishman of the old school, and his servant-friend Antonio," see the postscript to the "Ballad of Santa Zita" in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII.).]

gondola's head six feet aside, as if going away. The dog dashed into the water like a mad thing. "See, now, if aught but death part thee and me."[1]

Indistinguishable, doubtless, in its bones from a small wolf: according to Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins;[2] but much distinguishable, by St. Theodore's theology, telling of God, down, thus far at least, in nature. Emmanuel,—with us;[3] in Raphael, in Tobias, in all loving and lowly things; "the young man's dog went with them."[4]

12. And in those Adriatic breakers, anger-fringed, is He also?—Effice quæso, fretum, Raphael reverende, quietum.* And in the Dragons also, as in the deeps? Where is the battle to begin? How far down in the darkness lies this enemy, for whom Hell beneath is moved at the sound of his coming?[5]

I must not keep you longer with mythic teaching to-day; but may briefly tell you that this dragon is the "Rahab" which I mistook in the 87th Psalm;[6] the crocodile, spiritually named for the power of Egypt, with that of Babylon. Look in the indices of *Fors* for the word "Crocodile,"[7] and remember that the lifted cobra is the crest of the Egyptian Kings,[8] as the living crocodile their idol. Make what you can out of that, till I have more time to tell you of Egyptian animal and herb gods;[9] meantime, for the practical issue of all this.

13. I have told you the wealth of the world consists, for one great article, in its useful animals.[10]

* Engraved above the statue of Raphael on the Ducal Palace.[11]

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[1] [Ruth i. 17.]
[2] [See Letter 70, § 8 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 720 *n.*).]
[3] [Matthew i. 23.]
[4] [Tobit v. 16: see above, p. 35.]
[5] [See Psalms cxlviii. 7; Isaiah xiv. 9.]
[6] [Psalms lxxxvii. 4: see Letter 64, § 1 *n.* (Vol. XXVIII. p. 562).]
[7] [The references are to Letters 26, § 13, and 27, §§ 15, 16 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 484, 503–504).]
[8] [Compare Letter 26, § 11 (*ibid.*, p. 484).]
[9] [Ruskin, however, did not find time to revert to this subject.]
[10] [See Letter 73, § 3 (above, p. 14).]
[11] [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 364).]

How to get the most you can of those, and the most serviceable?

"Rob the squires' stables, to begin with?"

No, good friends,—no. Their stables have been to them as the first wards of Hell, locked on them in this life, for these three hundred years. But you must not open them that way, even for their own sakes.

"Poach the squires' game?"

No, good friends,—no. Down among the wild en'mies,[1] the dust of many a true English keeper forbids you that form of theft, for ever.

"Poison the squires' hounds, and keep a blood bull terrier?"

Worse and worse—merry men, all.

14. No—here's the beginning. Box your own lad's ears the first time you see him shy a stone at a sparrow;[2] and heartily, too; but put up, you and mother—(and thank God for the blessed persecution),—with every conceivable form of vermin the boy likes to bring into the house,*—and go hungry yourselves rather than not feed his rat or his rabbit.

Then, secondly,—you want to be a gentleman yourself, I suppose?

Well, you can't be, as I have told you before,[3] nor I neither; and there's an end, neither of us being born in the caste: but you may get some pieces of gentlemen's

* See the life of Thomas Edward (abstract given in *Times* of January 22nd of this year[4]).

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[1] [Tennyson, *The Northern Farmer: Old Style*, ix. :—

"Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer a-laäid of 'is faäce
Down i' the woild enemies afoor I coom'd to the plaäce."]

[2] [Compare Letter 48, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 214).]

[3] [In places, that is, where he connects the word "gentleman" with birth and race: see Vol. VII. p. 343, and the other passages there noted, and compare Letter 25 (Vol. XXVII. p. 468). Yet, though a workman cannot be a gentleman in the full sense of the term, "it is quite possible for him to understand the feelings of a gentleman and to share them": see Letter 41 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 80). For Ruskin's own lack of ancestry, see Vol. XXVIII. pp. 147–148.]

[4] [A review of Dr. Samuel Smiles's book, the *Life of a Scotch Naturalist, Thomas Edward*. For another reference to him, see Vol. XXII. p. 520 (where for "Edwards" read "Edward").]

education, which will lead the way to your son's being a better man than you.

15. And of all essential things in a gentleman's bodily and moral training, this is really the beginning—that he should have close companionship with the horse, the dog, and the eagle. Of all birthrights and bookrights—this is his first. He needn't be a Christian,—there have been millions of Pagan gentlemen; he needn't be kind—there have been millions of cruel gentlemen; he needn't be honest,—there have been millions of crafty gentlemen. He needn't know how to read, or to write his own name. But he *must* have horse, dog, and eagle for friends. If then he has also Man for his friend, he is a noble gentleman; and if God for his Friend, a king. And if, being honest, being kind, and having God and Man for his friends, he *then* gets these three brutal friends, besides his angelic ones, he is perfect in earth, as for heaven. For, to be his friends, these must be brought up with him, and he with them. Falcon on fist, hound at foot, and horse part of himself—Eques, Ritter, Cavalier, Chevalier.

Yes;—horse and dog you understand the good of; but what's the good of the falcon, think you?

To be friends with the falcon must mean that you love to see it soar; that is to say, you love fresh air and the fields. Farther, when the Law of God is understood, you will like better to see the eagle free than the jessed hawk. And to preserve your eagles' nests, is to be a great nation.[1] It means keeping everything that is noble; mountains and floods, and forests, and the glory and honour of them, and all the birds that haunt them. If the eagle takes more than his share, you may shoot him,—(but with the knight's arrow, not the blackguard's gun)—and not till then.

16. Meantime, for you are of course by no means on the direct way to the accomplishment of all this, your way to such wealth, so far as in your present power, is this:

[1] [On this passage, compare the Introduction to *The Eagle's Nest:* Vol. XXII. p. xxxv.]

first, acknowledgment of the mystery of divine life, kindly and dreadful, throughout creation;[1] then the taking up your own part as the Lord of this life; to protect, assist, or extinguish, as it is commanded you. Understand that a mad dog is to be slain; though with pity—infinitude of pity,—(and much more, a mad *man*, of an injurious kind; for a mad dog only bites flesh; but a mad man, spirit: get your rogue, the supremely maddest of men, with supreme pity always, but inexorably, hanged[2]). But to all good and sane men and beasts, be true brother; and as it is best, perhaps, to begin with all things in the lowest place, begin with true brotherhood to the beast: in pure simplicity of practical help, I should like a squad of you to stand always harnessed, at the bottom of any hills you know of in Sheffield,—where the horses strain;—ready there at given hours; carts ordered not to pass at any others: at the low level, hook yourselves on before the horses; pull them up too, if need be; and dismiss them at the top with a pat and a mouthful of hay. Here's a beginning of chivalry, and gentlemanly life for you, my masters.

17. Then next, take *canal* life as a form of "university" education.

Your present system of education is to get a rascal of an architect to order a rascal of a clerk-of-the-works to order a parcel of rascally bricklayers to build you a bestially stupid building in the middle of the town, poisoned with gas, and with an iron floor which will drop you all through it some frosty evening; wherein you will bring a puppet of a Cockney lecturer in a dress coat and a white tie, to tell you smugly there's no God, and how many messes he can make of a lump of sugar. Much the better you are for all that, when you get home again, aren't you?

I was going here to follow up what our Companion had told us (*Fors*, December, 1876, Art. v. of Corr.[3])

[1] [On this subject, compare Ruskin's interpretation of an inscription on the mosaics of St. Mark's (Vol. XXIV. pp. 302–303).]

[2] [For Ruskin's view of capital punishment, see Vol. XXVII. p. 667 n.]

[3] [Letter 72: Vol. XXVIII. p. 770.]

about the Hull "keels"; and to show you how an entirely refined life was conceivable in these water cottages, with gardens all along the shore of them, and every possible form of wholesome exercise and teaching for the children, in management of boat and horse,[1] and other helpfulness by land and water; but as I was beginning again to walk in happy thought beside the courses of quiet water that wind round the low hill-sides above our English fields,—behold, the *Lincoln Gazette*, triumphant in report of Art-exhibitions and competitions, is put into my hand,—with this notable paragraph in it, which Fors points me to, scornful of all else:—

"A steam-engine was used for the first time on Wednesday" (January 24th), "in drawing tram-cars through the crowded streets of Sheffield. The tramways there are about to dispense with the whole of their horses, and to adopt steam as the motive power."

And doubtless the Queen will soon have a tramway to Parliament, and a kettle to carry her there, and steam-horse guards to escort her. Meantime, my pet cousin's three little children have just had a Christmas present made to them of a real live Donkey; and are happier, I fancy, than either the Queen or you. I must write to congratulate them; so good-bye for this time, and pleasant drives to you.

[1] [Compare Letter 9, § 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 154).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

18. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

I hope the accounts last month, with their present supplement, will be satisfactory. The sense of steady gain, little by little indeed, but infallible, will become pleasant, and even triumphant, as time goes on.

The present accounts supply some omissions in the general ones, but henceforward I think we need not give Mr. Walker or Mr. Rydings the trouble of sending in other than half-yearly accounts.

The best news for this month is the accession of three nice Companions; one sending us two hundred pounds for a first tithe; and the others, earnest and experienced mistresses of schools, having long worked under St. George's orders in their hearts, are now happy in acknowledging him and being acknowledged. Many a young creature will have her life made happy and noble by their ministry.

The Union Bank of London (Chancery Lane Branch), in Account with St. George's Company.

				£	s.	d.
Dr.						
1877.	*Jan.* 1.	To Balance		191	9	1
	23.	„ Per Mr. John Ruskin, cheque at Bridgwater (Talbot)	£50 0 0			
		Ditto ditto	26 11 3			
		Sheffield (Fowler)	20 0 0			
				96	11	3
	25.	„ Per ditto, draft at Brighton (Moss)		200	0	0
	26.	„ Per Mrs. Bradley		7	0	0
	29.	„ Per Mr. John Ruskin (Mr. Rydings' cheque)		33	13	4
	Feb. 15.	„ Per ditto, draft at Bridgwater (Browne)		100	0	0
				£628	13	8
Cr.						
1877.	*Feb.* 15.	By Balance		£628	13	8

19. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I believe I have enough exhibited my simplicities to the public,—the more that, for my own part, I rather enjoy talking about myself, even in my follies. But my expenses here in Venice require more illustration than

I have time for, or think *Fors* should give space to; the Companions will be content in knowing that my banker's balance, February 5, was £1030, 14s. 7d.; but that includes £118, 10s., dividend on St. George's Consols, now paid by the trustees to my account for current expenses. The complete exposition of my present standing in the world I reserve for the Month of Opening.[1]

20. (III.)

"EDINBURGH, *November* 2, 1876.

"I have been for some time a pupil of yours, at first in art, where I am only a beginner, but later in those things which belong to my profession (of minister). Will you allow this to be my excuse for addressing you?—the subject of my letter will excuse the rest.

"I write to direct your attention to an evil which is as yet unattacked, in hopes that you may be moved to lift your hand against it; one that is gaining virulence among us in Scotland. I know no way so good by which its destruction may be compassed as to ask your help, and I know no other way.

"I shall state the mere facts as barely as I can, being sure that whatever my feelings about them may be, they will affect you more powerfully." [Alas, good friend—you have no notion yet what a stony heart I've got![2] "I know you say that letters need not ask you to *do* anything; but that you should be asked for help in this case, and not give it, I believe to be impossible. Please read this letter, and see if that is not true; the next four pages may be missed, if the recent regulations made to carry out the Anti-Patronage Act have engaged your attention. The evil I speak of has to do with them.[3]

"This Act made the congregation the electors of their pastor, the Government leaving the General Assembly to regulate the process of election. It has enacted that the congregation meet and choose a committee to make inquiries, to select and submit to a second meeting of voters the names of one or more clergymen, whom they (the committee) are agreed to recommend. It is then in the power of the congregation to approve or disapprove the report; if the latter, a new committee is appointed; if the former, they proceed to elect; then if one name only is submitted, they accept it, and call the clergyman named to be their pastor; if more than one, to choose between them by voting.

"But the Assembly did not venture to take precautions against an abuse of which every one knew there was danger, or rather certainty. Every one knew that the congregations would not consent to choose without greater knowledge of the men to be chosen from, than could be obtained by means of the committee; and every one knew also of what sort was the morality popular on the subject. And what has happened is this: between the first meeting (to elect a committee), and the second meeting (to elect a minister), the church is turned into a theatre for the display and enjoyment of the powers—physical, mental, and devotional—of the several candidates.

"On a vacancy being declared, and the committee appointed, these latter *find*

[1] [See Letter 76, §§ 17 *seq.* (below, pp. 99 *seq.*); and for April as the month of opening, Letter 4, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. p. 60).]

[2] [In this edition Ruskin's remarks are enclosed in square brackets, in order to distinguish them from his correspondent's bracketed words.]

[3] [The subject here discussed had been brought before the House of Lords on April 7, 1876, when a motion was carried ordering "Copy of Regulations framed and enacted by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to be observed in the election and appointment of Ministers under the powers conferred by the *Patronage Abolition Act*."]

that they do not need to exert themselves to seek fit men!" [Italics and note of admiration mine;—this appearing to me a most wonderful discovery on the part of the committee, and indeed the taproot of the mischief in the whole business.] "They are inundated with letters of application and testimonials from men who are seeking, not the appointment, but permission to preach before the congregation.

"The duties of the committee are practically confined to sifting" [with what aperture of sieve?] "these applications, and selecting a certain number, from twelve to three, who are on successive Sundays to conduct public worship before the electors, who may thus compare and choose.

"When all the 'leet' (as it is called) have exhibited themselves, a second meeting is called, and the committee recommend two or three of those who are understood to be most 'popular,' and the vote is duly taken. At first it was only unordained licentiates who were asked to 'preach on the leet' (as they call it), and they only for parishes; but nowadays—*i.e.*, this year—they ask and get men long ordained to do it; men long ordained lay themselves out for it; and for most assistantships (curacies) the same is required and given; that is to say, that before a man can obtain leave to work he must shame himself, and everything which it is to be the labour of his life to sanctify. He is to be the minister of Christ, and begin that by being the devil's. I suppose his desire is to win the world for Christ: as he takes his first step forward to do so, there meets him the old Satan with the old offer [there is small question here of whether he appears visible or not],[1] 'Some of this will I give thee, if thou wilt bow down and worship me.' You see how it is. He is to conduct a service which is a sham; he is to pray, but not to Him he addresses; to preach, but as a candidate, not as an ambassador for Christ. The prayer is a performance, his preaching a performance. It is just the devil laughing at Christ, and trying to make us join him in the mockery." [No, dear friend, not quite that. It is the Devil *acting* Christ; a very different matter. The religious state which the Devil must attack by pretending religious zeal, is a very different one from that which he can attack—as our modern political economists,—by open scorn of it.]

"They are not consistent. There should be a mock baptism, a mock communion, a mock sick woman, to allow of more mock prayer and more mock comfort. Then they would see what the man could do—for a pastor's work is not confined to the usual Sunday service,—and could mark all the gestures and voice-modulations, and movements of legs and arms properly. I once was present as elector at one of these election-services, and can give my judgment of this people's 'privilege.' It simply made me writhe to see the man trying his best with face, figure, and voice to make an impression; to listen to the competition sermon and the competition prayer; to look at him and think of George Eliot's 'Sold, but not paid for.' The poor *people*,—will twenty years of faithful ministry afterwards so much as undo the evil done them in the one day? They are forced to assemble in God's house for the purpose of making that house a theatre, and divine service a play, with themselves as actors. They are to listen to the sermon, but as critics: for them to join in the prayers they stand up or kneel to offer, would be unfaithfulness to the purpose of their gathering. They are then to listen and criticise—to enjoy, if they can. On future Sundays will not they find themselves doing the same?

"I have not spoken to many about it, but what they say is this: 1. How else can the people know whom to choose? [But that is not the question.] 2. The clergyman is doing so great a thing that he should forget himself in what he does —*id est*, he is to throw himself down (having gone to the temple to do it), and trust to the angels. Supposing that were right, it could make little difference: the actor may forget himself in *Macbeth*, but he is not the less an actor; and it is not a case of forgetting or remembering, but of doing. Yet this has been urged to me by a leading ecclesiastic and by other good men; who, besides, ignored the two

[1] [See Vol. XXVI. p. 345, and the references there given.]

facts, that all clergymen are not Christians" [is this an *acknowledged* fact, then, in our Reformed Churches, and is it wholly impossible to ascertain whether the candidates do, or do not, possess so desirable a qualification?], "far less exalted Christians, and that the Church has no right to lead its clergy into temptation. 3. The people ought to listen as sinners, and worship as believers, even at such exhibitions; judging of the minister's abilities from their own impression afterwards. [This is met by the two facts stated above as applied to the lay members of the Church and congregation; and by this, that they are unfaithful to the main purpose of their meeting, if they lose sight of that purpose to listen and pray.] 4. That certainly a poor assistantship is not worth preaching and praying for, but that a good one, or a parish, is. 5. That one must conform to the spirit of the age. [Spirit of God at a discount.]

"To this long letter I add one remark: that the reasons why the Church submits to this state of things seem to be the desire of the ecclesiastical party in power to do nothing which may hinder the influx of Dissenters (who in Scotland enjoy the same privileges); and the fact that our feelings on the subject, never fine, are already coarsened still more by custom.

"Dear sir (if you will allow me to call you so), I have expressed myself ill, and not so that you can, from what I have written, put yourself in our place. But if you were among us, and could see how this is hurting everybody and everything, and corrupting all our better and more heavenward feelings,—how it is taking the heart out of our higher life, and making even our best things a matter of self-seeking and 'supply and demand,'—then you could not help coming to our rescue. I know the great and good works you have planned and wish to finish; but still, do this before it is too late for us. I seem to ask you as Cornelius did Peter. All Scotland is the worse for it, and it will spread to England. And after all you are one of us, one of the great army of Christ—I think a commander; and I claim your help, and beseech it, believing no one else can give what I ask.

"Ever your faithful servant to command,

"A LICENTIATE OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND."

21. I can only answer provisionally this able and earnest letter, for the evils which my correspondent so acutely feels, and so closely describes, are indeed merely a minor consequence of the corruption of the motives, no less than the modes, of ordination, through the entire body of the Christian Churches. No way will ever be discovered of rightly ordaining men who have taken up the trade of preaching as a means of livelihood,[1] and to whom it is matter of personal interest whether they preach in one place or another. Only those who have *left* their means of living, that they may preach, and whose peace follows them as they wander, and abides where they enter in,[2] are of God's ordaining: and, practically, until the Church insists that every one of her ministers shall either have an independent income, or support himself, for his ministry on Sunday, by true bodily toil during the week, no word of the living Gospel will ever be spoken from her pulpits. How many of those who now occupy them have verily been invited to such office by the Holy Ghost, may be easily judged by observing how many the Holy Ghost has similarly invited, of religious persons already in prosperous business, or desirable position.

But, in themselves, the practices which my correspondent thinks so fatal, do not seem to me much more than ludicrous and indecorous. If

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 580 *n.*]
[2] [See Matthew ix. 9; x. 13.]

a young clergyman's entire prospects in life depend, or seem to depend, on the issue of his candidature, he may be pardoned for endeavouring to satisfy his audience by elocution and gesture, without suspicion, because of such efforts, of less sincerity in his purpose to fulfil to the best of his power the real duties of a Christian pastor: nor can I understand my correspondent's meaning when he asks, "Can twenty years undo the mischief of a day?" I should have thought a quarter of an hour's honest preaching next Sunday quite enough to undo it.

And, as respects the direct sin in the anxious heart of the poor gesticulant orator, it seems to me that the wanderings of thought, or assumptions of fervour, in a discourse delivered at such a crisis, would be far more innocent in the eyes of the Judge of all, than the consistent deference to the opinions, or appeals to the taste, of his congregation, which may be daily observed, in any pulpit of Christendom, to warp the preacher's conscience, and indulge his pride.

And, although unacquainted with the existing organization of the Church of Scotland, I am so sure of the piety, fidelity, and good sense of many of her members, that I cannot conceive any serious difficulty in remedying whatever may be conspicuously indecorous in her present modes of Pastor-selection. Instead of choosing their clergymen by universal dispute, and victorious acclaim, might not the congregation appoint a certain number of—(may I venture to use the most significant word without offence?)—*cardinal*-elders, to such solemn office? Surely, a knot of sagacious old Scotchmen, accustomed to the temper, and agreeing in the theology, of their neighbours, might with satisfaction to the general flock adjudge the prize of Pastorship among the supplicant shepherds, without requiring the candidates to engage in competitive prayer, or exhibit from the pulpit prepared samples of polite exhortation, and agreeable reproof.

Perhaps, also, under such conditions, the former tenor of the young minister's life, and the judgment formed by his masters at school and college, of his character and capacity, might have more weight with the jury than the music of his voice or the majesty of his action; and, in a church entirely desirous to do what was right in so grave a matter, another Elector might reverently be asked for His casting vote; and the judgment of elders, no less than the wishes of youth, be subdued to the final and faithful petition,

"Show whether of these two, *Thou* hast chosen."[1]

22. (IV.) The following noble letter will not eventually be among the least important of the writings of my Master. Its occasion (I do not say its subject, for the real gist of it lies in that sentence concerning the Catechism) is closely connected with that of the preceding letter. My ecclesiastical correspondent should observe that the Apostles of the Gospel of Dirt have no need to submit themselves to the ordeal of congregational Election. They depend for their influence wholly on the sweetness of the living waters to which they lead their flocks.

[1] [Acts i. 24.]

The *Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald* publishes the following extract of a letter written to a friend by Mr. Carlyle:—

"A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it is a sad, a terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking round in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe what, in fact, they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog-spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, 'What is the chief end of man?—To glorify God, and enjoy Him for ever.' No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside."[1]

23. (V.) The following admirable letter contains nearly all I have to affirm as to the taproot of economy, namely, house-building:—

"*To the Editor of the 'Spectator'*

"CARSHALTON, *Jan.* 27, 1877.

"SIR,—Some seven or eight years ago you permitted me to give you an account of a small house which I had recently built for my own occupation. After the ample experience which I have had, more particularly during the wet of this winter, you may like to know what my convictions now are about houses and house-building. You will remember that I was driven to house-building because of my sufferings in villas. I had wanted warmth and quiet, more particularly the latter, as I had a good deal of work to do which could not be done in a noise. I will not recount my miseries in my search after what to me were primal necessities of life. Suffice to say, at last I managed to buy a little piece of ground, and to put on it a detached cottage, one storey high, with four good bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, and a study. I got what I desired, and never once during these seven years have I regretted building. There are some things which I should like altered, and for the benefit of those who may be intending to follow my example, I will say what they are, and get rid of them. In the first place, the house ought to have one room in the roof, and that room should have been the study, away from all household hubbub, and with a good view of the stars I could easily have kept out both cold and heat. In the next place, what is called a kitchener is a miserable contrivance for wasting coals, and, what is worse, for poisoning the soft water and spoiling the flowers with the soot which the great draught blows out of the chimney. At the same time, I would earnestly advise an oven in which bread can be baked. No dyspeptic person can well overrate the blessing of bread made simply from flour, yeast, water, and salt; and it is absolutely impossible to procure such bread from ordinary bakers. Thirdly, as I have a garden, I would use earth-closets, and save the expense of manure, and the chance of bursting

[1] ["Letter (fictitious, it proved to be afterwards, but full of good sense), understood by the author to be from Mr. Carlyle, on the Gospel of Dirt."—*MS. note (for Index) by Ruskin in his copy.* The letter had been quoted in the *Times* of January 17, 1877, from the *Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald.* Two days later the *Times* published a note from "L." stating "on the best authority" that the letter was a hoax.]

pipes in frosty weather. Lastly, the cellar ought to have been treble the size it now is, and should have had a stove in it, for warming the house through gratings in the ceiling. I cannot recollect anything else I should like changed, except that I should like to have had a little more money to spend upon making the rooms loftier and larger.

"Now for what I have gained. We have been perfectly dry during all this winter, for the walls are solid, and impervious even to horizontal rain. They are jacketed from the top of the ground-floor upwards with red tiles, which are the best waterproof covering I know, infinitely preferable to the unhealthy-looking suburban stucco. Peace has been secured. Not altogether, because a man must have a very large domain if he is to protect himself utterly against neighbours who will keep peacocks, or yelping curs which are loose in the garden all night. But the anguish of the piano next door fitting into the recess next to my wall,—worse still, the anguish of expectation when the piano was not playing, are gone. I go to bed when I like, without having to wait till my neighbours go to bed also. All these, however, are obvious advantages. There is one, not quite so obvious, on which I wish particularly to insist. I have got a home. The people about me inhabit houses, but they have no homes, and I observe that they invite one another to their 'places.' Their houses are certain portions of infinite space, in which they are placed for the time being, and they feel it would be slightly absurd to call them 'homes.' I can hardly reckon up the advantages which arise from living in a home, rather than a villa, or a shed, or whatever you like to call it, on a three years' agreement, or as an annual tenant. The sacredness of the family bond is strengthened. The house becomes the outward and visible sign of it, the sacramental sign of it. All sorts of associations cluster round it, of birth, of death, of sorrow, and of joy. Furthermore, there seems to be an addition of permanence to existence. One reason why people generally like castles and cathedrals is because they abide, and contradict that sense of transitoriness which is so painful to us. The house teaches carefulness. A man loves his house, and does not brutally damage plaster or paint. He takes pains to decorate it as far as he can, and is not selfishly anxious to spend nothing on what he cannot take away when he moves. My counsel, therefore, to everybody who can scrape together enough money to make a beginning is to build. Those who are not particularly sensitive, will at least gain solid benefits, for which they will be thankful; and those with a little more soul in them will become aware of subtle pleasures and the growth of sweet and subtle virtues, which, to say the least, are not promoted by villas. Of course I know it will be urged that estimates will be exceeded, and that house-building leads to extravagance. People who are likely to be led into extravagance, and can never say 'No,' should not build. They may live anywhere, and I have nothing to say to them. But really the temptation to spend money foolishly in house-building is not greater than the temptation to walk past shop windows.

"I am, Sir, etc.

"W. HALE WHITE."[1]

24. (VI.)

"Pardon the correction, but I think you were not quite right in saying in a recent *Fors* that the spiral line could be drawn by the hand and eye only.[2] Mr. F. C. Penrose, whose work on the Parthenon you referred to in one of your earlier books,[3] showed me some time ago a double spiral he had drawn with a

[1] [Formerly a clerk in the Admiralty: see his letter in *Dilecta*, § 18. Author (under the pseudonym Mark Rutherford) of *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, and other works.]

[2] [See Letter 62, § 14 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 525).]

[3] [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. v. § 12 (Vol. X. p. 153 *n.*).]

machine of his own devising, and also a number of other curves (cycloidal, conchoidal, and cissoidal, I think) drawn in the same way, and which latter, he said he believed, had never been drawn with absolute accuracy before."

My correspondent has misunderstood me. I never said "the spiral" but *this* spiral, under discussion.

I have no doubt the machines are very ingenious. But they will never draw a snail-shell, nor any other organic form. All beautiful lines are drawn under mathematical laws organically *transgressed*, and nothing can ever draw these but the human hand. If Mr. Penrose would make a few pots with his own hand on a potter's wheel, he would learn more of Greek art than all his measurements of the Parthenon have taught him.

LETTER 76

OUR BATTLE IS IMMORTAL[1]

VENICE, *Sunday, 4th March*, 1877.

"Μάχη δή, φαμέν, ἀθάνατός ἐστιν ἡ τοιαύτη . . . ξύμμαχοι δὲ ἡμῖν θεοί τε ἅμα καὶ δαίμονες, ἡμεῖς δ' αὖ κτήματα θεῶν καὶ δαιμόνων, φθείρει δὲ ἡμᾶς ἀδικία καὶ ὕβρις μετὰ ἀφροσύνης, σώζει δὲ δικαιοσύνη καὶ σωφροσύνη μετὰ φρονήσεως, ἐν ταῖς τῶν θεῶν ἐμψύχοις οἰκοῦσαι δυνάμεσι."

1. "WHEREFORE, our battle is immortal; and the Gods and the Angels fight with us: and we are their possessions. And the things that destroy us are injustice, insolence, and foolish thoughts; and the things that save us are justice, self-command, and true thought, which things dwell in the living powers of the Gods."[2]

This sentence is the sum of the statement made by Plato in the tenth book of the Laws respecting the relations of the will of man to the Divine creative power. Statement which is in all points, and for ever, true; and ascertainably so by every man who honestly endeavours to be just, temperate, and true.

I will translate and explain it throughout, in due time;*[3]

* For the present, commending only to those of my Oxford readers who may be entering on the apostleship of the Gospel of Dirt,[4] this following sentence, with as much of its context as they have time to read:—

"ὃ πρῶτον γενέσεως καὶ φθορᾶς αἴτιον ἁπάντων, τοῦτο οὐ πρῶτον ἀλλὰ ὕστερον ἀπεφήναντο εἶναι γεγονὸς οἱ τὴν τῶν ἀσεβῶν ψυχὴν ἀπεργασάμενοι λόγοι, ὃ δέ ὕστερον πρότερον, ὅθεν ἡμαρτήκασι περὶ θεῶν τῆς ὄντως οὐσίας."

[1] ["Epistle of Jude" (see §§ 13 *seq.*) was a rejected title for this Letter.]

[2] [*Laws*, x. 906 A. The Greek passage in the note is from 891 E, thus translated by Jowett: "They affirm that which is the first cause of the generation and destruction of all things, to be not first but last, and that which was last to be first, and hence they have fallen into error about the true nature of the Gods." The further passage translated in the text is from 902.]

[3] [This, however, was not done.]

[4] [See Letter 75, § 22 (p. 79).]

but am obliged to refer to it here hastily, because its introduction contains the most beautiful and clear pre-Christian expression at present known to me, of the law of Divine life in the whole of organic nature, which the myth of St. Theodore[1] taught in Christian philosophy.

I give one passage of it as the best preface to the matters I have to lay before you in connection with our beginning of real labour on English land (announced, as you will see, in the statement of our affairs for this month[2]):—

"Not, therefore, Man only, but all creatures that live and die, are the possessions of the Gods, whose also is the whole Heaven.

"And which of us shall say that anything in the lives of these is great, or little, before the Gods? for it becomes not those to whom we belong, best and carefullest of possessors, to neglect either this or that.

"For neither in the hands of physician, pilot, general, nor householder, will great things prosper if he neglect the little; nay, the stonemason will tell you that the large stones lie not well without the small: shall we then think God a worse worker than men, who by how much they are themselves nobler, by so much the more care for the perfectness of all they do; and shall God, the wisest, because it is so easy to care for little things, therefore not care for them, as if He were indolent or weary?"

2. Such preface befits well the serious things I have to say to you, my Sheffield men, to-day. I had them well in my mind when I rose, but find great difficulty in holding them there because of the rattling of the steam-cranes of the huge steamer, *Pachino*.

Now, that's curious: I look up to read her name on her bow—glittering in the morning sun, within thirty paces of me; and, behold, it has St. George's shield and cross on it;* the first ship's bow I ever saw with a knight's shield for its bearing. I must bear with her cranes as best I may.

It is a right omen, for what I have to say in especial to the little company of you, who are minded, as I hear,

* *At least*, the sharp shield of crusading times, with the simple cross on it—St. George's in form, but this the Italian bearing reversed in *tincture*, *gules*, the cross argent.

[1] [See above, p. 65.]
[2] [See below, § 15.]

out of your steam-crane and all other such labour in Sheffield, pestilent to the enduring Sabbath of human peace on earth and goodwill towards men,[1] to take St. George's shield for your defence in Faith, and begin truly the quiet work and war—his, and all the saints—cleaving the wide "seas of Death, and sunless gulfs of Doubt."[2]

8. Remember, however, always that seas of Death must mean antecedent seas of Life; and that this voice, coming to you from the laureated singer of England, prophesying in the *Nineteenth Century*,* does truly tell you what state Britannia's ruled waves have at present got into under her supremely wise ordination.

I wonder if Mr. Tennyson, of late years, has read any poetry but his own; or if, in earlier years, he never read, with attention enough to remember, words which most other good English scholars will instantly compare with his somewhat forced—or even, one might say, steam-craned, rhyme, to "wills,"[3] "Roaring moon of—Daffodils." Truly, the nineteenth century altogether, and no less in Midsummer than March, may be most fitly and pertinently described as a "roaring moon": but what has it got to do with daffodils, which belong to lakes of Life, not Death? Did Mr. Tennyson really never read the description of that golden harbour in the little lake which my Companions and I have been striving to keep the nineteenth century from changing into a cesspool with a beach of broken ginger-beer bottles?

> "The waves beside them danced; but they
> Outdid the sparkling waves in glee.
> A poet could not but be gay
> In such a jocund company."[4]

* The sonnet referred to begins, I hear, the periodical so named.

[1] [Luke ii. 14.]

[2] [From Tennyson's Prefatory Sonnet to the *Nineteenth Century* (March 1877).]

[3] [Ruskin, as appears from his note, had not yet seen the magazine; he quotes from some newspaper. Tennyson wrote "will" and "daffodil."]

[4] [Wordsworth, *Poems of the Imagination*, "I wandered lonely as a cloud" (1804). The poet states in a prefatory note that "the daffodils grew and still grow on the margin of Ullswater, but that the poem was written at Grasmere; and Ruskin here

No steam-craned versification in that, you will observe, by the way; but simple singing for heart's delight, which you will find to be the vital form of real poetry;[1] disciplined singing, also, if it may be, but natural, all the while. So also architecture, sculpture, painting,—Sheffield ironwork. Natural to Sheffield,*—joyful to Sheffield, otherwise an entirely impossible form of poetry there. (Three enormous prolonged trumpetings, or indecent bellowings—audible, I should think, ten miles off—from another steamer entering the Giudecca, interrupt me again,—and you need not think that I am peculiar in sensitiveness: no decent family worship, no gentle singing, no connectedly thoughtful reading, would be possible to any human being under these conditions, wholly inevitable now by any person of moderate means in Venice. With considerable effort, and loss of nervous energy, I force myself back into course of thought.)

4. You don't, perhaps, feel distinctly how people can be joyful in ironwork, or why I call it "poetry"?

Yet the only piece of good part-singing I heard in Italy, for a whole summer, was over a blacksmith's forge (and there has been disciplined music, as you know, made of its sounds before now; and you may, perhaps, have seen and heard Mr. G. W. Moore as the Christy Blacksmith[2]). But I speak of better harmonies to be got out of your work than Handel's, when you come at it with a true heart, fervently,[3] as I hope this company of you

* All the fine work of man must be first instinctive, for he is bound to be a fine Animal—King of Animals; then, moral or disciplined, for he is bound to be a fine Spirit also, and King of Spirits. The Spirit power begins in directing the Animal power to other than egoistic ends. Read, in connection with last *Fors*, *The Animals of the Bible*, by John Worcester, Boston, Lockwood and Brooke, 1875.

refers to his preface to the protest by Mr. R. Somervell (a Companion of St. George's Guild) against the extension of the railway to Grasmere, etc. He there uses the same phrase about converting the lake into "a pool of drainage, with a beach of broken ginger-beer bottles."]

[1] [Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 67 (Vol. XX. pp. 73–74).]

[2] [For other references to the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 492; and the Introduction, above, p. xx.]

[3] [See 1 Peter i. 22.]

are like to do, to whom St. George has now given thirteen acres of English ground for their own;[1] so long as they observe his laws.

They shall not be held to them at first under any formal strictness—for this is mainly their own adventure; St. George merely securing coign of vantage for it, and requiring of them observance only of his bare first principles—good work, and no moving of machinery by fire. But I believe they will be glad, in many respects, to act by St. George's advice; and, as I hope, truly begin his active work; of which, therefore, it seems to me now necessary to state unambiguously the religious laws which underlie the Creed and vow of full Companionship, and of which his retainers will, I doubt not, soon recognize the outward observance to be practically useful.

5. You cannot but have noticed—any of you who read attentively,—that *Fors* has become much more distinctly Christian in its tone, during the last two years;[2] and those of you who know with any care my former works, must feel a yet more vivid contrast between the spirit in which the preface to the *Crown of Wild Olive* was written, and that in which I am now collating for you the Mother Laws of the Trades of Venice.

This is partly because I am every day compelled, with increasing amazement, and renewed energy, to contradict the idiotic teaching of Atheism which is multiplied in your ears; but it depends far more essentially on two vital causes: the first, that since *Fors* began, "such things have befallen me"* personally, which have taught me much, but of which I need not at present speak; the second, that in the work I did at Assisi in 1874, I discovered a fallacy which had underlain all my art teaching (and the teaching of Art, as I understand it, is the teaching of all things) since the year 1858. Of which I must be so far tedious

* Leviticus x. 19.

[1] [See below, § 15 (p. 98); and compare Letter 77, § 4 (p. 112).]
[2] [On this passage, see the Introduction to Vol. XXIII. p. xlvi.]

to you as to give some brief account. For it is continually said of me, and I observe has been publicly repeated lately by one of my very good friends, that I have "changed my opinions" about painting and architecture. And this, like all the worst of falsehoods, has one little kernel of distorted truth in the heart of it,[1] which it is practically necessary, now, that you, my Sheffield essayists of St. George's service, should clearly know.

6. All my first books, to the end of the *Stones of Venice*, were written in the simple belief I had been taught as a child; and especially the second volume of *Modern Painters* was an outcry of enthusiastic praise of religious painting, in which you will find me placing Fra Angelico (see the closing paragraph of the book) above all other painters.

But during my work at Venice, I discovered the gigantic power of Tintoret,[2] and found that there was a quite different spirit in that from the spirit of Angelico; and, analysing Venetian work carefully, I found,—and told fearlessly, in spite of my love for the masters,—that there was "no religion whatever in any work of Titian's; and that Tintoret only occasionally forgot himself into religion."[3]—I repeat now, and reaffirm, this statement; but must ask the reader to add to it, what I partly indeed said in other places at the time,[4] that only when Tintoret forgets himself, does he truly find himself.

Now you see that among the four pieces of art I have given you for standards to study,[5] only one is said to be "perfect,"—Titian's.[6] And ever since the *Stones of Venice*

[1] [Tennyson: *The Grandmother*, viii. ("A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies"); quoted also in Vol. VII. p. 352.]

[2] [See Ruskin's letters of 1845 to his father (Vol. IV. p. xxxvii.).]

[3] [See the *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. i. §§ 13–14 (Vol. IX. pp. 31–32): "There is no religion in any work of Titian's. . . . The mind of Tintoret . . . sometimes forgets itself into devotion;" and compare *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 182).]

[4] [Not expressly said; but implied in the descriptions of Tintoret's paintings in the Scuola di San Rocco: see Vol. IV. pp. 270 *seq.*, and Vol. XI. pp. 403 *seq.*; and compare Vol. VII. p. 295.]

[5] [See Letter 66, § 17 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 625).]

[6] [See Letter 69, § 15 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 700).]

was written, Titian was given in all my art teaching as a standard of perfection.[1] Conceive the weight of this problem, then, on my inner mind—how the most perfect work I knew, in my special business, could be done "wholly without religion"!

7. I set myself to work out that problem thoroughly in 1858, and arrived at the conclusion—which is an entirely sound one, and which did indeed alter, from that time forward, the tone and method of my teaching,—that human work must be done honourably and thoroughly, because we are now Men;[2]—whether we ever expect to be angels, or ever were slugs, being practically no matter. We *are* now Human creatures,[3] and must, at our peril, do Human—that is to say, affectionate, honest, and earnest work.*

Farther, I found, and have always since taught, and do teach, and shall teach, I doubt not, till I die, that in resolving to do our work well, is the only sound foundation of any religion whatsoever: and that by that resolution only, and what we have done, and not by our belief, Christ will judge us, as He has plainly told[4] us He will (though nobody believes Him) in the Resurrection.

But, beyond this, in the year 1858, I came to another conclusion, which was a false one.

My work on the Venetians in that year not only convinced me of their consummate power, but showed me that there was a great *worldly* harmony running through all they did—opposing itself to the fanaticism of the Papacy;

* This is essentially what my friend Mr. Harrison means (if he knew it) by his *Religion of Humanity*,—one which he will find, when he is slightly more advanced in the knowledge "of all life and thought,"[5] was known and acted on in epochs considerably antecedent to that of modern Evolution.

[1] [As, for instance, in *Two Paths*, § 57 (Vol. XVI. p. 298).]

[2] [Compare *Time and Tide*, § 33 (Vol. XVII. p. 348).]

[3] [Ruskin's note for Index here is "Work, the resolution to do it well, the only true foundation of religion; compare end of *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 60."]

[4] [See, for instance, Matthew vii. 20 *seq.*]

[5] [See the passage in Mr. Harrison's letter in Vol. XXVIII. p. 663 ("Thought and life are very wide, and I will listen to the judgment only of those who have patiently weighed the *whole* of both"), and Ruskin's note upon it (*ibid.*, p. 664). See also, below, p. 568 *n.*]

and in this worldly harmony of human and artistic power, my own special idol, Turner, stood side by side with Tintoret; so also Velasquez, Sir Joshua, and Gainsborough, stood with Titian and Veronese; and those seven men—quite demonstrably and indisputably giants in the domain of Art, of whom in the words of Velasquez himself, "Tizian z'e quel che porta la Bandiera,"[1]—stood, as heads of a great Worldly Army, worshippers of Worldly visible Truth, *against* (as it seemed then to me), and assuredly distinct from, another sacred army, bearing the Rule of the Catholic Church in the strictest obedience, and headed by Cimabue, Giotto, and Angelico; worshippers not of a worldly and visible Truth, but of a visionary one, which they asserted to be higher; yet under the (as they asserted—supernatural) teaching of the Spirit of this Truth, doing less perfect work than their unassisted opposites!

8. All this is entirely so; fact tremendous in its unity, and difficult enough as it stands to me even now; but as it stood to me then, wholly insoluble, for I was still in the bonds of my old Evangelical faith; and, in 1858, it was with me, Protestantism or nothing: the crisis of the whole turn of my thoughts being one Sunday morning, at Turin, when, from before Paul Veronese's Queen of Sheba,[2] and under quite overwhelmed sense of his God-given power, I went away to a Waldensian chapel, where a little squeaking idiot was preaching to an audience of seventeen old women and three louts,* that they were the only children of God in Turin; and that all the people in Turin outside the chapel, and all the people in the world out of sight of Monte Viso, would be damned. I came out of the chapel, in sum of twenty years of thought, a conclusively *un*-converted man—converted by this little Piedmontese gentleman, so powerful in his organ-grinding, inside-out, as it

* Counted at the time;—I am not quite sure now if seventeen or eighteen.

[1] ["Titian it is who bears the banner." See *The Two Paths*, Lecture II., "The Unity of Art," § 69 (Vol. XVI. p. 313).]

[2] [For a photogravure from this picture, see Vol. XVI., Plate III.]

were. "Here is an end to my 'Mother-Law' of Protestantism anyhow!—and now—what is there left?"[1] You will find what was left, as, in much darkness and sorrow of heart I gathered it, variously taught in my books, written between 1858 and 1874. It is all sound and good, as far as it goes: whereas all that went before was so mixed with Protestant egotism and insolence, that, as you have probably heard, I won't republish, in their first form, any of those former books.*[2]

9. Thus then it went with me till 1874, when I had lived sixteen full years with "the religion of Humanity," for rough and strong and sure foundation of everything; but on that, building Greek and Arabian superstructure, taught me at Venice, full of sacred colour and melancholy shade. Which is the under meaning of my answer to the Capuchin (*Fors*, Aug. 1875, § 2[3]), that I was "more a Turk than a Christian." The Capuchin insisted, as you see, nevertheless that I might have a bit of St. Francis's cloak: which accepting thankfully, I went on to Assisi, and there, by the kindness of my good friend Padre Tini, and others, I was allowed (and believe I am the first painter who *ever was* allowed) to have scaffolding erected above the high altar, and therefore above the body of St. Francis which lies in the lower chapel beneath it; and thence to draw

* Not because I am ashamed of them, nor because their Art teaching is wrong (it is precisely the Art teaching which I am now gathering out of the *Stones of Venice*, and will gather, God willing, out of *Modern Painters*, and reprint and reaffirm every syllable of); but the Religious teaching of those books, and all the more for the sincerity of it, is misleading—sometimes even poisonous; always, in a manner, ridiculous; and shall not stand in any editions of them republished under my own supervision.

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[1] [Compare *Præterita*, vol. iii. ch. i. § 23, and the Introduction to Vol. VII. of this edition, pp. xl., xli.]

[2] [Thus *Modern Painters*, in its complete form, was not republished (after 1873) till 1888. For the plans, here referred to, see Vol. III. pp. xlvii., xlix. *Seven Lamps* was not republished between 1855 and 1880, and the edition of the latter year contained many deprecatory notes by the author. The *Stones of Venice* was republished in its first form in 1874; it is the rearranged "Travellers' Edition" of 1879–1881 which Ruskin here projects.]

[3] [Letter 56, Vol. XXVIII. p. 385.]

what I could of the great fresco of Giotto, "The marriage of Poverty and Francis."*

And while making this drawing, I discovered the fallacy under which I had been tormented for sixteen years,—the fallacy that Religious artists were weaker than Irreligious. I found that all Giotto's "weaknesses" (so called) were merely absences of material science. He did not know, and could not, in his day, so much of perspective as Titian,—so much of the laws of light and shade, or so much of technical composition. But I found he was in the make of him, and contents, a very much stronger and greater man than Titian; that the things I had fancied easy in his work, because they were so unpretending and simple, were nevertheless entirely inimitable; that the Religion in him, instead of weakening, had solemnized and developed every faculty of his heart and hand; and finally that his work, in all the innocence of it, was yet a human achievement and possession, quite above everything that Titian had ever done!

"But what is all this about Titian and Angelico to you," are you thinking? "We belong to cotton mills—iron mills;—what is Titian to *us*!"[1]—and to all men. Heirs only of simial life, what Angelico?"

Patience—yet for a little while. They shall both be at least something to you before St. George's Museum is six months older.

* The drawing I made of the Bride is now in the Oxford schools, and the property of those schools, and King Alfred.[2] But I will ask the Trustees to lend it to the Sheffield Museum, till I can copy it for you, of which you are to observe, please, that it had to be done in a dark place, from a fresco on a vaulted roof which could no more be literally put on a flat surface than the figures on a Greek vase.

[1] [See Letter 7, § 14 (Vol. XXVII. p. 128).]

[2] [The drawing, however, was not given to Oxford, nor was it sent to Sheffield. Ruskin seems to have sent it to America in 1879 (see, in a later volume, the letter to Professor Norton of February 27), but it does not figure in the Catalogue of the American Exhibition (Vol. XIII. pp. 582 *seq.*). Studies of the fresco were included in the Bond Street Exhibition of 1878 (*ibid.*, p. 527). As Ruskin's copy is not available, a photographic reproduction of the fresco has been given (Plate I., Vol. XXVIII. p. 164). "King Alfred" was associated in Ruskin's mind with his Oxford schools, because of Alfred's supposed foundation of the University. Thus, in the schools, the Oxford fritillary was called "King Alfred's Dew-flower" (Vol. XXI. p. 76).]

—"Neither curse them at all, nor bless them at all"[1]), and perishing in the gainsaying of Kore, going down quick into volcanic petroleum pit, in the gathering themselves against Lawgiver and Priest, saying, "Wherefore lift ye up yourselves above the congregation of the Lord? the days of Kinghood and Priesthood are ended!"

14. A notable piece of the Word of God to you, this, if ye will receive it: and in this last clause of it, for us of St. George's Company, precisely imperative. You see that whole mysterious passage about the contest for the body of Moses (first, I suppose, of our Christian worshipping of relics, though old Greek motive of sacredest battle), comes in to enforce the not speaking evil of Dignities.[2] And the most fearful practical lessons in modern history are that the entire teaching of Mazzini, a man wholly upright, pure, and noble, and of subtlest intellectual power[3]—Italian of the Italians, was rendered poisonous to Italy because he set himself against Kinghood; and the entire war of Garibaldi,[4] a soldier of ten thousand, innocent and gentle and true, and of old Roman valour, was rendered utterly ruinous to Italy, by his setting himself against the Priesthood. For both King and Priest are for ever, after the Order of Melchizedek,[5] and none that rise against them shall prosper: and this, in your new plannings and fancyings, my good Sheffielders, you will please take to heart, that though to yourselves, in the first confusion of things, St. George leaves all liberty of conscience consistent with the perfect law of liberty[6] (which, however, you had better precisely understand from James the Bishop, who has quite other views concerning it than Mr. John Stuart Mill;—

[1] [Numbers xxiii. 25. For the other Biblical references in § 13, see Jude 11; Numbers xvi. 30 and 3.]

[2] [Jude 8, 9.]

[3] [For an earlier reference to Mazzini, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 350. He was a great friend of Mrs. Carlyle, at whose house Ruskin had doubtless met him.]

[4] [For other references to Garibaldi, see Letters 1, § 5; 3, § 7; 7, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 16, 51, 117).]

[5] [Psalms cx. 4; Hebrews v. 6. Compare Vol. XXIII. p. 256, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 598.]

[6] [James i. 25.]

James i. 25;[1] ii. 12, 13[2]), so soon as you have got yourselves settled, and feel the ground well under you, we must have a school built on it for your children, with enforced sending of them to be schooled; in earliest course of which schooling your old Parish-church golden legend will be written by every boy, and stitched by every girl, and engraven with diamond point into the hearts of both,—

"Fear God. Honour the King."[3]

[1] ["But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."]

[2] ["So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty. For he shall have judgment without mercy, that hath shewed no mercy; and mercy rejoiceth against judgment."]

[3] [1 Peter ii. 17.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

15. (I.) AFFAIRS of the Company.

A few of the Sheffield working-men who admit the possibility of St. George's notions being just, have asked me to let them rent some ground from the Company, whereupon to spend what spare hours they have, of morning or evening, in useful labour. I have accordingly authorized the sale of £2200 worth of our stock, to be re-invested on a little estate, near Sheffield, of thirteen acres, with good water supply.[1] The workmen undertake to St. George for his three per cent.; and if they get tired of the bargain, the land will be always worth our stock. I have no knowledge yet of the men's plans in detail; nor, as I have said in the text,[2] shall I much interfere with them, until I see how they develop themselves. But here is at last a little piece of England given into the English workman's hand, and heaven's.

16. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I am beginning, for the first time in my life, to admit some notion into my head that I am a great man. God knows at how little rate I value the little that is in me; but the maintaining myself now quietly against the contradiction of every one of my best friends, rising as it does into more harmonious murmur of opposition at every new act to which I find myself compelled by compassion and justice, requires more than ordinary firmness: and the absolute fact that, being entirely at one in my views of Nature and life with every great classic author, I am yet alone in the midst of a modern crowd which rejects them all, is something to plume myself upon,—sorrowfully enough: but haughtily also. And now here has Fors reserved a strange piece of—if one's vanity were to speak—good fortune for me; namely, that after being permitted, with my friend Mr. Sillar's guidance,[3] to declare again in its full breadth the great command against usury, and to explain the intent of Shakespeare throughout the *Merchant of Venice* (see *Munera Pulveris*[4]), it should also have been reserved for me to discover the first recorded words of Venice herself, on her Rialto!—words of the ninth century,* inscribed on her first church, St. James of the Rialto; and entirely unnoticed

* I have the best antiquarian in Venice as authority for this date—my own placing of them would have been in the eleventh.

[1] [This is referred to below as the Abbeydale Estate (see pp. 112, 140, 207, 273); elsewhere as the Mickley, or Totley, Estate (see Introduction to Vol. XXX.).]

[2] [See above, § 4.]

[3] [See the Introduction to Vol. XXVII. p. xlvii.]

[4] [*Munera Pulveris*, § 100 (Vol. XVII. p. 223).]

by all historians, hitherto; yet in letters which he who ran might read[1]:—only the historians never looked at the church, or at least, looked only at the front of it and never round the corners. When the church was restored in the sixteenth century, the inscription, no more to be obeyed, was yet (it seems) in reverence for the old writing, put on the gable at the back, where, an outhouse standing a little in the way, nobody noticed it any more till I came on it, poking about in search of the picturesque.[2] I found it afterwards recorded in a manuscript catalogue of ancient inscriptions in Venice, in St. Mark's library (and as I write this page, Sunday, March 11th, 1877, the photograph I have had made of it is brought in to me—now in the Sheffield Museum). And this is the inscription on a St. George's Cross, with a narrow band of marble beneath—marble so good that the fine edges of the letters might have been cut yesterday.

On the cross—

"Be thy Cross, oh Christ, the true safety of this place." (In case of mercantile panics, you see.)

On the band beneath it—

"Around this temple, let the merchant's law be just—his weights true, and his agreements guileless."

Those, so please you, are the first words of Venice to the mercantile world—nor words only, but coupled with such laws as I have set before you—perfect laws of "liberty and fraternity," such as you know not, nor yet for many a day, can again learn.

It is something to be proud of to have deciphered this for you; and more to have shown you how you may attain to this honesty through Frankness. For indeed the law of St. George, that our dealings and fortunes are to be openly known, goes deeper even than this law of Venice, for it cuts at the root, not only of dishonesty, but of avarice and pride. Nor am I sorry that in myself submitting to it, my pride must be considerably mortified. If all my affairs had been conducted with prudence, or if my present position in the world were altogether stately, it might have been pleasant to unveil the statue of one's economy for public applause. But I scarcely think even those of my readers who least understand me, will now accuse me of ostentation.

17. My father left all his fortune to my mother and me: to my mother, thirty-seven thousand pounds* and the house at Denmark Hill for life; to me a hundred and twenty thousand,† his leases at Herne and

* 15,000 Bank Stock.

† I count Consols as thousands, forty thousand of this were in stocks.

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[1] [Habakkuk ii. 2.]

[2] [The inscription is reproduced on Plate LXII. in Vol. XXI. (see pp. 268, 269). For other references to it, see *Unto this Last*, note of 1877 in the Preface (Vol. XVII. p. 20); *St. Mark's Rest*, § 131 (Vol. XXIV. p. 308); *Memorial Studies of St Mark's*, § 7 (*ibid.*, p. 417); the "Catalogue of the Ruskin Museum," Vol. XXX.; and Postscript to the "Legend of Santa Zita" in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII.).]

Denmark Hills, his freehold pottery at Greenwich, and his pictures, then estimated by him as worth ten thousand pounds, but now worth at least three times that sum.

My mother made two wills; one immediately after my father's death; the other—(in gentle forgetfulness of all worldly things past)—immediately before her own. Both are in the same terms, "I leave all I have to my son." This sentence, expanded somewhat by legal artifice, remains yet pathetically clear, as the brief substance of both documents. I have therefore to-day, in total account of my stewardship, to declare what I have done with a hundred and fifty-seven thousand pounds; and certain houses and lands besides. In giving which account I shall say nothing of the share that other people have had in counselling or mis-counselling me; nor of my reasons for what I have done. St. George's bishops[1] do not ask people who advised them, or what they intended to do; but only what they did.

18. My first performance was the investment of fifty thousand pounds in "entirely safe" mortgages, which gave me five per cent. instead of three. I very soon, however, perceived it to be no less desirable, than difficult, to get quit of these "entirely safe" mortgages. The last of them that was worth anything came conveniently in last year (see *Fors* accounts[2]). I lost about twenty thousand pounds on them, altogether.

In the second place, I thought it rather hard on my father's relations, that he should have left all his money to me only; and as I was very fond of some of them, indulged myself, and relieved my conscience at the same time, by giving seventeen thousand pounds to those I liked best. Money which has turned out to be quite rightly invested, and at a high interest; and has been fruitful to me of many good things, and much happiness.

Next I parted with some of my pictures,[3] too large for the house I proposed to live in, and bought others at treble the price, the dealers always assuring me that the public would not look at any picture which I had seen reason to part with; and that I had only my own eloquence to thank for the prices of those I wished to buy.*

I bought next a collection of minerals (the foundation now of what are preparing for Sheffield and other schools) for a stipulated sum of three thousand pounds, on the owner's statement of its value. It proved not to

* Fortune also went always against me. I gave *carte-blanche* at Christie's for Turner's drawing of Terni (five inches by seven[4]), and it cost me five hundred pounds. I put a limit of two hundred on the Roman Forum,[5] and it was bought over me for a hundred and fifty, and I gnash my teeth whenever I think of it, because a commission had been given up to three hundred.

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[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 512–513.]

[2] [See Letter 64, § 23, "Cash (Portsdown Mortgage)," Vol. XXVIII. p. 583.]

[3] [Chiefly Turner's "Grand Canal," sold by Ruskin in 1872, on leaving Denmark Hill for Brantwood: see Vol. XIII. p. 606.]

[4] [No. 20 in the "Notes" on Ruskin's Collection: see Vol. XIII. p. 426 *n.*]

[5] [It does not appear to which of two drawings of this subject (both made for Hakewill's *Tour*) Ruskin refers—the "Forum from the Capitol," or the "Forum looking towards the Capitol." The former was last sold at Christie's in 1899; the latter in 1889.]

be worth five hundred. I went to law about it. The lawyers charged me a thousand pounds for their own services; gave me a thousand pounds back, out of the three; and made the defendant give me another five hundred pounds' worth of minerals. On the whole, a satisfactory legal performance; but it took two years in the doing, and caused me much worry; the lawyers spending most of the time they charged me for, in cross-examining me, and other witnesses, as to whether the agreement was made in the front or the back shop; with other particulars, interesting in a picturesque point of view, but wholly irrelevant to the business.[1]

Then Brantwood was offered me, which I bought, without seeing it,[2] for fifteen hundred pounds (the fact being that I have no time to see things, and *must* decide at a guess; or not act at all).

Then the house at Brantwood, a mere shed of rotten timber and loose stone, had to be furnished, and repaired. For old acquaintance' sake, I went to my father's upholsterer in London (instead of the country Coniston one, as I ought) and had five pounds charged me for a foot-stool;[3] the repairs also proving worse than complete rebuilding; and the moving one's chattels from London, no small matter. I got myself at last settled at my tea-table, one summer evening, with my view of the lake—for a net four thousand pounds all told. I afterwards built a lodge nearly as big as the house, for a married servant, and cut and terraced a kitchen garden out of the "steep wood"*—another two thousand transforming themselves thus into "utilities embodied in material objects";[4] but these latter operations, under my own immediate direction, turning out approvable by neighbours, and, I imagine, not unprofitable as investment.

All these various shiftings of harness, and getting into saddle—with the furnishing also of my rooms at Oxford, and the pictures and universal acquisitions aforesaid—may be very moderately put at fifteen thousand for a total. I then proceeded to assist my young relation in business; with resultant loss, as before related, of fifteen thousand;[5] of which indeed he still holds himself responsible for ten, if ever able to pay it; but one of the pieces of the private message sent me, with St. Ursula's on Christmas Day,[6] was that I should forgive this debt altogether. Which hereby my cousin will please observe, is very heartily done; and he is to be my cousin as he used to be, without any more thought of it.

Then, for my St. George and Oxford gifts—there are good fourteen thousand gone—nearer fifteen—even after allowing for stock prices, but say fourteen.

* "Brant," Westmoreland for steep.

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[1] [In this case, which was put down for hearing in 1869, the actual value of the minerals and the sum which Ruskin had agreed to pay were in dispute. Ruskin drove down to Westminster on three successive days in order to give his evidence, but the case being blocked by a lengthy one before it, he characteristically declined to attend any more, and instructed his lawyers to make the best settlement they could out of court.]

[2] [See Vol. XXII. p. xxi.]

[3] [See Letter 44, § 11 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 135).]

[4] [See Letter 4, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 64).]

[5] [See Letter 62, § 20 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 530).]

[6] [See above, p. 30.]

And finally, you see what an average year of carefully restricted expense has been to me!—Say £5500 for thirteen years, or, roughly, seventy thousand; and we have this—I hope not beyond me—sum in addition:—

Loss on mortgages	£20,000
Gift to relations	17,000
Loss to relations	15,000
Harness and stable expenses	15,000
St. George and Oxford	14,000
And added yearly spending	70,000
	£151,000

19. Those are the clearly stateable and memorable heads of expenditure—more I could give, if it were needful; still, when one is living on one's capital, the melting away is always faster than one expects; and the final state of affairs is, that on this 1st of April, 1877, my goods and chattels are simply these following:—

In funded cash—six thousand Bank Stock, worth, at present prices, something more than fifteen thousand pounds.

Brantwood—worth, certainly with its house, and furnitures, five thousand.

Marylebone freehold and leaseholds—three thousand five hundred.

Greenwich freehold—twelve hundred.

Herne Hill leases and other little holdings—thirteen hundred.

And pictures and books, at present lowest auction prices, worth at least double my Oxford insurance estimate of thirty thousand: but put them at no more, and you will find that, gathering the wrecks of me together, I could still now retire to a mossy hermitage, on a little property of fifty-four thousand odd pounds; more than enough to find me in meal and cresses. So that I have not at all yet reached my limit proposed in *Munera Pulveris* —of dying "as poor as possible,"[1] nor consider myself ready for the digging scenes in *Timon of Athens*.[2] Accordingly, I intend next year, when St. George's work really begins, to redress my affairs in the following manner:—

20. First. I shall make over the Marylebone property entirely to the St. George's Company, under Miss Hill's superintendence always. I have already had the value of it back in interest, and have no business now to keep it any more.[3]

Secondly. The Greenwich property was my father's, and I am sure he would like me to keep it. I shall keep *it* therefore; and in some way, make it a Garden of Tuileries, honourable to my father, and to the London he lived in.[4]

Thirdly. Brantwood I shall keep, to live upon, with its present servants—necessary, all, to keep it in good order; and to keep me comfortable, and fit for my work. I may not be able to keep quite so open

[1] [See *Munera Pulveris*, § 153 (Vol. XVII. p. 276).]

[2] [Act iv. sc. 3.]

[3] [See, on this subject, Letter 86 (p. 360 *n.*).]

[4] [Compare Vol. XXVII. pp. 69, 105. Ruskin retained the properties for some time, and ultimately sold them when opportunity offered of increasing the Brantwood estate.]

a house there as I have been accustomed to do: that remains to be seen.

Fourthly. My Herne Hill leases and little properties that bother me, I shall make over to my pet cousin—whose children, and their donkey,[1] need good supplies of bread and butter, and hay: she always promising to keep my old nursery for a lodging to me, when I come to town.[2]

Fifthly. Of my ready cash, I mean to spend to the close of this year, another three thousand pounds, in amusing myself—with such amusement as is yet possible to me—at Venice, and on the Alps, or elsewhere;[3] and as, at the true beginning of St. George's work, I must quit myself of usury and the Bank of England, I shall (at some loss you will find, on estimate) then buy for myself twelve thousand of Consols stock, which, if the nation hold its word, will provide me with three hundred and sixty pounds a year—the proper degrees of the annual circle, according to my estimate, of a bachelor gentleman's proper income, on which, if he cannot live, he deserves speedily to die. And this, with Brantwood strawberries and cream, I will for my own poor part, undertake to live upon, uncomplainingly, as Master of St. George's Company,—*or* die. But, for my dependants, and customary charities, further provision must be made; or such dependencies and charities must end. Virtually, I should then be giving away the lives of these people to St. George, and not my own.

Wherefore,

Sixthly. Though I have not made a single farthing by my literary work last year,* I have paid Messrs. Hazell, Watson, and Viney an approximate sum of £800 for printing my new books, which sum has been provided by the sale of the already printed ones. I have only therefore now to *stop* working; and I shall receive regular pay for my past work—a gradually increasing, and—I have confidence enough in St. George and myself to say—an assuredly still increasing, income,[4] on which I have no doubt I can sufficiently maintain all my present servants and pensioners; and perhaps even also sometimes indulge myself with a new missal. New Turner drawings are indeed out of the question; but as I have already thirty large and fifty or more small ones, and some score of illuminated MSS., I may get through the declining years of my æsthetic life, it seems to me, on those terms, resignedly, and even spare a book or two—or even a Turner or two, if needed—to my St. George's schools.

Now, to stop working *for the press*, will be very pleasant to me[5]—not to say medicinal, or even necessary—very soon. But that does not mean stopping work. *Deucalion* and *Proserpina* can go on far better without printing; and if the public wish for them, they can subscribe for them.

* Counting from last April Fool's day to this.

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[1] [See above, p. 73.]

[2] [This was always done. The Preface of *Præterita* was written at Herne Hill "in what was once my nursery," Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn having renewed the lease until 1907.]

[3] [For his movements, see Vol. XXIV. pp. xxxiv. n., xliv.]

[4] [This calculation was amply verified: see the account of Ruskin's publishing experiment in Vol. XXX., and compare the Introduction to Vol. XXVII. (pp. lxxxii.–lxxxvi.).]

[5] [A self-denying ordinance which, however, was by no means to be carried out.]

In any case, I shall go on at leisure, God willing, with the works I have undertaken.

Lastly. My Oxford professorship will provide for my expenses at Oxford as long as I am needed there.

21. Such, Companions mine, is your Master's position in life;—and such his plan for the few years of it which may yet remain to him. You will not, I believe, be disposed wholly to deride either what I have done, or mean to do; but of this you may be assured, that my spending, whether foolish or wise, has not been the wanton lavishness of a man who could not restrain his desires; but the deliberate distribution, as I thought best, of the wealth I had received as a trust, while I yet lived, and had power over it. For what has been consumed by swindlers, your modern principles of trade are answerable; for the rest, none even of that confessed to have been given in the partiality of affection, has been bestowed but in real self-denial. My own complete satisfaction would have been in buying every Turner drawing I could afford, and passing quiet days at Brantwood, between my garden and my gallery, praised, as I should have been, by all the world, for doing good to myself.

I do not doubt, had God condemned me to that selfishness, He would also have inflicted on me the curse of happiness in it. But He has led me by other ways, of which my friends who are wise and kind, neither as yet praising me, nor condemning, may one day be gladdened in witness of a nobler issue.

22. (III.) The following letter, with the extracts appended to it, will be of interest, in connection with our present initiation of closer Bible study for rule of conduct.

I should also be glad if Major Hartley could furnish me with any satisfactory explanation of the circumstances which have induced my correspondent's appeal.

"MY DEAR SIR,—When I had the pleasure of seeing you last week you expressed some interest in the house in Gloucestershire where for a time resided the great translator of the English Scriptures, William Tyndale, and which is now in a sadly neglected condition. It is charmingly set on the south-western slope of the Cotswolds, commanding a fine prospect over the richly wooded vale of the Severn, to the distant hills of Wales. After leaving Oxford, Tyndale came to reside in this manor-house of Little Sodbury, as tutor in the family of the proprietor, Sir John Walsh, and was there probably from 1521 to 1523. It was in the old dining-hall that, discussing with a neighbouring priest, Tyndale uttered his memorable words, 'If God spare my life, I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do.' This prediction he fulfilled, for he was the first man to translate from the original, and print in a foreign land, the English Scriptures, and was rewarded for his toil by being strangled and burnt. However England may have misused and abused the book, there can be no doubt that the introduction of Tyndale's Testaments marked a new and remarkable era in the history of our country; and whatever opinion may be formed of the contents of the volume, the fine masculine English and nervous simplicity of Tyndale's translation have commanded the admiration alike of friends and foes. Though they are probably familiar to you, I enclose an extract from the late Dr. Faber, a Roman Catholic, and another from Mr. Froude, the historian, as to the beauty of Tyndale's style." (I wish Mr. Froude, the historian, cared a little less about style; and had rather told us what he thought about the Bible's matter. I bought the *Rinnovamento* of Venice

yesterday, with a review in it of a new Italian poem in praise of the Devil, of which the reviewer says the style is excellent.[1]) "You may also be interested in perusing a translation from the Latin of the only letter of the translator that has ever been discovered, and which touchingly reveals his sufferings in the castle of Vilvorde, in Flanders, shortly before he was put to death. Now I hope you will agree with me that the only house in the kingdom where so great a man resided ought not to be allowed to fall into decay and neglect as it is now doing. Part of the house is unroofed, the fine old dining-hall with its beautiful roof has been turned into a carpenter's shop, the chimney-piece and other portions of the fittings of the manor-house having been carried off by the owner, Major Hartley, to his own residence, two or three miles off. I have appealed to the proprietor in behalf of the old house, but in vain, for he does not even condescend to reply. I should be glad if your powerful pen could draw attention to this as well as other similar cases of neglect. The interesting old church of St. Adeline, immediately behind the manor-house of Little Sodbury, and where Tyndale frequently preached, was pulled down in 1858, and the stones carried off for a new one in another part of the parish. Many would have gladly contributed towards a new church, and to save the old one, but they were never asked, or had any opportunity. I fear I have wearied you with these particulars, but I am sure you will not approve the doings I have recounted. With pleasant recollections of your kind hospitality,

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Your faithful and obliged."

"The late Dr. Faber wrote of the English Bible, of which Tyndale's translation is the basis, as follows." (I don't understand much of this sweet writing of Dr. Faber's myself; but I beg leave to state generally that the stronghold of Protestant heresy is pure pig-headedness, and not at all a taste for pure English.)

"'Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten—like the sound of a church bell which a convert hardly knows he can forego. Its felicities seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The dower of all the gifts and trials of a man's life is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of the best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle, and pure and penitent and good, speaks to him for ever out of the English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled.' (Doctor!) 'In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of righteousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his English Bible.'

"Mr. Froude says of Tyndale's version:—

"'Of the translation itself, though since that time it has been many times revised and altered, we may say that it is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius—if such a word may be permitted'—(better *un*permitted)—'which breathes through it, the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity, the preternatural' (Do you really mean that, Mr. Froude?) 'grandeur, unequalled, unapproached in the attempted improvements of modern scholars, all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man—William Tyndale.'—*Froude's History of England.*[2]

"The only letter of William Tyndale which has been discovered was found in the archives of the Council of Brabant, and is as follows; it is addressed to the Marquis of Berg-op-Zoom, the Governor of Vilvorde Castle, in the Low Countries; the date is 1535:—

"'I believe, right worshipful, that you are not ignorant of what has been determined concerning me (by the Council of Brabant), therefore I entreat your

[1] [For another reference to this work, see Letter 83, § 8 *n.* (p. 266).]

[2] [Ch. xii. vol. iii. p. 84 (1873 edition).]

lordship, and that by the Lord Jesus, that if I am to remain here (in Vilvorde) during the winter, you will request the Procureur to be kind enough to send me, from my goods which he has in his possession, a warmer cap, for I suffer extremely from cold in the head, being afflicted with a perpetual catarrh, which is considerably increased in the cell. A warmer coat also, for that which I have is very thin; also a piece of cloth to patch my leggings: my overcoat has been worn out; my shirts are also worn out. He has a woollen shirt of mine, if he will be kind enough to send it. I have also with him leggings of thicker cloth for putting on above; he has also warmer caps for wearing at night. I wish also his permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But above all, I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that I may spend my time with that study. And in return may you obtain your dearest wish, provided always it be consistent with the salvation of your soul. But if any other resolution has been come to concerning me, that I must remain during the whole winter,[1] I shall be patient, abiding the will of God to the glory of the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ, whose Spirit I pray may ever direct your heart. Amen.

W. TYNDALE.'"

[1] [This letter is quoted from *William Tyndale: a Biography*, by the Rev. R. Demaus, who gives *hiemem perficiendum omnem*, and translates (p. 477) as in the text above, but the true words are *ante hiemem perficiendum*. A facsimile of the letter was published in 1872 by Mr. Francis Fry of Bristol, with a correct translation: "if any other resolution has been come to concerning me, before the conclusion of the winter, I shall be patient," etc.]

LETTER 77

THE LORD THAT BOUGHT US[1]

VENICE, *Easter Sunday*, 1877.

1. I HAVE yet a word or two to say, my Sheffield friends, respecting your religious services, before going on to practical matters. The difficulties which you may have observed the School Board getting into on this subject, have, in sum, arisen from their approaching the discussion of it always on the hypothesis that there is no God: the ecclesiastical members of the board wishing to regulate education so as to prevent their pupils from painfully feeling the want of one; and the profane members of it, so as to make sure that their pupils may never be able to imagine one. Objects which are of course irreconcilable; nor will any national system of education be able to establish itself in balance of them.

But if, instead, we approach the question of school discipline on the hypothesis that there is a God, and one that cares for mankind, it will follow that if we begin by teaching the observance of His Laws, He will gradually take upon Himself the regulation of all minor matters, and make us feel and understand, without any possibility of doubt, how He would have us conduct ourselves in outward observance.* And the real difficulty of our Ecclesiastical

* The news from Liverpool in the third article of Correspondence [p. 119], is the most cheering I ever read in public papers.

[1] [2 Peter ii. 1 ("But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them"). Ruskin also wrote on the wrapper of his copy "Epistle of Jude," as a summary of the contents of this Letter.]

party has of late been that they could not venture for their lives to explain the Decalogue, feeling that Modernism and all the practices of it must instantly be turned inside-out, and upside-down, if they did; but if, without explaining it, they could manage to get it *said* every Sunday, and a little agreeable tune on the organ played after every clause of it, that perchance would do (on the assumption, rendered so highly probable by Mr. Darwin's discoveries respecting the modes of generation in the Orchideæ,[1] that there *was* no God, except the original Baalzebub of Ekron, Lord of Bluebottles and fly-blowing in general;[2] and that this Decalogue was only ten crotchets of Moses's, and not God's at all), —on such assumption, I say, they thought matters might still be kept quiet a few years longer in the Cathedral Close, especially as Mr. Bishop was always so agreeably and inoffensively pungent an element of London society; and Mrs. Bishop and Miss Bishop so extremely proper and pleasant to behold, and the grass of the lawn so smooth shaven. But all that is drawing very fast to its end. Poor dumb dogs that they are, and blind mouths, the grim wolf with privy paw daily devouring apace,[3] and nothing said, and their people loving to have it so, I know not what they will do in the end thereof;[4] but it is near. Disestablishment? Yes, and of more powers than theirs; that prophecy of the Seventh from Adam is of judgment to be executed upon all, and conviction of their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed.[5]

2. I told you to read that epistle of Jude carefully,[6] though to some of you, doubtless, merely vain words; but

[1] [See Letter 46, § 15 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 183).]
[2] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 226 (Vol. XXIII. p. 132 *n.*).]
[3] [Milton, *Lycidas*; compare *Sesame and Lilies*, §§ 20 *seq.* (Vol. XVIII. pp. 69 *seq.*).]
[4] [Compare Jeremiah v. 31.]
[5] ["And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, To execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed" (Jude 14, 15). Compare Letter 75, § 3 (above, p. 56).]
[6] [Letter 76, § 13 (p. 95).]

to any who are earnestly thoughtful, at least the evidence of a state of the Christian Church in which many things were known, and preserved (that prophecy of Enoch, for instance), lost to us now; and of beliefs which, whether well or ill founded, have been at the foundation of all the good work that has been done, yet, in this Europe of ours. Well founded or not, at least let us understand, as far as we may, what they were.

With all honour to Tyndale (I hope you were somewhat impressed by the reward he had from the world of his day, as related in that final letter of his[1]), there are some points in the translation that might be more definite: here is the opening of it, in simpler, and in some words certainly more accurate, terms:—

"Judas, the servant of Jesus Christ, and the brother of James, to all who are sanctified in God, and called and guarded in Christ.

"Pity, and Peace, and Love, be fulfilled in you.

"Beloved, when I was making all the haste I could to write to you of the common salvation, I was suddenly forced to write to you, exhorting you to fight for the faith, once for all delivered to the Saints.

"For there are slunk in among you certain men, written down before to this condemnation, insolent, changing the grace of God into fury, and denying the only Despot, God; and our Lord, Jesus Christ.

"And I want to put you in mind, you who know this,—once for all,—that the Lord, having delivered His people out of the land of Egypt, in the second place destroyed those who believed not.

"And the Angels which guarded not their beginning, but left their own habitation, He hath guarded in eternal chains, under darkness, to the judgment of the great day."[2]

8. Now this translation is certainly more accurate, in observing the first principle of all honest translation, that the same word shall be used in English, where it is the same in the original.[3] You see I have three times used the word "guarded." So does St. Judas. But our translation varies its phrase every time; first it says "preserved,"

[1] [See Letter 76, § 22 (p. 105).]

[2] [Jude 1–6.]

[3] [For other passages in which Ruskin insists on this point, see Vol. XXVII. p. 202.]

then "kept," and then "reserved,"—every one of these words being weaker than the real one,[1] which means guarded as a watch-dog guards. To "reserve" the Devil, is quite a different thing from "watching" him. Again, you see that, for "lasciviousness," I have written "fury." The word[2] is indeed the same always translated lasciviousness, in the New Testament, and not wrongly, if you know Latin; but wherever it occurs (Mark vii. 22; Ephesians iv. 19, etc.), it has a deeper under-meaning than the lust of pleasure. It means essentially the character which "refuses to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely,"[3] which cannot be soothed, or restrained, but will take its own way, and rage its own rage,*—alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them,—who, being *past feeling*, have given themselves over to fury[4] (*animal* rage, carnivorousness in political economy,[5]—competition, as of horses with swinging spurs at their sides in the Roman corso, in science, literature, and all the race of life), to work *all* uncleanness,—(not mere sensual vices, but all the things that defile, comp. Mark vii. 22, just quoted), with greediness;—then, precisely in the same furrow of thought, St. Jude goes on,—"denying the only Despot, God;" and St. Paul, "but ye have not so learned Christ—*if so be* that ye *have* heard Him, and been taught by Him"—(which is indeed precisely the point dubitable)—"that ye put off the old man," etc.,[6]—where you will find, following, St. Paul's explanation of the Decalogue, to end of chapter (Eph. iv.), which if you will please learn by heart with the ten commandments, and, instead of merely praying, when you hear that disagreeable crotchet of Moses's announced, "Thou

* See fourth article in Correspondence [p. 120.]

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[1] [τετηρημένοις, τηρήσαντας, τετήρηκεν.]
[2] [ἀσέλγεια.]
[3] [Psalms lviii. 5.]
[4] [Ephesians iv. 18, 19.]
[5] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 103, 159; and below, p. 199.]
[6] [Ephesians iv. 20–22.]

shalt not steal,"[1] "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this—crotchet," which is all you can now do,—resolve solemnly that you will yourselves literally obey (and enforce with all your power such obedience in others) the Christian answering article of Decalogue, "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth,"[2] you will, in that single piece of duty to God, overthrow, as I have said, the entire system of modern society, and form another in righteousness and true holiness, by no rage refusing, and in no cowardice denying, but wholly submitting to, the Lord who bought them with a price, the only Despot, God.

4. For our present translation of the passage is finally better in retaining the Greek word "Despot" here rather than "Lord," in order to break down the vulgar English use of the word for all that is evil. But it is necessary for you in this to know the proper use of the words Despot and Tyrant. A despot is a master to whom servants belong, as his property, and who belongs to his servants as their property. My *own* master, my *own* servant. It expresses the most beautiful relation, next to that of husband and wife, in which human souls can stand to each other; but is only perfected in the right relation between a soul and its God. "Of those whom thou gavest me—mine—I have lost none,—but the son of perdition."[3] Therefore St. Jude calls God the *only* Despot. On the other hand, a Tyrant, Tyrannus, Doric for Cyrannus, a person with the essential power of a Cyrus,[4] or imperial commander from whose decision there is no appeal, is a king exercising state authority over persons who do not in any sense belong to him as his property, but whom he has been appointed,

[1] [Exodus xx. 15.]
[2] [Ephesians iv. 28.]
[3] [John xvii. 12: compare Letter 28, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 508).]
[4] [On this subject, compare Letter 71, § 10 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 738).]

only by the chimney";[1] and, trust me, you had better consent to so much violation of the secrecy of the domestic hearth, as may prevent you being found one day dead, with your head in the fireplace.[2]

9. Enough of immediate business, for to-day: I must tell you, in closing, a little more of what is being sent to your museum.

By this day's post I send you photographs of two fourteenth-century capitals of the Ducal Palace here.[3] The first is that representing the Virtues; the second, that representing the Sages whose power has been greatest over men. Largitas[4] (Generosity) leads the Virtues; Solomon, the Sages; but Solomon's head has been broken off by recent republican movements in Venice; and his teaching superseded by that of the public press—as "Indi-catore generale"—you see the inscription in beautiful modern bill type, pasted on the pillar.

Above, sits Priscian the Grammarian; and next to him, Aristotle the Logician: whom that in contemplating you may learn the right and calm use of reason, I have to-day given orders to pack, with extreme care, a cast of him,[5] which has been the best ornament of my room here for some weeks; and when you have examined him well, you shall have other casts of other sages. But respecting what I now send,* observe, first,—

10. These capitals being octagonal, are composed each

* Mr. Ward will always be able to provide my readers with copies of the photographs referred to in *Fors;* and will never send bad impressions; but I can only myself examine and sign the first four.[6]

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[1] [See Letter 40, § 11 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 74).]

[2] [See Letter 61, § 18 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 504).]

[3] [The photographs are here reproduced: Plate II. The capitals are the seventh and the seventeenth: see the descriptions of them in *Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. (Vol. X. pp. 389, 411). A drawing by Ruskin of the latter capital was No. 83 in the exhibition at the Fine Art Society in 1907.]

[4] [Ruskin, in the note on this for his proposed Index, says "*Largitas,* liberality in gift (carelessly translated 'Generosity' in this page)."]

[5] [For the casts of Largitas and Aristotle, see the Catalogue of the Ruskin Museum, Vol. XXX. "Casts of other sages" were not sent; they are represented in the Museum by photographs only.]

[6] [That is, the Four Lesson Photographs: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 625.]

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Allen & Co. Sc

The Seventh and Seventeenth Capitals of the Ducal Palace.

(The Virtues — The Sages)

CAL. DEPT. OF
AGRICULTURE

of sixteen clusters of leaves, opening to receive eight figure subjects in their intervals; the leaf clusters either bending down at the angles and springing up to sustain the figures (capital No. 1), or bending down under the figures and springing up to the angles (No. 2); and each group of leaves being composed of a series of leaflets divided by the simplest possible undulation of their surface into radiating lobes, connected by central ribs.

Now this system of leaf-division remains in Venice from the foliage of her Greek masters; and the beauty of its consecutive flow is gained by the observance of laws descending from sculptor to sculptor for two thousand years. And the hair which flows down the shoulders of Aristotle, and the divisions of the drapery of his shoulders and of the leaves of his book, are merely fourteenth-century forms of the same art which divided the flowing hair of your Leucothea[1] by those harmonious furrows. Of which you must now learn the structure with closer observance, to which end, in next *Fors*, we will begin our writing and carving lessons again.[2]

[1] [In the second Lesson Photograph: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 574.]
[2] [See Letter 78, §§ 6, 7 (p. 129).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

11. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

The Union Bank of London (Chancery Lane Branch) in Account with St. George's Fund

1877.		*Dr.*	£	s.	d.
Feb.	15.	To Balance	628	13	8
	19.	„ Draft at Douglas (per Mr. E. Rydings), less 1s. 6d., charges	28	18	6
April	3.	„ Per Mr. Swan, left at Museum by a "Sheffield Working Man"	0	2	0
	9.	„ Per ditto, from a "Sheffielder"	0	2	6
			£657	16	8

		Cr.	£	s.	d.
April	16.	By Balance	657	16	8

No details have yet reached me of the men's plan at Sheffield;[1] but the purchase of their land may be considered as effected "if the titles are good." No doubt is intimated on this matter; and I think I have already expressed my opinion of the wisdom of requiring a fresh investigation of title on every occasion of the sale of property;[2] so that, as my days here in Venice are surcharged with every kind of anger and indignation already, I will not farther speak at present of the state of British Law.

I receive many letters now from amiable and worthy women, who would be glad to help us, but whose circumstances prevent them from actually joining the society.

If they will compare notes with each other, first of all, on the means to be adopted in order to secure the delivery on demand, for due price, over at least some one counter in the nearest county town, of entirely good fabric of linen, woollen, and silk; and consider *that* task, for the present, their first duty to Heaven and Earth; and speak of it to their friends when they walk by the way, and when they sit down, and when they

[1] [See Letter 76, § 15 (p. 98).]
[2] [See Letter 64, § 22 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 579).]

rise up,[1]—not troubling *me* about it, but determining among themselves that it shall be done,—that is the first help they can give me, and a very great one it will be. I believe myself that they will find the only way is the slow, but simple and sure one, of teaching any girls they have influence or authority over, to spin and weave; and appointing an honest and religious woman for their merchant. If they find any quicker or better way, they are at liberty to adopt it, so long as any machinery employed in their service is moved by water only. And let them re-read, in connection with the gifts and loans reported in this number of *Fors* as made to the Sheffield Museum, the end of *Fors* of September 1874.[2]

12. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I have been pleased, and not a little surprised, by the generally indulgent view expressed by the public, as vocal through its daily press, of the way I have broadcast my fortune.[3] But I wish it always to be remembered that even in what I believe to have been rightly distributed, this manner of lavish distribution is not in the least proposed by me as generally exemplary. It has been compelled in my own case, by claims which were accidental and extraordinary; by the fact that all my father's and mother's relations were comparatively poor,—and the still happier fact that they were all deserving; by my being without family of my own; by my possession of knowledge with respect to the arts which rendered it my duty to teach more than to enjoy, and to bestow at least a tithe of what I collected; and finally by what I conceive to be the unhappy conditions of social disorder temporarily existing around me, involving call no less imperative than that of plague or famine for individual exertion quite distinct from the proper course of the ordinary duty of private persons. My readers and Companions must not therefore be surprised, nor accuse me of inconsistency, when they find me as earnestly enforcing the propriety on their part, in most cases, of living much within their incomes, as contentedly exposing the (hitherto) excess of my expenditure above my own.

13. (III.) A paragraph from *Galignani*, sent me by Fors for her part of cheering comment on the Catholic Epistles:—

"A WESLEYAN MAYOR AND A ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool laid on Monday the foundation-stone of a new church at Greenbank, St. Helens. The new building is to accommodate 850 worshippers, and will cost about £10,000. In the evening a banquet was given, and the Mayor of St. Helens, who (the *Liverpool Post* says) is a member of the Wesleyan community, was present. The Bishop proposed the Mayor's health; and the Mayor, in acknowledging the compliment, said that it gave him great pleasure to be present, and he rejoiced with them in the success which had attended their efforts that day—a success which had enabled them to lay the foundation-stone of

[1] [Deuteronomy vi. 7.]
[2] [Letter 45, § 19 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 165–166).]
[3] [See Letter 76, §§ 17–21 (pp. 99–104).]

another church in the town. He rejoiced because he looked upon the various churches of the town as centres of instruction and centres of influence, which tended to the moral and spiritual welfare of the people. He was not a Roman Catholic, but he rejoiced in every centre of influence for good, whatever might be the tenets of the Church to which those centres belonged. For the welfare of the town which he had the honour of representing, he felt pleasure in being there that evening; and it would be ungrateful of him, with the feelings which he had for every branch of the Church, if he did not wish his Catholic townsmen God-speed. There was still a vast amount of ignorance to be removed, and the churches were the centres around which the moral influence was to be thrown, and which should gather in the outcasts who had hitherto been left to themselves. He hoped that the church, the foundation-stone of which they had just laid, would be raised with all possible speed, and he wished it God's blessing."

14. St. George and St. John Wesley charge me very earnestly to send their united compliments both to the Bishop, and to the Mayor of Liverpool;[1] but they both beg to observe that a place may be got to hold 850 people comfortably, for less than ten thousand pounds; and recommend the Mayor and Bishop to build the very plainest shelter for the congregation possible. St. George wishes the Bishop to say mass at an altar consisting of one block of Lancashire mountain limestone, on which no tool has been lifted up;[2] and St. John Wesley requests the Mayor to issue orders to the good people of Liverpool to build the walls—since walls are wanted—in pure charity, and with no commission whatever to the architect.[3] No design is needed either for churches or sheepfolds—until the wolf is kept well out. But see next article.

15. (IV.) The most perfect illustration of what is meant by "turning the grace of God into fury"[4] was given me here in Venice during the last Carnival. This grace, St. Paul writes to Titus, "hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God."[5] Now the institution of Lent, before Easter, has the special function of reminding us of such grace; and the institution of Carnival before Lent, as to be pardoned by it, is the turning of such grace into fury. I print on the opposite page, as nearly as I can in facsimile, the bill of Venetian entertainments in St. Mark's Place, in front of St. Mark's Church (certainly, next to the square round the Baptistery of Florence, the most sacred earth in Italy), on the 9th February of this year.[6] And I append translation, accurate I think in all particulars —commending, however, by St. Mark's order, and with his salutation, the careful study of the original to his good servant the Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool, to the end that the said prelate may not attach

[1] [This is an error; Ruskin means the Mayor of St. Helens.]
[2] [See Deuteronomy xxvii. 5.]
[3] [Compare Letter 21, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 359).]
[4] [Jude 4. See above, § 3.]
[5] [Titus ii. 11-13.]
[6] [For another reference to this bill, see *Memorial Studies of St. Mark's*, § 13 (Vol. XXIV. p. 422).]

GIORNATA V.—*Venerdì* 9 *Febbraio.*

GRAN SABBA

Delle Streghe

Spettacolo portentoso e che farà venir l'aqua alta dal giubilo del Mare—Duecento discendenti legittime delle Maghe di Macbet, si scaraventeranno dalla loro foresta di Birmingan, e con un salto satanico precipiteranno sulla Piazza San Marco prendendola d'assalto da vari punti.—Stridendo, urlando, suonando, cantando, e agitando fuochi che illumineranno tutti i vasti dominii di S.M. Allegra prenderanno d'assalto la Sala del Trono, dove daran principio alle lora danze infernali; quindi vi saranno canti e suoni diabolici e la

GRANDE LOTTA

e combattimento di demonj

finchè il fischio di Satana ordinerà la pace intimando

Un Canto

ED UNA RIDDA INFERNALE

al chiarore di luci fantastiche, fosforiche, da far restar ciechi tutti coloro che sono orbi.

Finalmente la Piazza di S. Marco sarà invasa e completamente illuminata dalle

FIAMME DI BELZEBÙ

Perchè il *Sabba* possa riuscire più completo, si raccomanda a tutti gli spettatori di fischiare durante le *fiamme* come anime dannate.

Su questa serata che farà stupire e fremere gli elementi, non aggiungiamo dettagli, per lasciar ai felici regnicolo di S. M. Pantalone, gustar vergini gli effetti delle più prodigiose sorprese.

too much importance to church-building, while these things are done in front of St. Mark's.

"Day 5th.—*Friday, 9th February.*

"GREAT SABBATH OF THE WITCHES.

"Portentous spectacle, and which will make the water high with rejoicing of the Sea.* Two hundred legitimate descendants of the Witches of Macbeth, will hurl themselves out of their forest of Birmingan" (Birnam?), "and with a Satanic leap will precipitate themselves upon the piazza of St. Mark, taking it by assault on various points, shrieking, howling, piping, singing, and shaking fires which will illuminate all the vast dominions of his Joyful Majesty" (the leader of Carnival), "they will carry by assault the saloon of the Throne, where they will begin their infernal dances. Then there will be diabolic songs and music, and the Great Wrestling and Combat of Demons, until the whistle of Satan shall order peace, intimating a song and infernal 'ridda' (?) by the glare of fantastic phosphoric lights, enough to make all remain blind who cannot see. Finally, the piazza of St. Mark will be invaded and completely illuminated by the flames of Beelzebub.

"That the Sabbath may succeed more completely, it is recommended to all the spectators to whistle, during the flames, like damned souls.

"But of this evening, which will astonish the elements, we will add no details, in order to leave the happy subjects of his Majesty Pantaloon to taste the virgin impressions of the most prodigious surprises."

16. (V.) I reserve comment on the following announcement[1] (in which the italics are mine) until I learn what use the Berwick Urban Sanitary Authority mean to put the walls to, after purchasing them:—

"THE WALLS OF BERWICK.—The Berwick 'ramparts' are for sale. The Government has offered to sell a considerable part of them to the Berwick Urban Sanitary Authority; and at a special meeting of that body on Wednesday it was decided to negotiate for the purchase. From an account given of these ramparts by the *Scotsman* it seems that when the town was taken in 1296 by Edward I., they consisted only of wooden palisades, erected on the ridge of a narrow and shallow

* "Let the floods clap their hands," etc.[2]

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[1] [The subject, however, was not resumed. The subsequent history of the walls is given in the following newspaper paragraph:—

"The Board of Works recently leased from Berwick Corporation a section of the old fortifications, including the Bell Tower, the large stone fort fronting the sea; and two surviving fragments of the crumbling Edwardian walls. The ground has been fenced in with metal rails, and for another century the venerable relics of a stirring era in our national history will be preserved to posterity and saved from the ravages of further vandalism.

"The Berwick Historic Monuments Association, with Sir Edward Grey as president, has also been formed for the preservation of the Elizabethan ramparts, and is now engaged in opening out the flankers of the bastions, and clearing away the accumulated rubbish that has marred and obscured them for a long period. These flankers are eight in number, and may be described as open quadrangular courts of masonry measuring about 30 ft. by 90 ft., extending between the curtains and the wings of the bastions, while the fourth side is open towards the main ditch" (*Daily Chronicle*, August 24, 1906).]

[2] [Psalms xcviii. 8.]

ditch,—so narrow, in fact, that his Majesty cleared both ditch and palisades at a leap, and was the first thus gaily to enter the town. He afterwards caused a deep ditch to be dug round the town, and this ditch, when built, was encircled by a stone wall. *Robert Bruce, on obtaining possession of Berwick, raised the wall ten feet round*, and this wall was again strengthened by Edward III., after the battle of Halidon Hill. *Parts of this wall still exist*, as well as of the castle, which was a formidable structure founded at a remote date. It is stated to have been rebuilt by Henry II., and to have passed out of royal hands in 1303, being subsequently sold by the second Earl of Dunbar to the corporation of Berwick for £320. The corporation dismantled it, and used the stones for building the parish church, selling what they did not require for £109 to an alderman of Berwick, who afterwards sold it to the ancestor of Mr. Askew, of Pallinsburn. It was retained in that family until the construction of the North British Railway. *A considerable portion of the keep which was then standing, was levelled to the ground, and the railway station built upon the site of the main building.* The old fortifications which joined the castle measured in length 2 miles 282 yards, but in length the present walls only measure 1¼ mile 272 yards, and are constituted of a rampart of earth levelled and faced with stones. There are five bastions, which, with the ramparts, were kept garrisoned until 1819, when the guns were removed to Edinburgh Castle, in order to prevent them falling into the hands of the Radical rioters."

LETTER 78

THE SWORD OF MICHAEL[1]

VENICE, *9th May*, 1877.

1. I SEND to-day, to our Museum, a photograph of another capital of the Ducal palace—the chief of all its capitals:[2] the corner-stone of it, on which rests the great angle seen in your photograph No. 3:[3] looking carefully, you will easily trace some of the details of this sculpture, even in that larger general view; for this new photograph, No. 7, shows the same side of the capital.

Representing (this white figure nearest us) LUNA, the Moon, or more properly the Angel of the Moon, holding her symbol, the crescent, in one hand, and the zodiacal sign Cancer in the other,—she herself in her crescent boat, floating on the tides,—that being her chief influence on Venice. And note here the difference between heraldic and pictorial symbolism: she holds her small crescent for heraldic bearing, to show you who she is; once that understood, her crescent boat is a *picturesque* symbol of the way her reflected light glides, and traverses, and trembles on

[1] [See below, § 3. "The Ten Modern (or Houndsditch) Commands of Moses" and "Houndsditch Moses" (see § 10) were rejected titles for this Letter. Ruskin also wrote "Ducal Palace—Leucothea,—and my books in general" on the wrapper of his copy of the Letter as a summary of its contents.]

[2] [Plate III.; the eighteenth capital. For Ruskin's earlier and fuller description of it, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. viii. §§ 106–115 (Vol. X. pp. 412–416). See also No. 131 in the Reference Series at Oxford: Vol. XXI. p. 39 *n.*]

[3] [Not to be confused with the "Lesson Photographs," which were separately numbered 1–4. The series 1-12 here referred to consisted of photographs sent to the Museum from Venice. Nos. 8–12 are described below, pp. 130–131. No. 3 has not been mentioned before, nor are Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6 identified in *Fors*. The inscription of the church of St. James (see above, p. 99) was perhaps No. 1. Nos. 2, 3, and 4 were probably general views of the Ducal Palace and the Pillars of the Piazzetta (described above, pp. 61–62). Nos. 5 and 6 must have been the photographs of the two capitals described in the last Letter (p. 117). This corner of the Palace—the "Fig-tree Angle"—is shown in Ruskin's drawing of 1869; Plate H in Vol. X. (p. 358).]

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The Eighteenth Capital of the Ducal Palace.

(The Moon and God Creating Man)

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the waves. You see also how her thin dress is all in waves; and the water ripples under her boat so gaily, that it sets all the leaf below rippling too. The *next* leaf, you observe, does not ripple.

2. Next to the Angel of the Moon, is the Angel of the planet Jupiter,—the symbol of the power of the Father (Zeus, Pater) in creation. He lays his hand on the image of Man; and on the ledge of stone, under the iron bar above his head, you may decipher, beginning at the whitest spot on the exactly nearest angle,—these letters:

D (written like a Q upside down) E L I; then a crack breaks off the first of the three legs of M; then comes O, and another crack; then D S A D A (the A is seen in the light, a dancing or pirouetting A on one leg); then D E C O, up to the edge of Jupiter's nimbus; passing over his head, you come on the other side to S T A F O, and a ruinous crack, carrying away two letters, only replaceable by conjecture; the inscription then closing with A V I T 7 E V A. The figure like a numeral 7 is, in all the Ducal Palace writing, short for E T, so that now putting the whole in order, and adding the signs of contraction hidden by the iron bar, we have this legend:

"DE LIMO DS ADĀ DE COSTA FO**AVIT ET EVĀ;"

or, in full,

"De limo Dominus Adam, de costa formavit et Evam."
"From the clay the Lord made Adam, and from the rib, Eve."

Both of whom you see imaged as standing above the capital, in photograph No. 8.

3. And above these, the Archangel Michael, with his name written on the cornice above him—ĀCANGEL . MICHAEL; the Archangel being written towards the piazzetta, and Michael, larger, towards the sea; his robe is clasped by a brooch in the form of a rose, with a small cross in its centre; he holds a straight sword, of real

bronze, in his right hand, and on the scroll in his left is written:

"ENSE
BONOS
TEGO
MALORV̄
CRIMINA
PURGO."

"WITH MY SWORD, I GUARD THE GOOD, AND PURGE THE CRIMES OF THE EVIL."

Purge—not punish; so much of purgatorial doctrine being engraved on this chief angle of the greater council chamber of the Senate.[1]

Of all such inscription, modern Venice reads no more; and of such knowledge, asks no more. To guard the good is no business of hers now: "is not one man as good as another?" and as to angelic interference, "must not every one take care of himself?" To purify the evil;—"but what!—are the days of religious persecution returned, then? And for the old story of Adam and Eve,[2]—don't we know better than that!" No deciphering of the old letters, therefore, any more; but if you observe, here are new ones on the capital, more to the purpose. Your Modern Archangel Uriel[3]—standing in the Sun—provides you with the advertisement of a Photographic establishment, FOTOGRAFIA, *this* decoration, alone being in letters as large, you see, as the wreath of leafage round the neck of the pillar. Another bill—farther round the shaft—completes the effect; and at your leisure you can compare the beautiful functions and forms of the great modern art of Printing, with the ancient rude ones of engraving.

4. Truly, it is by this modern Archangel Uriel's help, that I can show you pictures of all these pretty things, at

[1] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. pp. 359–363).]
[2] [Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 124 (Vol. XXIII. p. 416 *n.*).]
[3] [Uriel (the fourth Archangel: 2 Esdras iv. 36), "the Light of God," regent of the sun.]

Sheffield;—but by whose help do you think it is that you have no real ones at Sheffield, to see instead? Why haven't you a Ducal Palace of your own, without need to have the beauties of one far away explained to you? Bills enough you have,—stuck in variously decorative situations; public buildings also—but do you take any pleasure in them? and are you never the least ashamed that what little good there may be in them, every poor flourish of their cast iron, every bead moulding on a shop front, is borrowed from Greece or Venice: and that if you got all your best brains in Sheffield, and best hands, to work, with that sole object, you couldn't carve such another capital as this which the photographer has stuck his bill upon?

You don't believe that, I suppose. Well,—you will believe, and know, a great deal more, of supreme serviceableness to you, if ever you come to believe and know that. But you can only come to it slowly, and after your "character" has been much "improved,"—as you see Mr. Goldwin Smith desires it to be (see the third article of Correspondence). To-day you shall take, if you will, a step or two towards such improvement, with Leucothea's help—white goddess of sea foam,[1] and the Sun-Angel's help—in our lesson-Photograph No. 1.[2] With your patience, we will now try if anything "is to be seen in it."[3]

5. You see at all events that the hair in every figure is terminated by severely simple lines externally, so as to make approximately round balls, or bosses, of the heads; also that it is divided into minute tresses from the crown of the head downwards; bound round the forehead by a double fillet, and then, in the head-dress of the greater Goddess, escapes into longer rippling tresses, whose lines are continued by the rippling folds of the linen sleeve below.

[1] [See *St. Mark's Rest*, § 76 (Vol. XXIV. p. 267).]

[2] [See Plate V. in Vol. XXVIII. (p. 574). The "Leucothea" had, however, been numbered as the Second Lesson Photograph, because it was the second selected by Ruskin (*ibid.*, pp. 574, 625). Yet on p. 626 he calls it, as here, "the first"—that is, in historical order.]

[3] [See Letter 69, § 14 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 698).]

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The Eighteenth Capital of the Ducal Palace.

The Moon and God Creating Man

by the sacred power of the ghosts of the men who carved the Leucothea.

You must be patient enough to receive some further witness of this, before our drawing lesson ends for to-day.

7. You see that drapery at Leucothea's knee. Take a sheet of thin note-paper: fold it (as a fan is folded) into sharp ridges; but straight down the sheet, from end to end. Then cut it across, from corner to corner, fold either half of it up again, and you have the root of all Greek, Byzantine, and Etruscan pendent drapery.

Try, having the root thus given you, first to imitate that simple bit of Leucothea's, and then the complex ones, ending in the tasselled points, of Athena's robe in the woodcut. Then, take a steel pen, and just be good enough to draw the edges of those folds;—every one, you see, taken up in order duly, and carried through the long sweeping curves up to the edge of the ægis at her breast. Try to do that yourself, with your pen-point, and then, remember that the Greek workman did it with his brush-point, designing as he drew, and that on the convex surface of a vase,—and you will begin to see what Greek vases are worth, and why they are so.

Then lastly, take your photograph No. 10 *b*,[1] which is the flank of a door of St. Mark's, with a prophet bearing a scroll, in the midst of vineleaf ornament:—and look at the drapery of the one on the left where it falls in the last folds behind his foot.

Athena's sacred robe, you see, still!—and here no vague reminiscence, as in the Luna, but absolutely pure Greek tradition, kept for two thousand years,—for this decoration is thirteenth-century work, by Greek, not Venetian, artists.

8. Also I send other photographs, now completing your series to the twelfth, namely—

No. 8. Entire west front of St. Mark's, as it stood

[1] [This was a photograph showing part of the door on the left of the central one, as the spectator faces the front. The detail here described is well shown in the engraving on Plate VI. in *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 115).]

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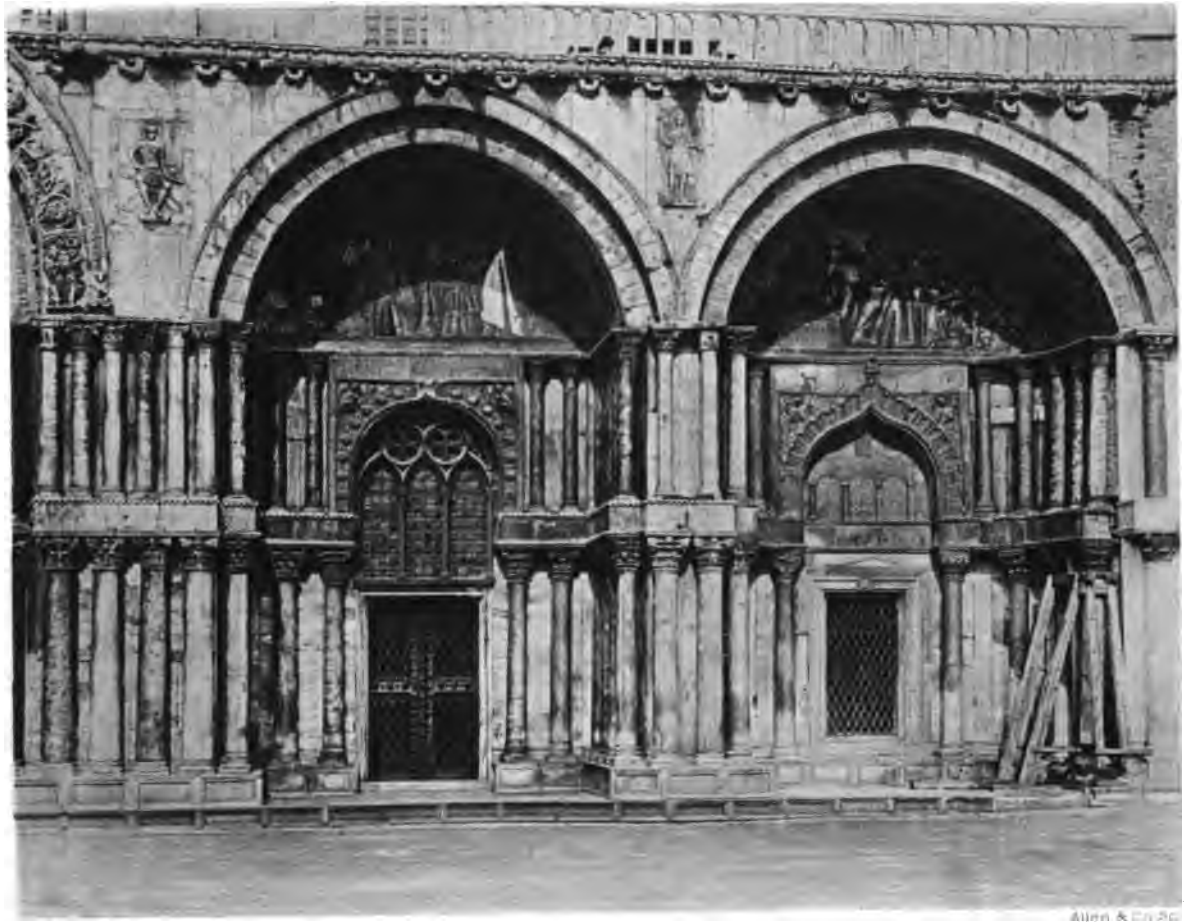

The Southern Porches of the West Front of St. Mark's
(1877)

in the fifteenth century; from Gentile Bellini's picture of it.

No. 9. Entire west front, as it stands now.

No. 10. The two northern of the five porches of the west front, as it is.

No. 11. The two southern porches of the west front, as it is now.[1]

No. 12. Central porch of the west front, as it is now. The greater part of this west front is yet uninjured, except by time, since its mosaics were altered in the sixteenth century. But you see in No. 11 that some pillars of the southern porch are in an apparently falling condition; propped by timbers. They were all quite safe ten years ago; they have been brought into this condition by the restorations on the south side, and so left: the whole porch was therefore boarded across the front of it during the whole of this last winter; and the boards used for bill-sticking, like the pillars of the Ducal Palace. I thought it worth while to take note of the actual advertisements which were pasted on the palings over the porch, on Sunday, the 4th of March of this year (see next page): two sentences were written in English instead of Italian by the friend who copied them for me.

Such are the modern sacred inscriptions and divine instructions presented to the Venetian people by their church of St. Mark.[2] What its ancient inscriptions and perennial advertisements were, you shall read in *St. Mark's Rest*,[3] if you will, with other matters appertaining to ancient times.

9. With none others do I ask you to concern yourselves; nor can I enough wonder at the intense stupidity and obstinacy with which the public journals speak of all

[1] [Plate IV., reproduced from the photograph in question. For Gentile Bellini's picture of the West Front (No. 8), see Plate XLVI. in Vol. XXIV. (p. 164); for Bunney's picture of the West Front (corresponding to No. 9), see Plate C in Vol. X. (p. 82); for Ruskin's drawing of the North-West Portico (partly corresponding to No. 10), Plate D in Vol. X. (p. 116).]

[2] [Compare Appendix 25 ("Romanist Decoration of Bases") in vol. i. of *Stones of Venice* (Vol. IX. p. 472).]

[3] [See chs. viii., ix. (Vol. XXIV. pp. 282–334).]

CASA OMNIA

ED AGENZIE REUNITE.

For Information on all matters of Commercial Enterprise, Speculation, &c., &c.

SALA DI EVANGELIZZAZIONE,

CHIESA EVANGELICA,

Avra luogo una Pubblico Conferenza sul sequente soggetto.

LA VERA CHIESA.

VILLE DE NICE.

SOCIÉTÉ DE BEAUX ARTS.

EXPOSITION DE PEINTURE ET SCULPTURE.

SOCIETÀ NAZIONALE ITALIANA,

EMISSIONE 1866.

PRESTITO E PREMI.

Tickets 1. lire.

THOSE WHO BUY 10 WILL RECEIVE 11.

DENTI.

NON PIÙ ESTRAZIONE, SICURA GUARIGIONE.

CALLE DEI SPECCHIERIE.

---

10 *LIRE DI MANCIA.*

PERDUTÁ UNA

CAGNOLINA,

COLORE CANNELLA COLLE ORECCHIE PIUTOSTO LUNGE.

I am trying to teach and to do, as if I were making a *new* experiment in St. George's Company; while the very gist and essence of everything St. George orders is that it shall *not* be new, and not an "experiment";* but the re-declaration and re-doing of things known and practised successfully since Adam's time.

Nothing new, I tell you,—how often am I to thrust this in your ears? Is the earth new, and its bread? Are the plough and sickle new in men's hands? Are Faith and Godliness new in their hearts? Are common human charity and courage new? By God's grace, lasting yet, one sees, in miners' hearts, and sailors'. Your political cowardice is new, and your public rascality, and your blasphemy, and your equality, and your science of Dirt.[1] New in their insolence and rampant infinitude of egotism—not new in one idea, or in one possibility of good.

10. Modern usury is new, and the abolition of usury laws; but the law of Fors as old as Sinai. Modern divinity with—not so much as a lump of gold—but a clot of mud, for its god, is new; but the theology of Fors as old as Abraham. And generally the modern Ten Commandments are new:[2]—"Thou shalt have any other god but me. Thou shalt worship every beastly imagination on earth and under

* The absurd endeavours of modern rhymesters and republicans with which St. George's work is so often confounded, came to water, because they *were* new, and because the rhyming gentlemen thought themselves wiser than their fathers.[3]

[1] [Compare Letter 75, § 22 (Gospel of Dirt): above, p. 78.]

[2] [Here in his notes for Index Ruskin writes, "Decalogue, Modern, complete form of (compare the first sketch of it by Arthur Clough)," the reference being to "The Latest Decalogue" in Clough's *Poems* (1869, p. 186). Clough does not reverse the commandments (as is here done in the text), but his points appealed strongly to Ruskin; as, for instance—

> "Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
> When it's so lucrative to cheat . . .
> Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
> Approves all forms of competition."

The last two lines are quoted in *A Joy for Ever*, § 185 *n.* (Vol. XVI. p. 169).]

[3] [Ruskin seems to refer to the anti-monarchical Corn Law rhymes of Ebenezer Elliott (see above, p. 39), and perhaps to the abortive communistic schemes of Robert Owen, socialist and philanthropist (1771–1858).]

it. Thou shalt take the name of the Lord in vain to mock the poor, for the Lord will hold him guiltless who rebukes and gives not; thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it profane; thou shalt dishonour thy father and thy mother; thou shalt kill, and kill by the million, with all thy might and mind and wealth spent in machinery for multifold killing; thou shalt look on every woman to lust after her; thou shalt steal, and steal from morning till evening,—the evil from the good, and the rich from the poor;* thou shalt live by continual lying in million-fold sheets of lies; and covet thy neighbour's house, and country, and wealth, and fame, and everything that is his." And finally, by word of the Devil, in short summary, through Adam Smith, "A new commandment give I unto you: that ye hate one another."[1]

11. Such, my Sheffield, and elsewhere remaining friends, are the developed laws of your modern civilization; not, you will find, whatever their present freshness, like to last in the wear. But the old laws (which alone *Fors* teaches you) are not only as old as Sinai, but much more stable. Heaven and its clouds, earth and its rocks, shall pass; but these shall not pass away.[2] Only in *their* development, and full assertion of themselves, they will assuredly appear active in new directions, and commandant of new duties or abstinences; of which that simple one which we stopped

* Stealing by the poor from the rich is of course still forbidden, and even in a languid way by the poor from the poor; but every form of theft, forbidden and approved, is practically on the increase.

Just as I had finished writing this modern Decalogue, my gondolier, Piero Mazzini, came in for his orders. His daughter is, I believe, dying of a brain disease, which was first brought on by fright, when his house was broken into last year, and all he had in it carried off. I asked him what the new doctor said, knowing one had been sent for. The new doctor said "he had been called too late; but the girl must have a new medicine, which would cost a franc the dose."

[1] [Compare Letter 79, § 1 (p. 146), for what Ruskin (in his note for Index) calls a "more complete form" of the new Commandment; and for Adam Smith, see Letter 62, § 6 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 516).]

[2] [Compare Matthew xxiv. 35.]

at in last *Fors*,[1]—"Let him that stole steal no more"[2]—will be indeed a somewhat astonishing abstinence to a great many people, when they see it persisted in by others, and therefore find themselves compelled to think of it, however unwillingly, as perhaps actually some day imperative also on themselves.

When I gave you in *Fors*, April, 1871,[3] the little sketch of the pillaging of France by Edward III. before the battle of Crécy, a great many of my well-to-do friends said, "Why does he print such things? they will only do mischief!"—meaning, they would open the eyes of the poor a little to some of the mistaken functions of kings. I had previously given (early enough at my point, you see), that sketch of the death of Richard I., *Fors*, March, 1871,[4] differing somewhat from the merely picturesque accounts of it, and Academy pictures, in that it made you clearly observe that Richard got his death from Providence, not as a king, but as a burglar. Which is a point to be kept in mind when you happen any day to be talking about Providence.

12. Again. When Mr. Greg so pleasantly showed in the *Contemporary Review* how benevolent the rich were in drinking champagne, and how wicked the poor were in drinking beer, you will find that in *Fors* of Dec., 1875,[5] I requested him to supply the point of economical information which he had inadvertently overlooked,—how the champagne drinker had *got* his champagne. The poor man, drunk in an ungraceful manner though he be, has yet worked for his beer—and does but drink his wages. I asked, of course, for complete parallel of the two cases,—what work the rich man had done for *his* sparkling beer; and how it came to pass that *he* had got so much higher

[1] [Letter 77, § 3 (p. 111).]
[2] [Ephesians iv. 28.]
[3] [Letter 4, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 72).]
[4] [Letter 3, § 14 (*ibid.*, pp. 58–59).]
[5] [Letter 60, but in this edition the passage (reprinted in *Fors* from an earlier paper) is not there repeated: see for it Vol. XVII. p. 561.]

wages, that he could put them, unblamed, to that benevolent use. To which question, you observe, Mr. Greg has never ventured the slightest answer.

13. Nor has Mr. Fawcett, you will also note, ventured one word of answer to the questions put to him in *Fors*, October, 1872; June, 1872; November, 1871;[1] and to make sure he dared not, I challenged him privately, as I did the Bishop of Manchester,[2] through my Oxford Secretary. Not a word can either of them reply. For, indeed, you will find the questions are wholly unanswerable, except by blank confessions of having, through their whole public lives, the one definitely taught, and the other, in cowardice, permitted the acceptance of, the great Devil's law of Theft by the Rich from the Poor, in the two terrific forms either of buying men's tools, and making them pay for the loan of them—(Interest)—or buying men's lands, and making them pay for the produce of them—(Rent). And it is the abstinence from these two forms of theft, which St. Paul first requires of every Christian, in saying, "Let him that stole, steal no more."[3]

14. And in this point, your experiment at Sheffield *is* a new one. It will be the first time, I believe, in which the landlord (St. George's Company, acting through its Master) takes upon himself the Ruler's unstained authority, —the literal function of the Shepherd who is *no* Hireling, and who *does* care for the sheep,[4] and not count them only for their flesh and fleece.[5] And if you will look back to the last chapter of *Munera Pulveris*, and especially to its definition of Royal Mastership,—or the King's, as separated

[1] [Letters 22, §§ 8, 14; 18, §§ 15–19; and 11, §§ 8–10 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 378, 381, 316–318, 187–189. For Fawcett's refusal of the challenge, see *ibid.*, p. 378 *n.*]

[2] [See above, p. 95.]

[3] [Ephesians iv. 28.]

[4] [John x. 11, 12.]

[5] [A passage in Ruskin's diary shows the inspiration under which he wrote:—

"*May* 21.—Yesterday found in St. Mark's the Duke and his People, and had a glorious hour, in the quiet gallery, with the service going on —I alone up there, and the message by the words of the old mosaicist given me; and found, returning home, that the Sheffield men had accepted my laws, and wrote to them in return that they should stand rentless."

For the mosaic referred to, see *St. Mark's Rest*, § 113 (Vol. XXIV. p. 296).]

from the Hireling's, or Usurer's, § 147; and read what follows, of Mastership expectant of Death, § 152,[1]—you will see both what kind of laws you will live under; and also how long these had been determined in my mind, before I had the least thought of being forced myself to take any action in their fulfilment. For indeed I knew not, till this very last year in Venice, whether some noble of England might not hear and understand in time, and take upon himself Mastership and Captaincy in this sacred war: but final sign has just been given me that this hope is vain;[2] and on looking back over the preparations made for all these things in former years—I see it must be my own task, with such strength as may be granted me, to the end. For in rough approximation of date nearest to the completion of the several pieces of my past work, as they are built one on the other,—at twenty, I wrote *Modern Painters;* at thirty, the *Stones of Venice;* at forty, *Unto this Last;* at fifty, the Inaugural Oxford lectures; and—if *Fors Clavigera* is ever finished as I mean—it will mark the mind I had at sixty; and leave me in my seventh day of life, perhaps—to rest. For the code of all I had to teach will then be, in form, as it is at this hour, in substance, completed.

Modern Painters taught the claim of all lower nature on the hearts of men; of the rock, and wave, and herb, as a part of their necessary spirit life; in all that I now bid you to do, to dress the earth and keep it,[3] I am fulfilling what I then began. The *Stones of Venice* taught the laws of constructive Art, and the dependence of all human work or edifice, for its beauty, on the happy life of the workman. *Unto this Last* taught the laws of that life itself, and its dependence on the Sun of Justice: the Inaugural Oxford lectures, the necessity that it should be led, and the gracious laws of beauty and labour recognized, by the

[1] [Vol. XVII. pp. 269, 275.]

[2] [The reference is, no doubt, to the resignation of the first Trustees of St. George's Guild (Mr. Cowper-Temple and Sir Thomas Acland): see § 17.]

[3] [Genesis ii. 15. See *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 13).]

upper, no less than the lower, classes of England; and lastly *Fors Clavigera* has declared the relation of these to each other, and the only possible conditions of peace and honour, for low and high, rich and poor, together, in the holding of that first Estate, under the only Despot, God,[1] from which whoso falls, angel or man, is kept, not mythically nor disputably, but here in visible horror of chains under darkness to the judgment of the great day:[2] and in keeping which service is perfect freedom,[3] and inheritance of all that a loving Creator can give to His creatures, and an immortal Father to His children.

15. This, then, is the message, which, knowing no more as I unfolded the scroll of it, what next would be written there, than a blade of grass knows what the form of its fruit shall be, I have been led on year by year to speak, even to this its end.

And now it seems to me, looking back over the various fragments of it written since the year 1860, *Unto this Last*, *Time and Tide*, *Munera Pulveris*, and *Eagle's Nest*, together with the seven years' volumes[4] of *Fors Clavigera*, that it has been clearly* enough and repeatedly enough spoken for those who will hear: and that, after such indexed summary of it as I may be able to give in the remaining numbers of this seventh volume,[5] I should set aside this political work as sufficiently done; and enter into my own rest, and your next needed service, by completing the bye-law books of Botany and Geology[6] for St. George's

* The complaints of several of my friends that they cannot understand me lead me the more to think that I am multiplying words in vain. I am perfectly certain that if they once made the resolution that nothing should stay them from doing right when they once knew what the right was, they would understand me fast enough.[7]

[1] [See above, p. 111.]
[2] [Jude 6.]
[3] [Prayer-book; the Second Collect, for Peace. See *Seven Lamps*, ch. vii. § 2 (Vol. VIII. p. 249).]
[4] [Of the original edition.]
[5] [Compare above, p. 13.]
[6] [*Proserpina* and *Deucalion*.]
[7] [Ruskin in his copy marks this as "the most solemn note."]

schools, together with so much law of art as it may be possible to explain or exhibit, under the foul conditions of the age.

16. Respecting all these purposes, here are some words of Plato's,[1] which reverently and thankfully adopting also for my own, I pray you to read thoughtfully, and abide by:—

"Since, then, we are going to establish laws; and there have been chosen by us guardians of these laws, and we ourselves are in the sunset of life, and these guardians are young in comparison of us, we must at the same time write the laws themselves; and, so far as possible, make these chosen keepers of them able to write laws also, when there shall be need. And therefore we will say to them, 'Oh our friends, saviours of law, we indeed, in all matters concerning which we make law, shall leave many things aside unnoticed: how can it be otherwise? Nevertheless, in the total system, and in what is chief of its parts, we will not leave, to the best of our power, anything that shall not be encompassed by strict outline, as with a painter's first determination of his subject within some exact limit. This line, then, that we have drawn round, it will be for you afterwards to fill. And to what you must look, and keep for ever in your view as you complete the body of law, it behoves you to hear. For, indeed, the Spartan Megillus, and the Cretan Clinias, and I, Athenian, have many a time agreed on this great purpose among ourselves; but now we would have you our disciples to feel with us also, looking to the same things to which we have consented with each other that the lawgiver and law-guardian should look. And this consent of ours was in one great sum and head of all purposes: namely, that a man should be made good, having the virtues of soul which belong to a man; and that whatever occupations, whatever disciplines, whatever possessions, desires, opinions, and instructions, contribute to this end, whether in male or female, young or old, of all that dwell together in our state, those, with all zeal, are to be appointed and pursued through the whole of life: and as for things other than such, which are impediments to virtue, that no soul in the state shall show itself as prizing or desiring them. And this shall be so finally and sternly established, that if it became impossible to maintain the city, so ordered, in the presence of its enemies, then its inhabitants should rather choose to leave their city for ever, and bear any hardship in exile, than submit to any yoke put on them by baser men, or change their legislation for any other which would make them baser themselves. This was the very head and front of all that we consented in, to which we would, now, that you our disciples looking also, should praise or blame the laws we have made; such of them as have no real power to this noble end, reject; but such as contribute to it, salute; and affectionately receiving them, live in them; but to all other way of life leading to anything else than such good, you must bid farewell.'"

[1] [*Laws*, vi. 770.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

17. (I.) AFFAIRS of the Company.

The quite justifiable, but—in my absence from England—very inconvenient, hesitation of our trustees to re-invest any part of our capital without ascertaining for themselves the safety of the investment, has retarded the completion of the purchase of Abbey-dale: and the explanations which, now that the Company is actually beginning its work, I felt it due to our trustees to give, more clearly than heretofore, of its necessary methods of action respecting land, have issued in the resignation of our present trustees, with the immediately resulting necessity that the estate of Abbey-dale should be vested in me only until I can find new trustees. I have written at once to the kind donor of our land in Worcestershire,[1] and to other friends, requesting them to undertake the office. But this important and difficult business, coming upon me just as I was in the midst of the twelfth-century divinity of the mosaics of St. Mark's, will, I hope, be sufficient apology to my readers for the delay in the publication of the present number of *Fors*. I have, however, myself guaranteed the completion of the purchase of Abbey-dale to the owner: and as, God willing, I shall be at home now in a fortnight,[2] will get the estate vested under new trustees with utmost speed. Respecting the future tenants of it, I have pleasant intelligence, but do not care to be hasty in statement of so important matters.[3]

18. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I do not suppose that any of my readers—but there is chance that some who hear and talk of me *without* reading me—will fancy that I have begun to be tired of my candour in exposition of personal expenses. Nothing would amuse me more, on the contrary, than a complete history of what the last six months have cost me; but it would take me as long to write that, as an account of the theology of St. Mark's,[4] which I am minded to give the time to instead, as a more important matter; and, for the present, to cease talk of myself. The following statement, by Miss Hill, of the nature and value of the property which I intend to make over next year to the St.

[1] [Mr. George Baker, who accepted the office of trustee; the other new trustee was Mr. Q. Talbot: see Letter 79, § 14 (p. 164).]

[2] [Ruskin reached home, after a winter and spring spent in Venice, on June 16, 1877. A month later he went to see Mr. Baker at Birmingham.]

[3] [For later references, see pp. 207, 273, and Vol. XXX.]

[4] [In ch. viii. of the Third Part of *St. Mark's Rest*, which was issued in July 1879.]

George's Company[1] is more clear than I could before give; and I am sure that at least *this* portion of the Society's property will be rightly managed for them.

"The houses owned by Mr. Ruskin in Paradise Place are three in number. They are held of the Duke of Portland, under a lease of which forty-one years are unexpired. The houses are subject to a ground-rent of £4 each. Mr. Ruskin invested £800 at first in these houses. About £160 of this sum has been repaid out of the surplus rents, and has been by his desire reinvested in the Temperance Building Society, 4, Ludgate Hill. It stands for convenience of management in his name and my own, but is of course all his. He has more than once expressed his wish that it should some day be employed again for a similar purpose as at first; but that is for him to determine. The remainder of the capital, £640, bears interest at five per cent. Every year the capital in the houses, of course, decreases; that in the Temperance Building Society increases. The latter bears a varying rate of interest; it has not amounted to five per cent. for some years. The investment can be altered if a month's notice is at any time given.

"Mr. Ruskin's other property in Marylebone is freehold. It consists of one house in the Marylebone Road, and five in Freshwater Place, besides a small open space used as a play-ground. The capital invested was £2880, and bears interest at five per cent. Mr. Ruskin has directed me to expend £84 of this money yearly on any good object I have in hand for the benefit of the poor; and the first payment in accordance with this desire of his has just been made. During the years he has owned the property previously, the entire five per cent. has always been paid direct to him.

"Mr. Ruskin last year asked me to take charge of a house of which he holds the lease in Paddington Street.[2] I have not had the care of it long enough to be sure how it will answer; but as no capital was, as far as I know, expended, and the rent to the ground landlord is considerable, I shall be well satisfied if it is entirely self-supporting, which I quite hope it may be.

"OCTAVIA HILL.

"*6th April*, 1877."

19. (III.) "PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH AT READING.—There was a large and fashionable gathering on Wednesday afternoon at the opening of the Victoria Hall, Reading, a new public building, with club rooms *en suite*, erected at the east end of the town, for the purpose of affording means of recreation to this rapidly-increasing neighbourhood. The inaugural address was delivered by Professor Goldwin Smith, who is a native and was a former resident in the town:—

"'The learned gentleman commented upon the marvellous changes that had taken place in Reading since he was a boy. A crisis had arrived in the history of the British Empire, and whether England would successfully surmount it or not would *depend mainly upon the character of the working men*. The growth of wealth during the twenty years preceding 1872 had been something marvellous and beyond all previous experience. There had been nothing in the commercial history of any country, of either ancient or modern times, that would compare with the mass of opulence of England of the present day,'—(*e.g.*, nobody can have butter for their children's bread: see next article[3]). 'The speaker then proceeded to review the causes of this vast prosperity, to see if they were such as could firmly be relied upon, or whether it was merely a transitory flow of wealth. In

[1] [See above, p. 102; and below, pp. 354–360.]
[2] [The house that had been used as a tea-shop: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 204.]
[3] [See also, for other references to this passage, Letters 79, 80, 81 (pp. 152, 182, 204).]

part, the sources of wealth were due to the fortunate position of England, the great variety of its mineral and other resources, and, above all, *the steady, energetic, and industrious character of her working men*' (not in the least, you observe, to that of their masters; who have nevertheless got the wealth, have not they, Mr. Smith?). 'In part, the sources of wealth were accidental and transitory. The close of the great wars of Napoleon left England the only manufacturing and almost the only maritime power in the world. The manufactures of other countries were destroyed by the desolating inroads of war, and their mercantile marine was almost swept from the seas. Add to these facts that England was the banker of the world, and they would understand the great source of England's wealth. The wars were, however, now over, and other nations were entering into competition, and now this country had formidable rivals in Germany and Belgium and on the other side of the Atlantic, and they must expect them to take their own part in having manufactories, though it would be possible for England to open up new countries for produce. England must expect competitors, too, in her carrying trade, and they all knew that the bank of the world went where the principal trade was done. In the middle of the last century the bank of the world was at Amsterdam. They must expect, therefore, that some of the accidental and transitory sources of superiority would pass away. All the more necessary was it therefore that *the main source of prosperity, the character of the workmen*, should remain unimpaired. It was impossible to say that there were not dangers threatening the character of the working men, for the rapid increase of ('their masters'') wealth, with the sudden rise of wages, had exposed them to many temptations. It was of no use being censorious. The upper classes of the land had, for the most part, spent their large wealth in enjoyments suited to their tastes' (as for instance,—Mr. Smith?), 'and they must not be surprised that working men should act likewise, though their taste might not be so refined. It was appalling to see how large an amount of wages was spent in drink. *The decay of the industrial classes of England would be disastrous to her in proportion to her previous prosperity*, because the past had of course increased the population of England to an enormous extent, and should the wealth and industry of the land pass away, this vast mass would become a population of penury and suffering. Mr. Goldwin Smith went on to say that he understood that the present institution had this object in view: to draw away the artisan from places where he was tempted to indulgences, to places of more rational entertainment, and where the same temptations would not spread their snares before him. He expressed his sympathy with the moral crusade movement instituted by the teetotalers, but he doubted the efficacy of restrictive legislation on this subject. The Anglo-American race was an exceedingly temperate people, and the restrictive measures adopted in some parts of the country were rather the expression than the cause of temperance, but their effect in restraining the habits of the intemperate was not very great. In proof of this he quoted the effect of the Drunken Act of Canada, a permissive measure which had been adopted in Prince Edward's County. He was ready enough, he had told his friends in Canada, to co-operate in favour of strong measures if they could show him there was a desperate emergency, and in his judgment the only one way to prevent liquor being drunk was to prevent it being made; but if they simply wished to harass the retail trade, they would have a constant amount of contrabandism and habitual violation of the law. Therefore he had not that confidence that many good and wise men had in restrictive legislation, though he could sympathise with their aim. They could all concur, however, in removing temptation out of the way of the working men and providing counter attractions, and that he understood was their object in erecting the present building. A man who had been working all day must have some enjoyment, and they should provide it as best suited to the taste' (in the next article the public are required to accommodate their tastes to the nutriment); 'and, therefore, as these were the objects of the present establishment, they deserved hearty sympathy and support.'

"A fancy fair was then opened, which will extend over three days, in aid of the objects of the institution."

20. (IV.) "ADULTERATED BUTTER.—The manufacture of those unpleasant compounds, 'butterine,' 'margarine,' and their congeners, is, we hear, making rapid progress. Indeed, there seems a dismal probability that these objectionable compounds will soon almost entirely supersede the genuine article in the market. To a large extent, the public will be absolutely compelled by circumstances *to accommodate their tastes to this new form of nutriment*. They may be quite ready to pay, as at present, 1s. 10d. to 2s. per lb. for the best Devonshire or Aylesbury, but the option will no longer remain in their hands. Here is the *modus operandi* by which a malevolent fate is compassing the perpetual nausea of butter *gourmets*. To manufacture butterine and margarine, the first step is to obtain a supply of real butter. This must be of the finest quality. Inferior descriptions do not sufficiently disguise the rank flavour of the fat which forms about nine-tenths of the manufactured article. Having procured a sufficient quantity of prime Devonshire, the manufacturer next proceeds to amalgamate it with beef-fat, until he has obtained a product marvellously resembling pure butter. This nasty stuff costs about 6d. per lb., and the manufacturer, therefore, makes a handsome profit by retailing it at from 10d. to 1s. per lb. to that large class of the community which believes in the saving efficacy of small economies. The quantity of first-class butter in the market is strictly limited, and is incapable of being increased. Already the demand almost outruns the supply, as is proved by the high price commanded by such descriptions in the market. What, then, will be the result when the manufacturers of shoddy butter come to bid for the article? Some experts go so far as to predict that Devonshire butter will fetch 3s. per lb. before another twelve months, through the operation of this competition. On the other hand, inferior sorts will be altogether driven out of the market by the new compound, which is, we believe, more palatable, and 50 per cent. cheaper. Under these depressing circumstances, we can but trust some other means may be found for disguising the rancid taste of beef fat. It would be hard, indeed, if butter connoisseurs in moderate circumstances were condemned to the Hobson's choice of margarine or nothing."—*Land and Water*.[1]

21. Very hard indeed; but inevitable, with much other hardness, under modern conditions of prosperity.

I must briefly explain to you the error under which our press-writers and the Chancellor of the Exchequer[2] and Mr. Goldwin Smith are all labouring.

They have got into the quite infinitely and diabolically stupid habit of thinking that the increase of *money* is the increase of prosperity.

Suppose at this moment every man in Sheffield had a thousand pounds, in gold, put into his coat pockets. What would be the consequence? "You would all buy all you wanted"?

But do you think all you want is in Sheffield, then? You would gobble up all the turtle—first come first served—drink all the beer, dress your wives in all the silks, and then in a little while——Stand staring at each other, with nothing to eat, drink, or put on, shaking your gold in your pockets. "You would send somewhere else"? Yes, I dare say; but then, mind you, the prosperity is to be universal. Everybody in Bradford and Halifax has a thousand pounds in *his* pocket, and all the turtle and beer are gone, long ago, there, too.

"Oh—but you would send abroad"? Yes, I dare say. But the prosperity is to be world-wide: everybody in France has a thousand pounds in *his* pockets, and all the turtle and champagne are gone there, too, since yesterday at five o'clock—and everything is at famine prices everywhere,

[1] [January 13, 1877. For another reference to the article, see Letter 79 (p. 152).]

[2] [At this time Sir Stafford Northcote held the office.]

and will soon be—for no price to be had anywhere. *That* is your "universal prosperity," according to the word of the devil. But the word of God is that the increase of prosperity is increase, not of money, but money's worth.

22. (V.) Several of my readers have asked me to write a letter to boys as well as to girls. Here is some advice respecting them, which I cannot better:—

"A PLEA FOR BOYS.—The Rev. Thomas Street sends to the *New York Christian Union* 'A Plea for Boys,' in the course of which he says:—'Every boy, if he is in sound health, has an excess of energy which must find an outlet. The mother is alarmed and worried at what she calls his mischievous proclivities. He is always breaking things, is never still, is always in the way, wanting to act outside of household law. He keeps the good mother and sister in a constant fever. Their *bête noire* is a rainy day, when Charley can't go outdoors to play; a school vacation is a burden hard to be borne, and the result is, Charley must be packed off to a distant boarding-school, not so much for his education, but to get rid of him. If, as we hold, the interests of husband and wife are one, and it is essential to train the girl for wifehood in all household duties, it is equally so to train the boy for his part in the same direction. He should be under the law of home order, taught to be as neat and tidy as a girl; to arrange his bed-clothing and furniture, instead of leaving it to his sister to do. He should have provided him needles, thread, and buttons, and be taught their use, that he may not be subjected in manhood to that terror of nervous men, a buttonless shirt. He should take lessons from the cook, and be capable of preparing a wholesome dinner. He should learn how to do the multitude of little things that are constantly demanding attention in the house. There is no knowledge, however trivial, that will not at some time come into service. It is said that a "Jack of all trades is master of none," but he need not make himself master. He may know enough of the general principles of mechanics to be able to repair wastes, and keep things in order. If a swollen door sticks, he should know how to ease it. If a hinge creaks, how to get at it and stop its music. If a lock or a clock is out of repair, how to take it to pieces and arrange it properly. If a pipe or a pan leaks, how to use iron and solder for its benefit. If the seams of a tub are open, how to cooper it. If a glass is broken in a sash, how to set another. How to hang paper on walls, and use brush and paint and putty. How to make a fire, and lay a carpet, and hang a curtain. Every boy may learn enough of these things to do away with the necessity of calling a cobbling mechanic to his house when he is a man. And he will delight to learn them. He will take infinite pleasure in the employment. Nothing makes a boy feel so proud as to be able to do things. His workshop will be his paradise. He will have his mind occupied and amused with utilities. He will be led to think, to reflect, and invent. Neither need this interfere with his studies or his plays; he will pursue and enjoy them with more zest. It is idleness, aimlessness, that is ruining our boys. With nothing attractive to do at home, they are in the streets or in worse places, expending their energies and feeding their desires for entertainment upon follies.'"

23. (VI.) The following letter, from one of our brave and gentle companions, has encouraged me in my own duties, and will, I trust, guide no less than encourage others in theirs:—

"SCARBOROUGH, *Whit Sunday*, 1877.

"DEAR MASTER,—I write to acquaint you with our removal from Skelton to Scarborough, and how it happened. At Newby Hall Farm (where I was employed as carpenter) is a steam-engine which they use for thrashing, chopping, pumping,

and sawing purposes; the blacksmith acts as engineer. It got out somehow that I understood engines and machinery; and the blacksmith at times was busy shoeing horses when he was wanted at the engine, so I was asked to attend to it for an hour or so, which I did at frequent intervals. In April, 1876, we got a change in farm manager—a regular steam-go-ahead sort of a man, with great ideas of 'modern improvements,' and with him more work to be done through the engine, which used to work two or three days a month, but now three or four days a week, and I came to be looked upon by him as engineer. I remonstrated with him two or three times, telling him that it was quite contrary to my views and wishes, and that I hoped he would free me from it. Well, winter comes, with its wet weather, and the labourers, numbering about thirty, had to work out in all the bad weather, or else go home and lose their pay of course, the engine all the time hard at work doing that which they very comfortably might be doing under cover, and so saving them from hunger or rheumatism. Well, this sort of thing cut me up very much, and my wife and I talked the matter over several times, and we were determined that I should do it no longer, let the consequence be what it may; so at Christmas I told him that with the closing year I should finish with the engine. He said he was very sorry, etc., but if I did I should have to leave altogether. On New Year's morning he asked me if I was determined on what I said, and I answered yes; so he told me to pack my tools and go, and so ended my work at Newby Hall Farm. The parson and one or two kindly wishing ladies wished to intercede for me, but I told them that I did not desire it, for I meant what I said, and he understood me. Well, I sought about for other employment, and eventually started work here at Scarborough with Mr. Bland, joined and builder, and we have got nicely settled down again, with a full determination to steer clear of steam.

"Remaining yours humbly,
"JOHN GUY.[1]

"J. RUSKIN, Esq."

[1] [For another letter from John Guy, see Letter 85, § 9 (p. 326).]

LETTER 79

LIFE GUARDS OF NEW LIFE[1]

HERNE HILL, *18th June*, 1877.

1. SOME time since, at Venice, a pamphlet on social subjects was sent me by its author—expecting my sympathy, or by way of bestowing on me his own. I cut the following sentence out of it, which, falling now out of my pocket-book, I find presented to me by Fors as a proper introduction to things needing further declaration this month:—

> "It is indeed a most blessed provision that men will not work without wages; if they did, society would be overthrown from its roots. A man who would give his labour for nothing would be a social monster."

This sentence, although written by an extremely foolish, and altogether insignificant, person, is yet, it seems to me, worth preserving, as one of the myriad voices, more and more unanimous daily, of a society which is itself a monster; founding itself on the New Commandment, Let him that hateth God, hate his brother also.[2]

A society to be indeed overthrown from its roots; and out of which, my Sheffield workmen, you are now called into this very "monstrosity" of labour, not for wages, but for the love of God and man; and on this piece of British ground, freely yielded to you, to free-heartedness of unselfish toil.

[1] [See below, § 4. "The Social Monster" (see § 1) was a rejected title for this Letter. Ruskin also wrote on the wrapper of his copy "Art—Manchester Letter—and Grosvenor Gallery," as a summary of its contents.]

[2] ["And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also" (1 John iv. 21).]

2. Looking back to the history of guilds of trade in England, and of Europe generally, together with that of the great schools of Venice, I perceive the real ground of their decay to have lain chiefly in the conditions of selfishness and isolation which were more or less involved in their vow of fraternity, and their laws of apprenticeship. And in the outset of your labour here on St. George's ground, I must warn you very earnestly against the notion of "co-operation" as the policy of a privileged number of persons for their own advantage. You have this land given you for your work, that you may do the best you can for *all* men; you are bound by certain laws of work, that the "best you can" may indeed be good and exemplary; and although I shall endeavour to persuade you to accept nearly every law of the old guilds, that acceptance, I trust, will be with deeper understanding of the wide purposes of so narrow fellowship, and (if the thought is not too foreign to your present temper) more in the spirit of a body of monks gathered for missionary service, than of a body of tradesmen gathered for the promotion even of the honestest and usefullest trade.

3. It is indeed because I have seen you to be capable of co-operation, and to have conceived among yourselves the necessity of severe laws for its better enforcement, that I have determined to make the first essay of St. George's work at Sheffield. But I do not think you have yet learned that such unity of effort can only be vital or successful when organized verily for the "interests of England"[1]—not for your own; and that the mutiny against co-operative law which you have hitherto selfishly, and therefore guiltily, sought to punish, is indeed to be punished for precisely the same reasons as mutiny in the Channel Fleet.

I noticed that there was some report of such a thing the other day,—but discredited by the journals in which it

[1] [See above, p. 128.]

appeared, on the ground of the impossibility that men trained as our British sailors are, should disobey their officers, unless under provocation which no modern conditions of the service could involve. How long is it to be before these virtues of loyalty and obedience shall be conceived as capable of development, no less in employments which have some useful end, and fruitful power, than in those which are simply the moral organization of massacre, and the mechanical reduplication of ruin!

4. When I wrote privately to one of your representatives, the other day, that Abbeydale was to be yielded to your occupation rent-free,* you received the announcement with natural, but, I must now tell you, with thoughtless, gratitude. I ask you no rent for this land, precisely as a captain of a ship of the line asks no rent for her deck, cleared for action. You are called into a Christian ship of war; —not hiring a corsair's hull, to go forth and rob on the high seas. And you will find the engagements you have made only tenable by a continual reference to the cause for which you are contending,—not to the advantage you hope to reap.

But observe also, that while you suffer as St. George's soldiers, he answers for your lives, as every captain must answer for the lives of his soldiers. Your ranks shall not be thinned by disease or famine, uncared for,—any more than those of the Life Guards; and the simple question for each one of you, every day, will be, not how he and his family are to live, for your bread and water will be sure; but how much good service you can do to your country. You will have only to consider, each day, how much, with an earnest day's labour, you can produce, of any useful things you are able to manufacture. These you are to sell at absolutely fixed prices, for ready money only;

* Practically so. The tenants must legally be bound to pay the same rent as on the other estates of St. George; but in this case, the rents will be entirely returned to the estate, for its own advantage; not diverted into any other channels of operation.

and whatever stock remains unsold at the end of the year, over and above the due store for the next, you are to give away, through such officers of distribution as the society shall appoint.

5. You can scarcely, at present, having been all your lives, hitherto, struggling for security of mere existence, imagine the peace of heart which follows the casting out of the element of selfishness as the root of action; but it is peace, observe, only, that is promised to you, not at all necessarily, or at least primarily, *joy*. You shall find rest unto your souls when first you take on you the yoke of Christ;[1] but joy only when you have borne it as long as He wills, and are called to enter into the joy of your Lord.[2]

That such promises should have become all but incredible to most of you, is the necessary punishment of the disobedience to the plainest orders of God, in which you have been taught by your prophets, and permitted by your priests, to live for the last quarter of a century. But that this incredibility should be felt as no calamity,—but rather benefit and emancipation; and that the voluble announcement of vile birth and eternal death as the origin and inheritance of man, should be exulted over as a new light of the eyes and strength of the limbs; *this* sometimes, after all that I have resolved, is like to paralyse me into silence—mere horror and inert winter of life.

6. I am going presently to quote to you, with reference to the accounts of what I have been last doing for your Museum (Article I. of Correspondence), some sentences of an admirable letter which has been just put into my hands, though it appeared on the 27th of February last, in the *Manchester Guardian*.[3] An admirable letter, I repeat, in its general aim; and in much of its text;—closing, nevertheless, with the sorrowful admission in the sentence italicized

[1] [Matthew xi. 29.]
[2] [Matthew xxv. 21.]
[3] [The paper was by Mr. T. C. Horsfall: see Appendix 22 (below, pp. 589–593).]

in following extract,—its writer appearing wholly unconscious of the sorrowfulness of it:—

"That art had, as we believe, great popularity in Greece—that it had, as we know, such popularity in Italy—was in great measure owing to its representing personages and events known to all classes. Statue and picture were the illustration of tales, the text of which was in every memory. *For our working men no such tales exist*, though it may be hoped that to the children now in our schools a few heroic actions of great Englishmen will be as well known, when, a few years hence, the children are men and women, as the lives of the saints were to Italian workmen of the fifteenth century, or the hunting in Calydon and the labours of Hercules to Athenians, twenty-three hundred years ago."

7. "For our working men, no such tales exist." Is that, then, admittedly and conclusively true? Are Englishmen, by order of our school-board, never more to hear of Hercules,—of Theseus,—of Atrides—or the tale of Troy? Nor of the lives of the saints neither? They are to pass their years now as a tale that is *not* told[1]—are they? The tale of St. Mary and St. Magdalen—the tale of St. John and his first and last mother*—the tale of St. John's Master, on whose breast he leant?[2] Are all forgotten then? *and* for the English workman, is it to be assumed in the outset of benevolent designs for "improving his character" that "no such tales exist"?

And those other tales, which *do* exist—good Manchester friend,—tales *not* of the saints? Of the Magdalens who love—*not* much; and the Marys, who never waste anything; and the "heroic Englishmen" who feel the "interests of England" to be—their own?—You will have pictures of these, you think, for improvement of our working mind. Alas, good friend, but where is your painter to come from? You have forgotten, in the quaintest way, to ask *that!* When you recognize as our inevitable fate that we shall no more "learn in our childhood, as the Italians did, at

* "Then came unto him the mother of the two sons of Zebedee, beseeching him" [Matthew xx. 20].
"Then saith he to that disciple, Behold thy mother" [John xix. 27].

[1] [See Psalms xc. 9.]
[2] [John xiii. 25.]

once grateful reverence for the love of Christ, the sufferings of the Virgin, or the patient courage of the saints," and yet would endeavour to comfort us in the loss of these learnings by surrounding us with "beautiful things"—you have not told us who shall make them! You tell us that the Greeks were surrounded with beautiful objects. True; but the Greeks must have *made* them before they could be surrounded by them. How did they so? The Romans stole them, in the spirit of conquest; and we buy them—in the spirit of trade. But the Greek and the Italian *created* them. By what spirit?—they?

8. Although attempting no answer to this ultimate question, the immediate propositions in the paper are, as I have said, admirable; and in the comments with which I must accompany what I now quote of it, please understand that I am not opposing the writer, but endeavouring to lead him on the traces of his hitherto right thoughts, into their true consequences.

The sentences quoted above are part of a description of England, in which I leave them now to take their proper place:—

"What are the conditions under which art is now studied? We meet in no temples adorned with statues of gods, whose forms are at the same time symbols of divine power and types of earthly beauty. (*a*) Our eyes are not trained to judge sculpture by watching the lithe strong limbs of

(*a*) In his presently following proposals for "a better system," the writer leaves many of these calamitous conditions unspoken of, assuming them, presumably, to be irretrievable. And this first one, that we do not meet in temples, etc., he passes in such silence.

May I at least suggest that if we cannot have any graven images of gods, at least, since the first of the Latter-day pamphlets, we might have demolished those of our various Hudsons.[1]

[1] [*Latter-Day Pamphlets*, by Thomas Carlyle. No. I. entitled "The Present Time"; and No. VII. "Hudson's Statue" (Hudson, the Railway King). Compare Vol. XXVIII. p. 120.]

athletes. (*b*) We do not learn in our childhood, as the Italians did, at once grateful reverence for the love of Christ, the sufferings of the Virgin, the patient courage of the saints, and admiration of the art that shadowed them forth. But we have the Royal Institution in Mosley Street, and its annual exhibition of pictures and sculpture. We have far less leisure than the contemporaries of Raphael or of Praxiteles. (*c*) Our eyes rest patiently on the unmeaning and ugly forms of modern furniture, on soot-begrimed and hideous houses, on a stratum of smoke-laden air that usurps the name

(*b*) The writer feels instinctively, but his readers might not gather the implied inference, that locomotives, however swift, as substitutes for legs, and rifles or torpedoes, however effective and far-reaching as substitutes for arms, cannot, —by some extraordinary appointments of Providence in the matter of taste,—be made subjects of heroic sculpture.

(*c*) Why, my friend? Does not Mr. Goldwin Smith declare (see last *Fors*, § 19[1]) that "there has been nothing in the commercial history of any country, of either ancient or modern times, that would compare with the mass of opulence of England of the present day"?—and cannot opulence purchase leisure? It is true that Mr. Goldwin Smith is a goose; and his inquiries into the commercial history of ancient and modern times have never reached so far as the origin even of adulteration of butter;[2] (Look back, by the way, to my former notes on Isaiah vii. 15;[3] and just take these farther little contributions on the subject. The other day, in the Hôtel de la Poste at Brieg, I had a nice girl-waitress from the upper Valais; to whom, having uttered complaint of the breakfast honey being watery and brown, instead of sugary and white, "What!" she said, in self-reproachful tone, "have I brought you 'du clair'?" and running briskly away, returned presently with a clod of splendid saccharine snow. "Well, but tell me then, good Louise, what do they put in their honey to make this mess of it, that they gave you first for me?" "Carrots,

[1] [See above, p. 141. For an earlier and more tolerant reference to Mr. Goldwin Smith, see Vol. XVII. p. 479.]

[2] [Compare Letter 78, § 20 (pp. 142–143).]

[3] ["Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil, and choose the good." The "former notes" are not in *Fors*, but in *Time and Tide*, § 168 (Vol. XVII. pp. 453–454).]

of sky. (*d*) The modern system of landscape painting, the modern use of water-colour, alone suffice to make an intelligent knowledge of art far more difficult than it was two hundred years ago. (*e*) Yet we act as if we believed that by strolling for a few hours a day, on a few days in the year, through a collection of pictures most of which are bad, and by carelessly looking at a few pictures of our own, we can learn to understand and be interested in more forms of art than Da Vinci or Michael Angelo would have tried to master, at a time when art still confined itself to familiar and noble subjects, and had not yet taken the whole universe for its province. (*f*)

"Is no better system possible? It is, I believe, as certain that in the last twenty years we have learnt to better understand good music, and to love it more, as that in the same time our knowledge and love of pictures

I believe, sir," she answered, bravely; and I was glad to hear it was no worse;) but, though Mr. Goldwin Smith *be* a goose, and though, instead of an opulent nation, we are indeed too poor to buy fresh butter,[1] or eat fresh meat,—is even that any reason why we should have no leisure? What are all our machines for, then? Can we do in ten minutes, without man or horse, what a Greek could not have done in a year, with all the king's horses and all the king's men?[2]—and is the result of all this magnificent mechanism, only that we have "far less leisure"?[3]

(*d*) One of the most grotesque consequences of this total concealment of the sky, with respect to art, is the hatred of the modern landscape painter for blue colour! I walked through the Royal Academy yesterday; and found that, in all the landscapes, the sky was painted like a piece of white wall plaster.

(*e*) Probably the modern use of landscape painting, and the modern use of water-colour, are wrong, then. The use of good landscape painting is to make the knowledge of nature easier,—not the knowledge of art more difficult,—than it was in earlier days.

(*f*) I do not myself observe any petulant claims on the part of modern art to take the universe for its province. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be principally occupied in its own dining-room, dressing-room, and drawing-room.

[1] [See above, p. 143.]
[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 310 *n.*]
[3] [The question is asked again below, p. 215; and see the private letter to Mr. Horsfall in Appendix 22 (p. 590).]

have not increased. *The reason is easily found. Our music has been chosen for us by masters, and our pictures have been chosen by ourselves.* (*g*) If we can imagine exhibitions where good, bad, and indifferent symphonies, quartets, and songs could be heard, not more imperfectly than pictures good, bad, and indifferent are seen at the Academy, and works to which

(*g*) I have italicized this sentence, a wonderful admission from an Englishman: and indeed the gist of the whole matter. But the statement that our pictures have been chosen by ourselves is not wholly true. It was so in the days when English amateurs filled their houses with Teniers, Rubens, and Guido, and might more cheaply have bought Angelico and Titian. But we have not been masterless of late years; far from it. The suddenly luminous idea that Art might possibly be a lucrative occupation, secured the submission of England to such instruction as, with that object, she could procure: and the Professorship of Sir Henry Cole at Kensington has corrupted the system of art-teaching all over England into a state of abortion and falsehood from which it will take twenty years to recover.[1] The Professorships also of Messrs. Agnew at Manchester have covered the walls of that metropolis with "exchangeable property" on the exchanges of which the dealer always made his commission, and of which perhaps one canvas in a hundred is of some intrinsic value, and may be hereafter put to good and permanent use. But the first of all conditions, for this object, is that the Manchester men *should*, for a little while, "choose for themselves"! That they should buy nothing with intent to sell it again; and that they should buy it of the artist only, face to face with him; or from the exhibition wall by direct correspondence with him.*

* The existence of the modern picture dealer is impossible in any city or country where art is to prosper; but some day I hope to arrange a "bottega" for the St. George's Company, in which water-colour drawings shall be sold, none being received at higher price than fifty guineas, nor at less than six,—(Prout's old fixed standard for country dealers[2]),—and at the commission of one guinea to the shopkeeper, paid by the buyer; on the understanding that the work is, by said shopkeeper, known to be

[1] [Compare Vol. XVI. pp. xxvi.-xxxi., and Vol. XXVII. p. 605.]
[2] [See Vol. XIV. p. 403.]

at a concert we must listen for twenty minutes were to be listened through in as many seconds, or indeed by an ear glance at a few bars, can we doubt that pretty tunes would be more popular than the finest symphonies of Beethoven, or the loveliest of Schubert's songs?

"It is surely possible (*h*) to find a man or men who will guide us in

(*h*) Perfectly possible; if first you will take the pains to ascertain that the person who is to guide you in painting, can paint, as you ascertained of Mr. Hallé[1] that he could play. You did not go to the man at the music shop, and pay him fifty guineas commission for recommending you a new tune, did you? But what else than that have you ever done, with respect to painting? I once, for instance, myself, took the trouble to recommend the burghers of Liverpool to buy a Raphael. As nobody had paid, or was to pay me, any commission for my recommendation, they looked on it as an impertinence; printed it—though written as a private letter to a personal friend,—made what jest they could out of it, declared the picture was cracked, left it to crack farther, bought more David Coxes, and got an amateur lecturer next year to lecture to them on the beauties of Raphael.[2]

But if you will get once quit of your precious British idea that your security is in the dealer's commission on the cost, you may get help and authority easily enough.[3]

good, and warranted as such; just as simply as a dealer in cheese or meat answers for the quality of those articles.

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[1] [For another reference to Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Hallé (1819–1895), see *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 27 (Vol. XIX. p. 78). On coming to England in 1848 Hallé settled at Manchester, where his orchestra was first instituted.]

[2] [Ruskin must be under some confusion here. Nothing is known at the Liverpool Art Gallery of any recommendation from Ruskin to buy a Raphael, and the Gallery does not, and never did, possess a single David Cox. The only printed letter, with regard to pictures at Liverpool, with which the editors are acquainted, is one written in 1858 (see Vol. XIV. p. 327), but the picture then recommended was not a Raphael, but a modern Pre-Raphaelite work.]

[3] [Ruskin in his copy here struck out the following passage, which has appeared in all previous editions:—

> "If you look at Number VI. of my *Mornings in Florence*, you will see that I speak with somewhat mortified respect of my friend Mr. Charles F. Murray, as knowing more in many ways of Italian pictures than I do myself. You may give *him* any sum you like to spend in Italian pictures,—you will find that none of it sticks to his fingers: that every picture he buys for you is a good one; and that he will charge you simply for his time."

For the reference to Mr. Murray, see Vol. XXIII. p. 409.]

our study of pictures as Mr. Hallé has guided us in our study of music,—who will place before us good pictures, and carefully guard us from seeing bad. A collection of a dozen pictures in oil and water colour, each excellent of its kind, each with an explanation of what its painter most wished to show, of his method of work, of his reasons for choosing his point of view, and for each departure from the strictest possible accuracy in imitation, written by men of fit nature and training—such a collection would be of far greater help to those people who desire to study art than any number of ordinary exhibitions of pictures. Men who by often looking at these few works, knew them well, would have learnt more of painting, and would have a safer standard by which to judge other pictures, than is often learnt and gained by those who are not painters. Such a collection would not need a costly building for its reception, so that in each of our parks a small gallery of the kind might be formed, which might, of course, also contain a few good engravings, good vases, and good casts, each with a carefully written explanation of our reasons for thinking it good. Then, perhaps, in a few years, authority would do for these forms of art what it has done for music. But many other lessons could at the same time be taught. None is of greater importance than that beautiful form in the things that surround us can give us as much, if not as high, pleasure, as that in pictures and statues;—that our sensibility for higher forms of beauty is fostered by everything beautiful that gives us pleasure;—and that the cultivation of a sense of beauty is not necessarily costly, but is as possible for people of moderate incomes as for the rich. Why should not the rooms in which pictures are shown be furnished as the rooms are furnished in which the few English people of cultivated love of art live, so that we may learn from them that the difference between beautiful and ugly wall-papers, carpets, curtains, vases, chairs, and tables is as real as the difference between good and bad pictures? In hundreds of people there is dormant a sensibility to beauty that this would be enough to awaken.

"Of our working classes, comparatively few ever enter a gallery of pictures, and unless a sense of beauty can be awakened by other means, the teaching of the School of Art is not likely to be sought by many people of that class. In our climate, home, and not gallery or piazza, is the place where the influence of art must be felt. To carry any forms of art into the homes of working people would a few years ago have been impossible. Happily we have seen lately the creation of schools and workmen's clubs, destined, we may hope, to be as truly parts of their homes as public-houses have been, and as their cramped houses are. Our schools are already so well managed that probably many children pass in them the happiest hours they know. In those large, airy rooms let us place a few beautiful casts, a few drawings of subjects, if possible, that the elder children read of in their lessons, a few vases or pretty screens. By gifts of a few simple things of this kind, of a few beautiful flowers beautifully arranged, the love and the study of art will be more helped than by the gift of twenty times their cost to the building fund of an art gallery."[1]

[1] [For a letter to Ruskin on the same subject, from the writer of the above, see Letter 81, §§ 17–20 (pp. 213–217).]

9. From the point where my last note interrupted it, the preceding letter is all admirable; and the passage respecting choice and explanation of pictures, the most valuable I have ever seen printed in a public journal on the subject of the Arts. But let me strongly recommend the writer to put out of his thoughts, for the time, all questions of beautiful furniture and surroundings. Perfectly simple shelter, under the roughest stones and timber that will keep out the weather, is at present the only wholesome condition of private life. Let there be no assumptions of anything, or attempts at anything, but cleanliness, health, and honesty, both in person and possession. Then, whatever you can afford to spend for education in art, give to good masters, and leave them to do the best they can for you: and what you can afford to spend for the splendour of your city, buy grass, flowers, sea, and sky with. No art of man is possible without those primal Treasures of the art of God.

10. I must not close this letter without noting some of the deeper causes which may influence the success of an effort made this year in London, and in many respects on sound principles, for the promulgation of Art-knowledge; the opening, namely, of the Grosvenor Gallery.

In the first place, it has been planned and is directed by a gentleman * in the true desire to help the artists and better the art of his country:—not as a commercial speculation. Since in this main condition it is right, I hope success for it; but in very many secondary matters it must be set on different footing before its success can be sure.

Sir Coutts Lindsay is at present an amateur both in art and shopkeeping. He must take up either one or the other business, if he would prosper in either. If he intends

* As also, by the way, the Fine-Art Gallery by my friend Mr. Huish,[1] who means no less well.

[1] [For whom, see Vol. XIII. p. liv.]

to manage the Grosvenor Gallery rightly, he must not put his own works in it until he can answer for their quality:[1] if he means to be a painter, he must not at present superintend the erection of public buildings, or amuse himself with their decoration by china and upholstery. The upholstery of the Grosvenor Gallery is poor in itself; and very grievously injurious to the best pictures it contains, while its glitter as unjustly veils the vulgarity of the worst.[2]

In the second place, it is unadvisable to group the works of each artist together.[3] The most original of painters repeat themselves in favourite dexterities,—the most excellent of painters forget themselves in habitual errors: and it is unwise to exhibit in too close sequence the monotony of their virtues, and the obstinacy of their faults. In some cases, of course, the pieces of intended series illustrate and enhance each other's beauty,—as notably the Gainsborough Royal Portraits last year;[4] and the really beautiful ones of the three sisters, by Millais, in this gallery.[5] But in general it is better that each painter should, in fitting places, take his occasional part in the pleasantness of the picture-concert, than at once run through all his pieces, and retire.

In the third place, the pictures of scholars ought not

[1] [The exhibition contained five pictures by Sir Coutts Lindsay, the founder and original proprietor of the Grosvenor Gallery. His idea was "that of building an entirely independent picture-gallery, where distrust of originality and imagination would not be shown, delicate workmanship would not be extinguished, and the number of pictures exhibited would not be too large for the wall-space. . . . Admission was not to be by competition or prescriptive right, but by invitation" (*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 69).]

[2] ["The costly crimson Italian silk hangings of the big room might have fairly resented the epithet 'poor,' but that they were 'grievously injurious' to some of the pictures there we knew too well, and our friend Mr. Hallé, the Secretary, was told so in a dismayed note from Edward: 'To say the truth, I had the greatest fear of the red when I saw it before it was put up—it seemed far too glaring to be tolerable near any delicately coloured picture. It sucks all the colour out of pictures, and only those painted in grey will stand it" (*ibid.*, p. 77).]

[3] [But see *Notes on the Turner Gallery*, Vol. XIII. p. 177.]

[4] [In the Exhibition of Old Masters at the Royal Academy in 1876, where a few of the Gainsborough portraits were lent from Windsor Castle.]

[5] [Two sisters and their sister-in-law. No. 24, "The Marchioness of Ormonde"; No. 25, "Countess Grosvenor"; and No. 26, "Lady Beatrice Grosvenor" (afterwards Lady Chesham).]

to be exhibited together with those of their masters; more especially in cases where a school is so distinct as that founded by Mr. Burne-Jones,[1] and contains many elements definitely antagonistic to the general tendencies of public feeling. Much that is noble in the expression of an individual mind, becomes contemptible as the badge of a party; and although nothing is more beautiful or necessary in the youth of a painter than his affection and submission to his teacher, his own work, during the stage of subservience, should never be exhibited where the master's may be either confused by the frequency, or disgraced by the fallacy, of its echo.

11. Of the estimate which should be formed of Mr. Jones's own work, I have never, until now, felt it my duty to speak; partly because I knew that the persons who disliked it were incapable of being taught better; and partly because I could not myself wholly determine how far the qualities which are to many persons so repulsive, were indeed reprehensible.

His work, first, is simply the only art-work at present produced in England which will be received by the future as "classic" in its kind,—the best that has been, or could be. I think those portraits by Millais may be immortal (if the colour is firm), but only in such subordinate relation to Gainsborough and Velasquez, as Bonifazio, for instance, to Titian. But the action of imagination of the highest power in Burne-Jones, under the conditions of scholarship, of social beauty, and of social distress, which necessarily aid, thwart, and colour it, in the nineteenth century, are alone in art,—unrivalled in their kind; and I *know* that these will be immortal,[2] as the best things the mid-nineteenth century in England could do, in such true relations

[1] [At the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877 there were pictures by Mr. R. Spencer Stanhope and Mr. J. M. Strudwick.]

[2] [The pictures by Burne-Jones exhibited in 1877 were "The Beguiling of Merlin," "The Days of Creation," "Venus' Mirror," "Temperantia," "Fides," "St. George," "Spes," and "A Sibyl." For other references to "The Days of Creation," see the general notice of Burne-Jones in *The Art of England*, §§ 39, 48.]

as it had, through all confusion, retained with the paternal and everlasting Art of the world.

Secondly. Their faults are, so far as I can see, inherent in them as the shadow of their virtues;—not consequent on any error which we should be wise in regretting, or just in reproving. With men of consummately powerful imagination, the question is always, between finishing one conception, or partly seizing and suggesting three or four: and among all the great inventors, Botticelli is the only one who never allowed conception to interfere with completion. All the others,—Giotto, Masaccio, Luini, Tintoret, and Turner, permit themselves continually in slightness; and the resulting conditions of execution ought, I think, in every case to be received as the best possible, under the given conditions of imaginative force. To require that any one of these Days of Creation should have been finished as Bellini or Carpaccio would have finished it, is simply to require that the other Days should not have been begun.

Lastly, the mannerisms and errors of these pictures, whatever may be their extent, are never affected or indolent. The work is natural to the painter, however strange to us; and it is wrought with utmost conscience of care, however far, to his own or our desire, the result may yet be incomplete. Scarcely so much can be said for any other pictures of the modern schools: their eccentricities are almost always in some degree forced; and their imperfections gratuitously, if not impertinently, indulged. For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen, and heard, much of Cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face.[1]

[1] [This was the passage on which Whistler founded an action for libel against Ruskin. For Whistler's pictures in the Gallery, and particulars of the trial, see the Introduction, above, pp. xxii.–xxiv.]

12. Among the minor works carefully and honourably finished in this gallery, M. Heilbuth's[1] are far the best, but I think M. Tissot's[2] require especial notice, because their dexterity and brilliancy are apt to make the spectator forget their conscientiousness. Most of them are, unhappily, mere coloured photographs of vulgar society; but the "Strength of Will," though sorely injured by the two subordinate figures, makes me think the painter capable, if he would obey his graver thoughts, of doing much that would, with real benefit, occupy the attention of that part of the French and English public whose fancy is at present caught only by Gustave Doré. The rock landscape by Millais[3] has also been carefully wrought, but with exaggeration of the ligneous look of the rocks. Its colour as a picture, and the sense it conveys of the real beauty of the scene, are both grievously weakened by the white sky; already noticed as one of the characteristic errors of recent landscape.[4] But the spectator may still gather from them some conception of what this great painter might have done, had he remained faithful to the principles of his school when he first led its onset. Time was, he could have painted every herb of the rock, and every wave of the stream, with the precision of Van-Eyck, and the lustre of Titian.

And such animals as he drew,—for perfectness and ease of action, and expression of whatever in them had part in the power or the peace of humanity![5] He could have painted the red deer of the moor, and the lamb of the fold, as never man did yet in this world. You will never know what you have lost in him.

[1] [Eleven pictures by Ferdinand Heilbuth (born in Hamburg, 1829; died in Paris, 1889) were exhibited (Nos. 7, 7A, 8–16), various landscapes and portraits.]

[2] [Ten pictures by James Tissot were exhibited (Nos. 17–26), including "The Triumph of Will" (No. 22).]

[3] ["The Sound of Many Waters;" exhibited, however, not at the Grosvenor Gallery, but at the Royal Academy, 1877.]

[4] [See above, § 8, *note* (*d*).]

[5] [Compare the final note in "Notes on the Millais Exhibition, 1886" (Vol. XIV. p. 496).]

13. But landscape, and living creature, and the soul of man,—you are like to lose them all, soon. I had many things to say to you in this *Fors*;—of the little lake of Thirlmere, and stream of St. John's Vale, which Manchester, in its zeal for art, is about to drain from their mountain-fields into its water-closets[1] (make pictures of those, will you then, my Manchester friends?); so also for educational purposes, here in the fine West of London, the decent burghers place their middle-class girls' school at the end of Old Burlington Street, and put a brutal head, to make mouths at them, over its door.[2] *There*, if you will think of it, you may see the complete issue of Sir Henry Cole's professorship at Kensington. This is the best your Modern Art can write—of divine inscription over the strait gate[3]—for its girl-youth! But I have no more time, nor any words bitter enough, to speak rightly of the evil of these things; and here have Fors and St. Theodore been finding, for me, a little happy picture of sacred animal life, to end with for this time. It is from a lovely story of a country village and its good squire and gentle priest—told by one of my dear friends,[4]—and every word of it true,—in *Baily's Magazine* for this month.* It is mostly concerning a Derby Favourite, and is a strait lesson in chivalry throughout;—but this is St. Theodore's bit of it. The horse had been sent down to Doncaster to run for the St. Leger, and there went off his feed, and became restless and cheerless,—so that every one thought he had been "got at." One of the stable-boys, watching him, at

* Magazine—or Miscellany. I forget which.[5]

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[1] [See Vol. XIII. p. 517 *n*. For other references to the Manchester Corporation's waterworks at Thirlmere, see below, pp. 224, 290, 346, 374.]

[2] [Where the head may still be seen.]

[3] [The title of ch. v. in *Mornings in Florence* (Vol. XXIII. p. 382).]

[4] [Mr. Frederick Gale. Ruskin's diary shows that he was with Mr. Gale on June 24. For reference to another article by Mr. Gale in *Baily's Magazine*, see Letter 82, § 1 (p. 220).]

[5] [The reference is to an article entitled "The Pride of our Village," in *Baily's Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes*, July 1877, vol. xxx. p. 330.]

last said, "He's a-looking for his kitten." The kitten was telegraphed for, and sent down, two hundred miles. "The moment it was taken out of its basket and saw the horse, it jumped on his back, ran over his head, and was in the manger in a moment, and began patting his nose." And the horse took to his feed again, and was as well as ever—and won the race.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

14. (I.) AFFAIRS of the Company.

I have obtained the kind consent of Mr. George Baker (at present the Mayor of Birmingham), to accept Trusteeship for us,[1] such Trusteeship being always understood as not implying any general consent in the principles of the Company, but only favourable sympathy in its main objects. Our second Trustee will be Mr. Q. Talbot, virtually the donor, together with his mother, who has so zealously helped us in all ways, of our little rock-estate at Barmouth.[2] I am just going down to see the twenty acres which Mr. Baker has also given us in Worcestershire. It is woodland, of which I have ordered the immediate clearing of about the fourth part; this is being done under Mr. Baker's kind superintendence: the cheque for £100 under date 5th May in the subjoined accounts is for this work.

At last our legal position is, I think, also secure. Our solicitors have been instructed by Mr. Barber[3] to apply to the Board of Trade for a licence under sec. 23 of the "Companies Act, 1867." The conditions of licence stated in that section appear to have been drawn up precisely for the convenience of the St. George's Company, and the terms of it are clearer than any I have yet been able to draw up myself, as follows:—

"The income and property of the Association, whencesoever derived, shall be applied solely towards the promotion of the objects of the Association as set forth in this memorandum of association; and no portion thereof shall be paid or transferred directly or indirectly, by way of dividend, or bonus, or otherwise howsoever by way of profit, to the persons who at any time are or have been members of the Association, or to any of them, or to any person claiming through any of them.

"Provided that nothing herein shall prevent the payment, in good faith, of remuneration to any officers or servants of the Association, or to any member of the Association, or other person, in return for any services actually rendered to the Association."

There will not, in the opinion of our lawyers, be any difficulty in obtaining the sanction of the Board of Trade under this Act; but I remain

[1] [The former trustees having resigned: see Letter 78, § 17 (p. 140).]

[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 268, 395, 424; and, for further account of the estate, Vol. XXX.]

[3] [See Letter 55 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 376.]

myself prepared for the occurrence of new points of formal difficulty; and must still and always pray the Companions to remember that the real strength of the Society is in its resolved and vital unity; not in the limits of its external form.

I must enter into more particulars than I have space for, to-day, respecting the position of some of our poorer Companions,[1] before explaining some of the smaller items of wages in the subjoined account. The principal sums have been paid to Mr. Swan for the gradual furnishing of the museum; and to artists at Venice for drawings made for its art gallery. But for £100 of the £150 last paid to Mr. Murray, I have also secured, with his assistance, a picture of extreme value that has been hitherto overlooked in the Manfrini gallery; and clearly kept for us by Fors, as the exactly right picture on the possession of which to found our Sheffield school of art. It is a Madonna by Verrocchio, the master of Leonardo da Vinci, of Lorenzo di Credi, and of Perugino, and the grandest metal-worker of Italy.[2]

And it is entirely pure and safe for us; but will need carefullest securing of the tempera colour on its panel before it can be moved: it cannot, therefore, reach Sheffield till the autumn. The other works bought for the Museum will be there in the course of this month.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND

Dr. *Cr.*

1877.		£	s.	d.	1877.		£	s.	d.
Apr. 15.	To Balance . . .	657	16	8	Apr. 23.	By Power of attorney for sale of Consols .	0	11	6
20.	,, Per J. P. Stilwell .	25	0	0	May 11.	,, Postage of pass-book	0	0	3
May 7.	,, Per a Sheffield Silversmith from Mr. H. Swan . . .	0	4	0		,, ,, Power of attorney for sale of Consols .	0	11	6
11.	,, Per Mr. Rydings, draft at Wolverhampton (Wilkins) . . .	50	0	0	26.	,, Mr. John Ruskin .	400	0	0
18.	,, Per Mr. Rydings, draft at Douglas (less 10d., charges) . . .	17	13	2	June 5.	,, Deposit account .	500	0	0
26.	,, Proceeds of sale of Consols . . .	2700	0	0		,, ,, Mr. B. Bagshawe .	2287	16	6[3]
June 8.	,, Per Mr. Rydings, draft at Douglas (less 1s. 10d. charges) . .	36	18	2	June 15.	By Balance . . .	298	12	3
		£3487	12	0			£3487	12	0

June 15. To Balance . . £298 12s. 3d.

[1] [See Letter 80, § 11 (p. 182).]

[2] [See the further account of the picture in the Sheffield Catalogue (Vol. XXX.), where also a reproduction of it is given.]

[3] [For details of this amount, see below, pp. 182–183.]

JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ., IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S FUND,
FROM 1ST JANUARY TO 30TH JUNE, 1877.

Dr. *Cr.*

1877.		£	s.	d.	1877.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 6.	To Dividend on £8000 Consols	118	10	0	Jan. 1.	By Balance (see February *Fors*[2])	108	8	0
,, ,,	Subscriptions received from 1st January to 28th February (see March *Fors*[1]) as per contra	430	4	7	,,	Paid to Bankers as per contra (see March *Fors*[1])	430	4	7
May 26.	,, Cash per Trustees	400	0	0	,,	By cheque to Bunney	25	0	0
		948	14	7	Feb. 2.	,, Do. to Mrs. Talbot	80	12	0
					7.	,, Do. to Swan	50	0	0
					12.	,, Do. to Bunney	40	0	0
					18.	,, Do. to Bagshawe	180	0	0
					25.	,, Do. to Geddes	10	0	0
					Mar. 5.	,, Do. to Graham	5	0	0
					,,	,, Do. to Burdon	5	0	0
					Apr. 18.	,, Do. to Bunney	25	0	0
					20.	,, Do. to Murray	25	0	0
					28.	,, Do. to Swan	50	0	0
					May 5.	,, Do. to Baker	100	0	0
June 30.	To Balance	335	10	0	22.	,, Do. to Murray	150	0	0
		£1284	4	7			£1284	4	7

June 30. By Balance due to Mr. Ruskin £335, 10s.

15. (II.) I have received several kind letters from correspondents, under the impression of my having definitely announced the discontinuance of *Fors* at the close of the year, encouraging me still to proceed with it. But I never said that it was to be discontinued;—only that it was to be completed at least into a well-abstracted and indexed first series of seven volumes.[3] I cannot tell from day to day what I shall be able or shall be ordered to do or write: Fors will herself show me, when the time comes.

In the meantime, I have to thank my readers for the help given me by their assurance that the book is of use, in many ways which are little manifest to me.

16. (III.) The following portions of two letters from a kind and practised schoolmistress, now one of our Companions, are of extreme value:—

"BRISTOL, *19th April*, 1877.

"Mothers indeed need first to understand and value their own children—strange as it seems to say so. Whether rich or poor, they seem to have no notion of what they are, or could be,—nor, certainly, of what they could *do*.

"Delighting much in all you say about goodness of work, generally, I rejoice

[1] [Letter 75 (above, p. 74).]
[2] [Letter 74 (above, p. 48).]
[3] [See above, p. 13.]

in it especially, looking to what might be done by children, and what *will*, I trust, be done by them when rightly taught and trained.

"Those active energies which now so often show themselves in 'naughtiness,' and cause teachers such terrible trouble, might be turned to account for the best and highest purposes. Children are perfectly capable of excellent work, of many kinds,—and, as you say, of finding 'play' in it,[1]—perhaps all that they would need (though I am not quite prepared to say that).

"They could be made to understand the need of help, and could give very real help indeed, in ways which I shall be only too happy to suggest, and make a beginning in, when a little less tied than at present. The difficulty is not at all with children, but with their parents, who never seem to think of, or care for, general needs, as in any way affecting educational work—at least, in its progress. And meanwhile, for lack of such training as can only come through the earnest following up of a worthy aim, the educational work itself suffers miserably.

"I find myself speaking of children and parents, rather than girls and mothers, —which may be partly accounted for from the fact that both boys and girls come under us in village schools, such as I have had most to do with. And this leads me also (following your direction) to suggest, first, that 'mammas' should teach their little girls to *care for their humbler brothers and sisters*,—which they would naturally do if not warned against them, as is, I fear, the rule. There are indeed obvious dangers in such contact as would seem right and natural; but here, again, your Oxford Lectures give sufficient direction—if it were but applied (I mean where you speak of the danger of travelling on certain parts of the Continent).* Kindly intercourse, even if somewhat imperfect and scanty, would soon lead to the discovery of ways of helping, besides the sympathy implied in it, far more valuable, if genuine, than the upper classes seem to have any idea of. But I am sure I am not saying too much when I repeat that, so far from being encouraged to care for 'poor' children, girls are studiously kept away from them, excepting for superficial kindnesses—mere gifts, etc. But many things might be given, too, with the greatest advantage to both parties, and at the smallest cost, if any (pecuniary, at least), to the giver. Are you aware of the shameful waste that goes on, quite as a rule, in the houses of those who leave domestic management largely to housekeepers and upper servants?—and I fear that this is an increasing number. I have not entered far into this matter, but I know quite enough to make me miserable whenever I think of it. If 'young ladies' were instructed in the barest elements of 'domestic economy' rightly understood, they would soon lessen this evil, without being, necessarily, either very wise or very good. And if they were at all good and kind, they would at once think of ways of benefiting 'poor' people through their own economy.

"But nothing will stand in the place of free personal intercourse, for the securing of the full blessing; and this is the very thing that mammas shrink from entirely, for both themselves and their daughters.

"*P.S.*—I had meant to spare you a further infliction, but wish much to add a word about the true relations of young gentlefolks to servants, as nearest to them of the humbler class. Even nice girls are in the habit of behaving most unbecomingly towards them, and speak of them in a way which shows they are entirely at sea as to their real position and duty towards these 'neighbours.' And yet their power for good might be very great indeed in this direction, if but known and used; for, as you know, genuine sympathy will win its way at once with so-called inferiors.

* I forget, and don't understand.[2]

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[1] [The reference seems to be to Letter 78, § 22 (p. 144), where, however, the writer is not Ruskin, but a correspondent of his.]

[2] [The reference is to *Lectures on Art*, § 111 (Vol. XX. p. 104).]

But is it not so throughout? 'Middle-class' people will never be won as long as there is such a barrier placed in their way of pride and exclusiveness.* The *greater* and truer bond seems entirely sacrificed to the lesser distinction. See Oxford alone in evidence, which should teach in everything."

"*Easter Monday.*

17. "Education (and I will dare to use the word in writing to yourself) is no hopeless drudgery, but full of life and brightness, if at all properly understood. Some few of those who have to do with children would be able to follow me thus far. But even these few do not seem to see the connection there is between their work and the more general one—that which St. George is taking in hand.

"Everybody agrees that the people are to be helped upwards by 'education' (whatever may be meant by the word), and we are supposed to be doing something in England to forward that cause. We know too well that the work is not being done, all the time—looking to elementary schools, at least; but even supposing it were, it takes years for each child to be taught and trained, and the need of help is pressing. Children cannot be educated in a shorter time than they can grow up to be men and women; but meanwhile, even in a single year, teaching of the right sort would speak for itself as to general bettering. And its effects would extend at once in a way which 'educators' have no idea of at present, simply because they do not understand their craft. I know less than I thought I did a few years ago, but hope that this humble-looking admission will gain credence for me when I say that—though groping along with the rest—I have felt my way to facts enough to make me far more than hopeful about what may be done when free scope for right work is once secured.

"There is no need of extraordinary outlay, or even special ability in the teacher; all that is required is that the children should be handled wisely and kindly, and turned to account at once as *helpers in the work* with themselves.

"I really cannot feel happy in taking up your time with going into detail, at present, but am most thankful to be allowed to bear witness in this matter—so entirely misunderstood, as it seems to me. Through neglect of the grand rule given in St. Matt. vi. 33,† so entirely applicable to aims with children, we come short of success as regards the humblest attainments, the highest 'standard' in which, as set by Government, could be reached with the greatest ease, if any right way were taken."

18. (IV.) The following fragment of a letter I have been just writing to an old farmer-friend who is always lecturing me on the impossibility of

* Again, I don't quite understand. Does my correspondent mean servants by "Middle-class people"? and what has Oxford to do with it?

† "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." My correspondent, in fear of being diffuse, has not enough explained her following meaning, namely, that the parents' first effort in their child's education should be to make it a "child of the kingdom." I heard the other day of a little boy for whom good and affectionate parents had ordered that there should be a box of sweetmeats on the table of every room in the house, and a parcel of them under his pillow. They are now obliged to send him away for "change of air,"—which might not have been necessary had they sought for him first the kingdom of God, and observed that it consisted not in meat and drink, nor in "goodies," but in "joy in the Holy Ghost."[1]

[1] [Romans xiv. 17.]

reclaiming land on a small scale, may be perhaps of use to some other people :—

"You have never got it clearly into your head that the St. George's Company reclaims land, as it would build an hospital or erect a monument, for the public good; and no more asks whether its work is to 'pay' in reclaiming a rock into a field, than in quarrying one into a cathedral."

My friend tells me of some tremendous work with steam, in the Highlands, by the Duke of Sutherland, of which I must hear more before I speak.[1]

[1] [Ruskin, however, did not revert to the subject.]

LETTER 80

THE TWO CLAVIGERÆ[1]

BELLEFIELD, BIRMINGHAM,[2] 16*th July*, 1877.

1. I NEVER yet sate down to write my *Fors*, or indeed to write anything, in so broken and puzzled a state of mind as that in which, this morning, I have been for the last ten minutes idly listening to the plash of the rain; and watching the workmen on the new Gothic school, which is fast blocking out the once pretty country view from my window.

I have been staying for two days with the good Mayor

[1] [See below, § 4. "The Worcestershire Clavigeræ" and "Birmingham" were rejected titles for this Letter.]

[2] [The house of Mr. George Baker, then Mayor of Birmingham. Ruskin sent him the MS. of this portion of *Fors* with the following letter:—

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
"*Wednesday* (*July* 18*th*, 1877).

"DEAR MR. BAKER,—I arrived at home in all comfort (and my good little Joan with her children the day after), and now I must thank you once more, in deliberation, for all your kindness to me, and express more distinctly than I could in the nervousness of leaving, the most true pleasure I had in meeting all the friends you brought to me,—no less than in the sympathy and help which you gave me on all subjects in which I was interested.

"Perhaps you may like to keep the first scratch of the beginning of next *Fors*, written in your house at my bedroom window, before breakfast on the morning I left. I have copied it, so that in case people ever ask you whether I write 'easily' you will be able at once to show them —very much the contrary.

"I am terribly pushed with all arrears of home work, and cannot tell you half of what I should like to (besides what little these scraps may say); in the meantime accept again my truest thanks, and believe me, with hearty regards to all your family,

"Respectfully and affectionately yours,
"J. RUSKIN.

"GEORGE BAKER, Esq."

This letter is here reprinted from *St. George*, vol. iii. p. 145, where (pp. 142–144) it is also reproduced in *facsimile*.]

of Birmingham: and he has shown me St. George's land, his gift,[1] in the midst of a sweet space of English hill and dale and orchard, yet unhurt by hand of man: and he has brought a representative group of the best men of Birmingham to talk to me; and they have been very kind to me, and have taught me much: and I feel just as I can fancy a poor Frenchman of some gentleness and sagacity might have felt, in Nelson's time,—taken prisoner by his mortal enemies, and beginning to apprehend that there was indeed some humanity in Englishmen, and some providential and inscrutable reason for their existence.

You may think it strange that a two days' visit should produce such an effect on me; and say (which indeed will be partly true) that I ought to have made this visit before now. But, all things considered, I believe it has been with exactness, timely; and you will please remember that just in proportion to the quantity of work and thought we have spent on any subject, is the quantity we can farther learn about it in a little while, and the power with which new facts, or new light cast on those already known, will modify past conclusions. And when the facts are wholly trustworthy, and the lights thrown precisely where one asks for them, a day's talk may sometimes do as much as a year's work.

The one great fact which I have been most clearly impressed by, here, is the right-mindedness of these men, so far as they see what they are doing. There is no equivocation with their consciences,—no silencing of their thoughts in any wilful manner; nor, under the conditions apparent to them, do I believe it possible for them to act more wisely or faithfully. That some conditions, non-apparent to them, may give unexpectedly harmful consequences to their action, is wholly the fault of others.

2. Meantime, recovering myself as a good ship tries to do after she has been struck by a heavy sea, I must say to my Birmingham friends a few things which I could not, while I was bent on listening and learning;—could not,

[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 629, 630; and above, p. 164.]

also, in courtesy, but after deliberation had: so that, in all our debate, I was under this disadvantage, that they could say to me, with full pleasure and frankness, all that was in their minds; but I could not say, without much fear and pause, what was in mine. Of which unspoken regrets this is the quite initial and final one; that all they showed me, and told me, of good, involved yet the main British modern idea that the master and his men should belong to two entirely different classes; perhaps loyally related to and assisting each other; but yet,—the one, on the whole, living in hardship—the other in ease;—the one uncomfortable—the other in comfort;—the one supported in its dishonourable condition by the hope of labouring through it to the higher one,—the other honourably distinguished by their success, and rejoicing in their escape from a life which must nevertheless be always (as they suppose) led by a thousand to one* of the British people. Whereas St. George, whether in Agriculture, Architecture, or Manufacture, concerns himself only with the life of the workman,—refers all to that,—measures all by that,—holds the Master, Lord, and King, only as an instrument for the ordering of that; requires of Master, Lord, and King, the entire sharing and understanding of the hardship of that,—and his fellowship with it as the only foundation of his authority over it.

8. "But we *have* been in it, some of us,—and know it, and have, by our patience——"

"Won your escape from it." I am rude—but I know what you would say. Does then the Physician—the Artist—the Soldier—the good Priest—labour only for escape from his profession? Is not this manufacturing toil, as compared with all these, a despised one, and a miserable,—

* I do not use this as a rhetorical expression. Take the lower shopkeepers with the operatives, and add the great army of the merely helpless and miserable; and I believe "a thousand to one" of the disgraced and unhappy poor to the honoured rich will be found a quite temperately expressed proportion.

by the confession of all your efforts, and the proclamation of all your pride; and will you yet go on, if it may be, to fill England, from sea to sea, with this unhappy race, out of which you have risen?

"But we cannot all be physicians, artists, or soldiers. How are we to live?"

Assuredly not in multitudinous misery. Do you think that the Maker of the world intended all but one in a thousand of His creatures to live in these dark streets; and the one, triumphant over the rest, to go forth alone into the green fields?

4. This was what I was thinking, and more than ever thinking, all the while my good host was driving me by Shenstone's home, The Leasowes,[1] into the vale of Severn; and telling me how happily far away St. George's ground was, from all that is our present England's life, and—pretended—glory. As we drove down the hill a little farther towards Bewdley (Worcestershire for "Beaulieu," I find; —Fors undertakes for pretty names to us, it seems,—Abbey-dale, Beau-lieu, and if I remember, or translate, rightly, the House by the Fountain[2]—our three Saxon, Norman, and Celtic beginnings of abode) my host asked me if I would like to see "nailing." "Yes, truly." So he took me into a little cottage where were two women at work,—one about seventeen or eighteen, the other perhaps four or five and thirty; this last intelligent of feature as well could be; and both, gentle and kind,—each with

[1] [A mile north-east of Halesowen. Johnson, in his life of the poet, says, "His delight in rural pleasures, and his ambition of rural elegance, induced him to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and such fancy as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful, a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers." The grounds have since been much altered; and "a line of canal close to the place has interfered with its rural quiet, and brought the disagreeable accompaniment of rude traffic and vexatious depredation. Enough of their original appearance, however, remains to render these grounds highly interesting" (Murray's *Handbook for Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire*, 1884, p. 209). For references by Ruskin to Shenstone, see Vol. V. pp. 218, 247; Vol. XII. p. 335; and Vol. XXII. p. 320.]

[2] [Ty'n-y-ffynon, the name not of St. George's Cottages at Barmouth, but of the house and home of Mrs. Talbot, who gave them to the Guild. For St. George's land at Abbeydale (elsewhere called Mickley or Totley, see above, p. 98.]

hammer in right hand, pincers in left (heavier hammer poised over her anvil, and let fall at need by the touch of her foot on a treadle like that of a common grindstone). Between them, a small forge, fed to constant brightness by the draught through the cottage, above whose roof its chimney rose:—in front of it, on a little ledge, the glowing lengths of cut iron rod, to be dealt with at speed. Within easy reach of this, looking up at us in quietly silent question,—stood, each in my sight an ominous Fors, the two Clavigeræ.

At a word, they laboured, with ancient Vulcanian skill. Foot and hand in perfect time: no dance of Muses on Parnassian mead in truer measure;—no sea fairies upon yellow sands more featly footed. Four strokes with the hammer in the hand: one ponderous and momentary blow ordered of the balanced mass by the touch of the foot; and the forged nail fell aside, finished, on its proper heap; —level-headed, wedge-pointed,* a thousand lives soon to depend daily on its driven grip of the iron way.

5. So wrought they,—the English Matron and Maid;—so was it their darg[1] to labour from morning to evening,—seven to seven,—by the furnace side,—the winds of summer fanning the blast of it. The wages of the Matron Fors, I found, were eight shillings a week;†—her husband, otherwise and variously employed, could make sixteen. Three shillings a week for rent and taxes, left, as I count, for the guerdon of their united labour, if constant, and its product providently saved, fifty-five pounds a year, on which they had to feed and clothe themselves and their six children; eight souls in their little Worcestershire ark.

* Flattened on two sides, I mean: they were nails for fastening the railroad metals to the sleepers, and made out of three-inch (or thereabouts) lengths of iron rod, which I was surprised and pleased to find, in spite of all our fine machines, the women still preferred to cut by hand.

† Sixteen-pence a day, or, for four days' work, the price of a lawyer's letter. Compare *Fors* 64, § 6. [Vol. XXVIII. p. 566.]

[1] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 599, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 93.]

Nevertheless, I hear of all my friends pitying the distress I propose to reduce myself to, in living, all alone, upon three hundred and sixty,[1] and doing nothing for it but contemplate the beauties of nature; while these two poor women, with other such, pay what portion of their three shillings a week goes to provide me with my annual dividend.

6. Yet it was not chiefly their labour in which I pitied them, but rather in that their forge-dress did not well set off their English beauty; nay, that the beauty itself was marred by the labour; so that to most persons, who could not have looked through such veil and shadow, they were as their Master, and had no form nor comeliness.[2] And all the while, as I watched them, I was thinking of two other Englishwomen, of about the same relative ages, with whom, in planning last *Fors*, I had been standing a little while before Edward Burne-Jones's picture of Venus's Mirror,[3] and mourning in my heart for its dulness, that it, with all its Forget-me-nots, would not forget the images it bore, and take the fairer and nobler reflection of their instant life. Were these then, here,—their sisters;[4] who had only, for Venus's mirror, a heap of ashes; compassed about with no Forget-me-nots, but with the Forgetfulness of all the world?

7. I said just now that the evil to which the activities of my Birmingham friends tended was in nowise their own fault.

Shall I say now whose fault it is?

I am blamed by my prudent acquaintances for being too personal; but truly, I find vaguely objurgatory language generally a mere form of what Plato calls σκιαμαχία,[5] or shadow-fight: and that unless one can plainly say, Thou art the man[6] (or woman, which is more probable), one might

[1] [See Letter 76, § 20 (p. 103).]
[2] [Isaiah liii. 2.]
[3] [At the Grosvenor Gallery: see above, p. 157.]
[4] [The question is resumed in Letter 81, § 3 (p. 193).]
[5] [See, *e.g.*, *Apology*, 18 D; *Republic*, 520 C; *Laws*, 830 C.]
[6] [2 Samuel xii. 7.]

as well say nothing at all. So I will frankly tell, without wandering into wider circles, among my own particular friends whose fault it is. First, those two lovely ladies who were studying the Myosotis palustris with me;—yes, and by the way, a little beauty from Cheshire who came in afterwards;—and then, that charming—(I didn't say she was charming, but she was, and is)—lady whom I had charge of at Furness Abbey (*Fors* 11, § 8), and her two daughters; and those three beautiful girls who tormented me so on the 23rd of May, 1875 (*Fors* 54, § 20[1]), and another one who greatly disturbed my mind at church, only a Sunday or two ago, with the sweetest little white straw bonnet I had ever seen, only letting a lock or two escape of the curliest hair, so that I was fain to make her a present of a Prayer-book afterwards, advising her that her tiny ivory one was too coquettish,—and my own pet cousin; and—I might name more, but leave their accusation to their consciences.

These, and the like of them (not that there are very many their like), are the very head and front of mischief;[2] —first, because, as I told them in Queens' Gardens,[3] ages ago, they have it in their power to do whatever they like with men and things, and yet do so little with either; and secondly, because by very reason of their beauty and virtue, they have become the excuse for all the iniquity of our days: it seems so impossible that the social order which produces such creatures should be a wrong one.* Read, for instance, this letter concerning them from a man both wise and good,—(though thus deceived!) sent me in

* "Would you have us less fair and pure then?" No; but I would have you resolve that your beauty should no more be bought with the disgrace of others, nor your safety with their temptation. Read again *Fors* 45, § 17. [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 162–163.]

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[1] [Vol. XXVII. p. 183; Vol. XXVIII. p. 353.]
[2] ["The very head and front of my offending" (*Othello*, Act i. sc. 3).]
[3] [The second lecture in *Sesame and Lilies:* see Vol. XVIII. p. 109.]

comment on *Fors* for April, 1876, referring especially to §§ 6, 7:[1]—

"MY DEAR RUSKIN,—Thank you for *Fors*, which I have read eagerly, but without being quite able to make out what you are at. You are hard on Mr. Keble and the poor lady who 'dresses herself and her children becomingly.' If ever your genuine brickmaker gets hold of her and her little ones—as he very likely may some day,—he will surely tear them to pieces, and say that he has your authority for thinking that he is doing God a service. Poor lady!—and yet dressing becomingly and looking pleasant are a deal harder, and better worth doing, than brickmaking. You make no allowance for the many little labours and trials (the harder to do and bear, perhaps, because they are so little) which she must meet with, and have to perform in that 'trivial round' of visiting and dressing. As it is, she is at least no worse than a flower of the field. But what prigs would she and her husband become if they did actually take to dilettante (*i.e.*, non-compulsory) brickmaking! In their own way, almost all 'rich' people, as well as the so-called 'poor'—who, man, woman, and child, pay £5 each per annum in *taxes* on intoxicating drinks—*do* eat their bread in the sweat of their faces: for the word you quote 'is very broad,' and more kinds of bread than one, and more sorts of sweat than one, are meant therein."[2]

8. A letter this which, every time I read it, overwhelms me with deeper amazement:[3] but I had rather, if it may be, hear from some of my fair friends what *they* think of it, before I farther tell them thoughts of mine; only, lest they should hold anything I have in this *Fors* said, or am, in the next,[4] likely to say, disloyal to their queenship, or their order, here are two more little pieces of Plato,[5] expressing his eternal fidelity to Conservatism, which, like the words of his in last *Fors*,[6] I again pray[7] to be permitted, reverently, to take also for mine:—

"For at that time" (of the battle of Marathon, Mr. Lowe may perhaps be interested in observing[8]) "there was an ancient polity among us,

[1] [Letter 64: Vol. XXVIII. p. 566.]
[2] [This is the letter from Coventry Patmore to which reference is made in a letter now printed in a note to Letter 66, § 23 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 633).]
[3] [It is considered further in Letter 81, § 4 (p. 194).]
[4] [See § 3 (p. 193).]
[5] [*Laws*, book iii. 698 B, 699 C, and book vii. 793 B and C.]
[6] [Not *last Fors*, but Letter 78: above, p. 139.]
[7] [That is, as before in Letter 78 (p. 139), he had "reverently and thankfully" taken other words of Plato's for his own.]
[8] [The reference is to Mr. Lowe's speech in 1871, already mentioned in *Fors*: see Letter 6, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 101 *n.*, 102). The newspapers, not recognizing this reference, were misled into attributing Patmore's letter (§ 7) to Lowe: see below, p. 207.]

and *ancient divisions of rank, founded on possession;* and the queen* over us all was a noble shame, for cause of which we chose to live in bondage to the existing laws. . . . By which shame, as often before now said,[1] all men who are ever to be brave and good must be bound; but the base and cowardly are free from it, and have no fear of it.

. . . . . .

"And these laws which we have now told through, are what most men call unwritten laws: and what besides they call laws of the Fatherland, are but the sum and complete force of these. Of which we have said justly that we must neither call them laws, nor yet leave them unspoken, —for these lie in the very heart of all that has been written, and that is written now, or can be written for evermore: being simply and questionlessly father-laws from the beginning, which, once well founded and practised, encompass† with eternal security whatever following laws are established within these; but if once the limits of these be overpassed,‡ and their melody broken, it is as when the secretest foundations of a building fail, and all that has been built on them, however beautiful, collapses together,—stone ruining against stone."

9. The unwritten and constant Law of which Plato is here speaking, is that which my readers will now find enough defined for them in the preface to the second volume of *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, p. xxvi.,[2] as being the *Guardian* Law of Life, in the perception of which, and obedience to

* "Despotis," the feminine of Despot.

† More strictly, "cover," or "hide" with security; a lovely word—having in it almost the fulness of the verse,—"in the secret of the tabernacle shall He hide me."[3] Compare the beginning of Part III.[4] of *St. Mark's Rest.*

‡ The apparent confusion of thought between "enclosing" and "supporting" is entirely accurate in this metaphor. The foundation of a great building is always wider than the superstructure; and if it is on loose ground, the outer stones must grasp it like a chain, embedded themselves in the earth, motionlessly. The embedded cannon-balls at the foundation of any of the heaps at Woolwich will show you what Plato means by these Earth, or Fatherland, laws; you may compare them with the first tiers of the Pyramids, if you can refer to a section of these.

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[1] [Ruskin in his copy of *Fors* refers to *Laws*, 647.]

[2] [Of the original edition; now § 17 of the Preface to *Rock Honeycomb* (Vol. XXXI.).]

[3] [Psalms xxvii. 5. The word in Plato is περικαλύψαντα.]

[4] [At the time of writing, Ruskin had issued no Part III. of *St. Mark's Rest;* and the reference here must be to an intended, but not published, passage, as there is nothing relevant in the present connexion either in the "first supplement to *St. Mark's Rest*" (now chapter x.), which was the third part in order of issue (published in December 1877), or in "Part III." (so called, now chapter viii.) which did not appear till 1879.]

which, all the life of States for ever consists. And if now the reader will compare the sentence at the bottom of that page, respecting the more gross violations of such law by Adultery and Usury, with the farther notes on Usury in page 17,[1] and then, read, connectedly, the 14th and 15th Psalms[2] in Sidney's translation, he will begin to understand the mingled weariness and indignation with which I continue to receive letters in defence of Usury, from men who are quite scholars enough to ascertain the facts of Heaven's Law and Revelation for themselves, but will not,—partly in self-deceived respect to their own interests; and partly in mere smug conceit, and shallow notion that they can discern in ten minutes objections enough to confound statements of mine that are founded on the labour of as many years.

10. The portion of a letter from a clergyman to Mr. Sillar, which I have printed for the third article of our Correspondence [§ 14], deserves a moment's more attention than other such forms of the "Dixit Insipiens,"[3] because it expresses with precision the dullest of all excuses for usury, that some kind of good is done by the usurer.

Nobody denies the good done; but the principle of Righteous dealing is, that if the good costs you nothing, you must not be paid for doing it. Your friend passes your door on an unexpectedly wet day, unprovided for the occasion. You have the choice of three benevolences to him,—lending him your umbrella,[4]—lending him eighteenpence to pay for a cab,—or letting him stay in your parlour till the rain is over. If you charge him interest on the umbrella, it is profit on capital—if you charge him interest on the eighteenpence, it is ordinary usury—if you charge him interest on the parlour, it is rent. All three are equally

[1] [Again the reference is to the original edition; the passage is Ruskin's note on Sidney's version of Psalm v.]
[2] [See Letter 23, § 24 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 415-416).]
[3] [Psalms xiv. 1, often quoted by Ruskin (see General Index).]
[4] [For another illustration taken from the lending of an umbrella, see Appendix 17, § 2 (below, pp. 570-571).]

forbidden by Christian law, being actually worse, because more plausible and hypocritical sins, than if you at once plainly refused your friend shelter, umbrella, or pence. You feel yourself to be a brute, in the one case, and may some day repent into grace; in the other you imagine yourself an honest and amiable person, rewarded by Heaven for your Charity: and the whole frame of society becomes rotten to its core. Only be clear about what is finally right, whether you can do it or not; and every day you will be more and more able to do it if you try.

For the rest, touching the minor distinctions of less and greater evil in such matters, you will find some farther discourse in the fourth article of our Correspondence: and for my own compromises, past or future, with the practices I condemn, in receiving interest, whether on St. George's part or my own, I hold my former answer[1] consistently sufficient, that if any of my readers will first follow me in all that I have done, I will undertake in full thereafter to satisfy their curiosity as to my reasons for doing no more.

[1] [Compare Letter 70, § 16 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 728, 729).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

11. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

The first of the formal points of difficulty which, last month, I said I should be prepared to meet,[1] turns out to be one of nomenclature. Since we take no dividend, we cannot be registered as a "Company," but only a "Society"—"Institute"—"Chamber," or the like.

I accept this legal difficulty as one appointed by Fors herself; and submit to the measures necessitated by it even with satisfaction; having for some time felt that the title of "Company" was becoming every day more and more disgraceful, and could not much longer be attached to any association of honourable Englishmen.

For instance, here is a little notification which has just been sent me,—charmingly printed, with old English letters at the top of the page, as follows:—

The Artizans', Labourers' & General Dwellings' Company, Limited.

INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE.[2]

Offices—27, Great George Street,
Westminster, S.W.,
July 4th, 1877.

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

We are desired by the Committee to address you briefly at the present stage with respect to the aspect of the Company's affairs.

The discoveries already made have proved the importance of the investigation, and led to the arrest of the Company's Manager.

Although waste, extravagance, and possibly fraud, have been discovered, the Committee would advise the Shareholders not to sacrifice their Shares under the influence of groundless panic, as there is good reason to believe that the property is of such intrinsic value that it may yet be placed upon a solid and satisfactory footing.

We are, &c.,
EVELYN A. ASHLEY,
Chairman.

JOHN KEMPSTER,
Hon. Sec.

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[1] [See above, p. 165.]

[2] [For the report of the Committee of Investigation, see *Times*, August 4, 1872 (p. 6 *e*). The previous chairman and the secretary were committed for trial (August 15) and convicted (October 26). The Company itself survived these troubles, and has had, and continues to have, a prosperous and useful career. The late Sir Richard Farrant was for many years its deputy-chairman.]

—respecting which I beg Mr. Ashley, being a friend whom I can venture a word to, to observe, that if he would take a leaf out of *Fors's* books, and insist on all accounts being made public monthly, he would find in future that the mismanagement could be "arrested," instead of the mismanager; which would be pleasanter for all concerned.

Now, as I never mean any of the members of St. George's "Company" (so called at present) to be put to such exercise of their faith respecting the intrinsic value of their property as the Committee of the General Dwellings Company here recommend, I am of opinion that the sooner we quit ourselves of this much-dishonoured title the better; and I have written to our solicitors that they may register us under the title of St. George's Guild: and that the members of the Guild shall be called St. George's Guildsmen and Guildswomen.

I have a farther and more important reason for making this change. I have tried my method of Companionship for six years and a half, and find that the demand of the tenth part of the income is a practical veto on the entrance of rich persons through the needle's eye[1] of our Constitution. Among whom, nevertheless, I believe I may find some serviceable Guildsmen and Guildswomen, of whom no more will be required than such moderately creditable subscription as the hitherto unheard-of affluence described by Professor Goldwin Smith[2] may enable them to spare; while I retain my old "Companions" as a superior order, among whom from time to time I may perhaps enroll some absurdly enthusiastic Zaccheus or Mary,—who, though undistinguished in the eye of the law from the members of our general Guild, will be recognized by St. George for the vital strength of the whole Society.

12. The subjoined accounts will, I hope, be satisfactory: but I am too practically busy in pushing forward the arrangement of our Museum, and co-operative work, at Sheffield, to spare time, this month, for giving any statement about them.

Please note with respect to Mr. Bagshawe's subjoined account for the cheque of June 5th (see last *Fors*[3]), that the amount of stock sold to produce the £2700 out of which this cheque was paid, was £2853, 7s. 5d.

"3, HIGH STREET, SHEFFIELD, *8th June*, 1877.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Yourself from Badger.

"This purchase has been long delayed in completion for various reasons, the last being some little delay in remitting the cheque for the purchase-money and valuation, which I received only on Tuesday last. However, I have paid over the purchase-money and amount of valuation this morning, and the conveyance to yourself has been executed by Mrs. Badger and her husband, and is in my possession. The title-deeds relate to other property as well as to that purchased by you, and therefore the vendor retains them, and has entered into a covenant to produce them in the usual form. The certificate of Mrs. Badger's acknowledgment of the conveyance before commissioners has to be filed, and upon receiving an office copy of it to attach to the conveyance, the latter shall be forwarded to Messrs.

[1] [See Matthew xix. 24.]
[2] [See Letter 78, § 19 (p. 141).]
[3] [Above, p. 165.]

Tarrant and Co., as you requested, together with the deeds of the property lately purchased from Mr. Wright at Walkley, which are still in my safe.

"On the other side I give a short cash statement of the transaction for your guidance.

"Believe me,
"Yours very sincerely,
"BENJAMIN BAGSHAWE.

"PROFESSOR RUSKIN."

	£	s.	d.
To amount of cheque received, 5th June, 1877, from Mr. Cowper Temple, signed by himself and Sir T. D. Acland . .	2287	16	6
By purchase-money of Mickley property paid over to Mrs. Badger, 8th June, 1877 . . . £2200 0 0			
By amount of valuation for tillage and fixtures . 74 6 6			
By stamps, law stationers' charges, and railway fare to Totley, on my attending to take possession of the property on your behalf . . . 12 11 4			
By balance remitted to you by cheque herewith . 0 18 8			
	£2287	16	6

EGBERT RYDINGS IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY,

FROM 16TH JANUARY TO 30TH JUNE, 1877

Dr. *Cr.*

1877.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 16.	To Balance cash in hand (see *Fors*, No. 74) .	26	3	0
26.	,, Miss L. Kennedy .	5	0	0
Feb. 15.	,, Robert Somervell .	2	0	0
Mar. 13.	,, Mrs. Joseph Fry .	5	0	0
Apr. 18.	,, A tithe of gifts, E. B.	1	11	0
21.	,, G. D.	7	0	0
May 1.	,, Companion No. 29 .	50	0	0
12.	,, G., No. 50 . . .	10	0	0
19.	,, G. D.	7	0	0
25.	,, G. D.	20	0	0
June 4.	,, Miss Sargood . .	2	2	0
		£135	16	0

1877.		£	s.	d.
Feb. 7.	By cash sent Union Bank, London . . .	29	0	0
May 5.	Ditto ditto . .	50	0	0
9.	Ditto ditto . .	17	14	0
31.	Ditto ditto . .	37	0	0
June 25.	Ditto ditto . .	2	2	0
		£135	16	0

13. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I am being very much tormented just now by my friends; and to make them understand how, I will print a short letter from one of the least wise among them, by which I think the rest may perceive, beyond the possibility of mistake, what measure of absurdity may be more or less involved in their own treatment of me.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—You have never answered my latter letters, so I suppose you are inexorably angry with me for something or other. Nevertheless I should like to see you, and show you my own pretty little girl. Won't you see me just five minutes?

"Yours ever truly."

Now this letter exhibits in the simplest possible form the error which I find most of my friends at present falling into; namely, thinking that they show their regard for me by asking me for sympathy, instead of giving it. They are sincere enough in the regard itself, but are always asking me to do what, in consequence of it, they should like themselves, instead of considering what *they* can do, which *I* should like. Which briefly, for the most part at present, is to keep out of my way, and let me alone. I am never angry with anybody unless they deserve it; and least of all angry with my friends:—but I simply at present can't answer their letters, having, I find, nine books in the press,[1] besides various other business; and much as I delight in pretty little girls, I only like seeing them like clouds or flowers, as they chance to come, and not when I have to compliment their mothers upon them. Moreover, I don't much value any of my general range of friends now, but those who will help me in what my heart is set on; so that, excepting always the old and tried ones, Henry Acland, and George Richmond, and John Simon, and Charles Norton, and William Kingsley, and Rawdon Brown, and Osborne Gordon, and Burne-Jones, and "Grannie" and "Mammie,"[2] and Miss Ingelow, with their respective belongings of family circle; and my pets—who all know well enough how much I depend on them; and one or two newly made ones besides, but who can only yet be as pictures or dreams to me,—with such, I hope enough comprehensive exception,—I don't care any more about my friends, unless they are doing their best to help my work; which, I repeat, if they can't, let them at least not hinder; but keep themselves quiet, and not be troublesome.

14. (III.) The following letter, expressing a modern clergyman's sense of his privileges in being "a Gentile, and no Jew," in that so long as he abstains from things strangled, and from fornication,[3] he may fatten at his ease on the manna of Usury,—I cannot but rejoice in preserving, as an elect stone, and precious,[4] in the monumental theology of the Nineteenth Century:—

"DEAR MR. SILLAR,—Thanks for calling my notice again to the Jewish law against usury. When we last talked and wrote about this subject, I told you the Hebrew word for usury means *biting*, and our own word *usury* commonly means *unlawful profit*.

"But our conversation this morning has led to this thought, 'I am a Gentile, and not a Jew.' And Gentile Christians are living under the rules laid down with respect to the peculiar laws of Judaism in Acts xv., where there is no mention made of the Jewish usury law. I refer you to verses 10, 28, and 29. This, to my mind, quite settles the matter.

"You want me to preach against bankers, and lenders of money at interest. Upon my conscience, I cannot preach against the benefactors of their fellow-men.

[1] [Namely (in addition to *Fors*), *St. Mark's Rest*, *Mornings in Florence*, *Laws of Fésole*, *Rock Honeycomb*, *Proserpina*, *Deucalion*; and new editions of *Unto this Last* and *Ethics of the Dust*.]

[2] [Lady Mount-Temple and Mrs. Hilliard.]

[3] [Acts xv. 20.]

[4] [1 Peter ii. 6.]

"Let me give you a case in point. I have myself received great benefit from lenders of money at interest. A year or two ago I bought a new block of chambers near the new Law Courts. I gladly borrowed £8000 to help me to pay for them. Without that assistance I could not have made the purchase, which is a very advantageous one to me already; and will be much more so when the Law Courts are completed.

"How can the trustees of the settlement under which the money was put out, or the person who ultimately receives the interest, be condemned in the day of judgment, according to your theory?

"They have not wronged, nor oppressed, nor bit me; but have really conferred a great benefit upon me. And I hope I am not to be condemned for paying them a reasonable interest, which I very willingly do.

"Yours very sincerely."

15. (IV.) Though somewhat intimately connected with the "affairs of the Master," the following letters are so important in their relation to the subject of usury in general, that I think it well to arrange them in a separate article.

I received, about three months ago, in Venice, a well-considered and well-written letter, asking me how, if I felt it wrong to remain any longer a holder of Bank stock, I yet could consent to hold Consols, and take interest on those, which was surely no less usury than the acceptance of my Bank dividend. To this letter I replied as follows, begging my correspondent to copy the letter, that it might be inserted in *Fors*:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am much pleased by your intelligent question, which you would have seen at any rate answered at length, as soon as I got out of Venice, where I must keep my time for Venetian work—also I did not wish to confuse my statement of facts with theoretical principles.

"*All* interest is usury; but there is a vital difference between exacting the interest of an already contracted debt, and taking part in a business which consists in enabling new ones to be contracted. As a banker, I derange and corrupt the entire system of the commerce of the country; but as a stock-holder I merely buy the right to tax it annually—which, under present circumstances, I am entirely content to do, just as, if I were a born Highlander, I should contentedly levy black-mail, as long as there was no other way for Highlanders to live, unless I thought that my death would put an end to the system;—always admitting myself a thief, but an outspoken, wholesome, or brave thief;* so also, as a stock-holder, I am an outspoken and wholesome usurer;—as a soldier is an outspoken and wholesome murderer. Suppose I had been living as a hired bravo, stabbing for hire, and had written,—'I must quit myself of this murderous business,—I shall go into the army,'—you might ask me, What—are you not still paid an annual income, to kill anybody Mr. Disraeli orders you to? 'Yes,' I should answer; 'but *now* outspokenly, and, as I think soldiering is managed, without demoralising the nature of other people. But, as a bravo, I demoralized both myself and the people I served.'

"It is quite true that my *phrase* 'to quit myself of usury and the Bank

* Compare *Fors*, Letter 45, § 13, and note. [Vol. XXVIII. p. 158.]

of England,'[1] implied that stock interest was not usury at all. But I could not modify the sentence intelligibly, and left it for after explanation.

"All national debts, you must have seen in *Fors* abused enough.[2] But the debt existing, and on such terms, the value of all money payments depends on it in ways which I cannot explain to you by letter, but will as *Fors* goes on.

"Very truly yours."

16. To this letter I received last month the following reply:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am very grateful to you for your courteous and candid letter in reply to mine of the 11th ult. It is with pleasure that I have made, in accordance with your request, the copy of it enclosed herein.

"May I again trespass on your kindness and ask you still further to meet the difficulties into which your teaching on usury has plunged me?

"If a national debt be wrong on principle, is it right of you to encourage its prolongation by lending the country money? Or is the fact of its being 'already contracted' a sufficient reason for your taxing the people annually, and thereby receiving money without working for it?

"Again, is the case of the Highlander quite analogous? *You have* another 'way to live' apart from taking any 'interest' or 'usury'; and should you not, to be quite consistent with your teaching, rather live on your principal as long as it lasts? (*Fors* 70, §§ 2, 3.) You speak of yourself as 'an outspoken and wholesome usurer';—if I read aright, you taught in *Fors* 68, § 8,[3] that the law enunciated in Leviticus xxv. 35–37, 'is the simple law for all of us—one of those which Christ assuredly came not to destroy but to fulfil.' If '*all* interest is usury,' is not the acceptance of it—even when derived from Consols—contrary to the law of Christ, and therefore sinful? Can there be any 'wholesome' sin, however outspoken?

"Pardon my thus trespassing on your time, and believe me,

"Gratefully and faithfully yours."

17. The questions put by my correspondent in this second letter have all been answered in *Fors* already (had he read carefully), and that several times over; but lest he should think such answer evasive, I will go over the ground once more with him.

First, in reply to his general question, "Can there be *any* wholesome sin?" No; but the violation of a general law is not always sin. "Thou shalt not kill"[4] is a general law. But Phinehas is blessed for slaying, and Saul rejected for sparing.[5]

Secondly. Of acts which under certain conditions would be sin, there is every degree of wholesomeness and unwholesomeness, according to the absence or presence of those conditions. For the most part, open sin is wholesomer than secret; yet some iniquity is fouler for being drawn with cords of vanity,[6] and some blasphemy baser for being deliberate and

[1] [See Letter 76, § 20 (p. 103).]
[2] [See, for instance, Letters 1, 22 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 14, 377).]
[3] [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 712–714, 673.]
[4] [Exodus xx. 13.]
[5] [See Numbers xxv. 8–11, and 1 Samuel xv.]
[6] [Isaiah v. 18.]

insolent, like that of our modern men of science. So again, all sin that is fraudful is viler than that which is violent; but the venal fraud of Delilah is not to be confused with the heroic treachery of Judith.[1] So, again, all robbery is sin, but the frank pillage of France by the Germans[2] is not to be degraded into any parallel with the vampire lotteries of the modern Italian Government. So, again, all rent is usury, but it may often be wise and right to receive rent for a field,—never, to receive it for a gambling table. And for application to St. George's business, finally,—so long as our National debt exists, it is well that the good Saint should buy as much stock of it as he can; and far better that he should take the interest already agreed for, and spend it in ways helpful to the nation, than at once remit it, so as to give more encouragement to the contraction of debt.

18. (V.) Part of a letter from a young lady Companion, which will be seen, without comment of mine, to be of extreme value:—

"Last Sunday morning my father and brothers went to the funeral of an old workman who had been in my father's service for forty years. The story of his life is rather an unusual one in these days. The outside of his life, as I know it, is just this. He was a boy in the works to which my father was apprenticed to learn ——; and when my father bought ——, Tom went with him, and had been foreman for many years when he died. He spent his whole life in honest, faithful labour, chiefly, it seems to me, for other people's benefit, but certainly to his own entire satisfaction. When my brothers grew up and went into the business, they often complained, half in joke, that Tom considered himself of much more importance there than they; and even after they were made partners, he would insist upon doing things his way, and in his own time. His only interest was their interest; and they knew that, in spite of his occasional stubbornness, they could rely without hesitation on his absolute faithfulness to them. They say, 'One of the old sort, whom we can never replace.'

"But the leisure side of Tom's life is to me grievous,—so pleasureless, narrow, dull. He came from Wales, and has lived ever since in the street where the —— is,—a dirty, wretched, close street in one of the worst neighbourhoods in ——, peopled by the lowest class,—a street where he can never have seen one green leaf in spring or flower in summer, where the air is poisoned with bad smells, and the very sunlight only shines on ugliness, filth, and poverty. And here Tom lived—not even taking a country walk, or going to breathe fresher air in the wider streets. He was once offered a ticket for an entertainment of some sort at —— Hall, only a few minutes' walk from the ——, and was not sure of the way there! He never went away but once, to the funeral of a relative in Wales; and once, twenty-four years ago, to take charge of a house out of town for my father, and then of course came to his work every day. He was never known to be drunk, and never away from work for a day's illness in his life—until the very end. Tom was a great reader and politician, I believe, and in reading found his sole recreation from the monotony of daily toil. Ought one to pity most the man who was content (apparently) with such a poor, bare life, unconscious of the pleasures that lay outside it, waiting to be enjoyed, or the crowds of restless, discontented people who ramble yearly all over the world, in vain search for new excitements, 'change of air' and scene?" (Does my correspondent really doubt?)

"Tom's illness seemed to become alarming all at once. His wife could not

[1] [See Judges xvi., and Judith viii.–xvi.]
[2] [Compare Vol. XXVIII. p. 69.]

persuade him to stay away from work until the last few days, and he would not take a real holiday. My father wanted him to go to Wales, and try his native air, but Tom said it would kill him. The only indulgence he would take, when quite unable to work, was a *ride in the omnibuses once or twice* with his wife, and a sail across the river. But it was too late, and he died after a very short illness, almost in harness. His wife's words to my brother are very touching: 'I ran away with him, and my friends were very angry, but I've never regretted it. It's thirty-nine years ago, but my heart has never changed to him. He was very kind to me always; he couldn't have been kinder if he had been a gentleman!' I suppose she thinks gentlemen are always kind to their wives.

"Poor Tom! I wonder if he has had said to him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' But I can't help wishing his life had not been so colourless and pleasureless here. I do not like to think that a steady, honest, industrious working man should either be obliged, or should ever be *content*, to live like a machine, letting the best faculties of a man for enjoyment and improvement" (I should have been very much puzzled to 'improve' Tom, my dear, if you had sent him to me with that view) "be ignored; and die knowing nothing of the infinite loveliness of God's world, though he may know much of the beauty of faithfulness, and the blessedness of honest work. It seems such a needless sacrifice and waste; for surely these conditions of life *are* needless, or else our civilization and Christianity are utter failures."

Possibly not quite, my dear,—in so far as they have produced Tom, to begin with; and are even beginning to make you yourself perceive the value of that "production."

19. (VI.) The following letter, from another Companion, says, in more gentle terms, nearly all I wish to say, myself, concerning church service in modern days:—

"MY DEAR MASTER,—I want to tell you, if you've no objection, how tiresome, and like a dull pantomime, Christmas grows to me—in its religious sense. The Bethlehem story is revived, with music and picturing, simply to mock and cheat one's heart, I think; for people can't live for ever on other people's visions and messages. If we want to see fine things, and hear high and gracious ones, such as the shepherds did, we must live under the same conditions. We, too, *must* have the simple, healthy lives,—the fields near, the skies pure,—and then we shall understand, for ourselves, nativity mysteries, belonging to our own immediate time, directly sent from heaven. But it would be troublesome to give us those things, while it is profitable to get up a mimic scene of past glories. Well, I cannot care for it, and so instead of going painfully to Bethlehem, I come to Venice—or wherever the master is; for you would not cheat nor mock, but give the real good. That people don't care for the good, is a sad thing for them, but there were not many who cared for the actual, simple truth in the Bethlehem days. It is a very different thing the caring for things called after them. We are so prone to be apish, somehow or other; for ever mimicking, acting,—never thinking or feeling for ourselves. If you are quite faithful to the truth, you cannot fail; and it is so priceless a blessing that one amongst us is true.

"I have a little incident of my splendid Christmas Day to tell you,—a mere straw, but showing which way the wind blows.

"We went to church on Christmas morning—my sister and I. All was in orthodox fashion. There were the illuminated Scriptures, and the choir sang about 'Unto you is born this day,' etc. The sermon wandered from the point a little, but it kept returning to the manger and its mystery.

"Well, on leaving, a violent storm of sleet and hail came on, and we were

glad to take shelter in a tramway car close by, along with quite a little company of church-leavers. While the car waited its time for starting, three ragged little lads were swept up, like birds drifted by a storm-gust; and they too scrambled into the car, one of them saying to the most miserable of the three, 'Come in, Jim; I'll pay a penny for you.' They looked like dissipated little Christmas-boxers, who had been larking in the streets all night, waiting for the dingy dawn to go begging in. Huddled up shivering in a corner, and talking about their money in hoarse tones—like young ravens, they were the pictures of birds of prey. As they muttered hoarsely among themselves, they contrasted so much with the little treble singers in the choir, that they hardly seemed to be children. I heard them propose buying penny pies; and after twisting about like eels, they suddenly became still!—spell-bound, I imagine, with the thoughts of penny pies. 'Jim,' the very ragged one with no money, looked anxious about his fare. Presently, as if at a signal, the other two got up and went out softly,—like little Judases—without a word to their companion! On reaching the pavement, they called to the conductor, 'Hi, you'll have to turn that lad out,—he's no money;' then they scampered off at full speed. Jim gathered his rents and rags together for a descent into the storm and slush of the street. I was just opposite, so gave him the fare, and bid him sit still. And just then some more very wet church folks came in—so full of thoughts about the child of Bethlehem, I imagine, for whom there was such scant room, that they were utterly oblivious of poor Jim, and the little room he might want. Two of them squeezed him, without looking at him, into merely nothing; and a third, also without looking, fairly sat upon him, it seemed to me, but he got himself behind cleverly. These were grandly dressed people. Next came, as we had started, the conductor, for fares, and I felt rather glad our ragged companion was so smothered up. But when his little thin, dirty arm came forth with his penny, there was a shameful scene. The conductor ordered him roughly out on to the steps at the back, but took his fare, saying there was no room for him. Not one of us said anything. I was very angry, but I suppose didn't like to make a little scene by asking the man to let him come in. I am remorseful yet about it. So the poor bairn went out. However (this is nicer), a minute after came in a young workman—quiet and delicate looking. As he glanced round, he spied the child, and inquired immediately about him. 'There must be *made* room,' he replied to the conductor's shamefaced excuse. And the man looked round with such reproach and severity that master Jim was asked in, in less than no time, and invited to 'Take a seat, my boy.' It was rather funny too; but I was pleased exceedingly, and I tell it to you for the sake of the young workman. *He* had *not* been to church,—*we* had. That puzzles me—or rather it makes it clear to me."

20. (VII.) Fragment of note from another Companion, with a nice little illustration of "Rent" in it:—

"I wonder if St. George would listen to a very sad little petition, and give me anything out of his fund for a poor old woman who is bedridden, and her hands so crippled she can't do any work with them. All she has to depend on is 3s. a week from the parish, out of which she has to pay 2s. and 9d. weekly ("to whom?" asks St. George) for the rent of her room; so that all *she* has to support her is 3d. a week, and a loaf from the parish (Kensington) every week. She has an idiot daughter who sometimes earns a few halfpence for mangling.

"Mrs. E. (the old woman) is so devoted to flowers; and she has a few pots in the window beside her bed, and she wriggles herself to them with difficulty, but can just manage to pick off a fading leaf; and after a long sleepless night of pain, spoke of it as a great reward that she had actually *seen a bud opening!* Do speak to St. George!—I know he'll listen to you; and if he gave even a shilling a week, or half-a-crown, with certainty, this poor old woman's heart would indeed rejoice. I can give more particulars if wanted."

I read all this to St. George; who grumbled a little, saying it was all the same as asking *him* to pay the rent to the ——(here he checked himself)—landlord; but gave his half-crown at last, under protest.[1]

21. (VIII.) Two pleasant little scraps about useful industry, which will refresh us after our various studies of modern theology and charity.

"The swarm of bees came down, by passenger train *from London*, a week before we came home, and Mrs. Allen and Grace managed to put them in their place without being stung. The people at the station were much tickled at the notion of a swarm of bees coming by train. The little things have been very busy ever since. Hugh and I looked into their little house, and saw that they had built the best part of eight rows of comb in ten days. They are very kind and quiet. We can sit down by the side of the hive for any length of time, without harm, and watch them come in loaded. It is funny to see a certain number of them at the entrance, whose duty it is to keep their wings going as fans, to drive cool air into the hive (people say), but I don't know: anyhow, there were lines of them fanning last night; and the others, as they came in loaded, passed up between them.

. . . . . .

"A lady asks if you couldn't write on domestic servants. A smith at Orpington, on being canvassed by a gentleman to give his vote in favour of having a School Board here, replied, 'We don't want none of your School Boards here. As it is, if you want clerks, you can get as many as you like at your own price; but if I want a good smith to-morrow, I couldn't get one at any price.'

"G. ALLEN."

22. (IX.) I must needs print the last words of a delicious letter from a young lady, which I dearly want to answer, and which I think she expected me to answer,—yet gave me only her name, without her address. If she sends it—will she also tell me what sort of 'unkind or wicked' things everybody says?[2]

"I did not mean to write all this, but I could not help it—you have been like a personal friend to me ever since I was sixteen. It *is* good of you to keep on writing your beautiful thoughts when everybody is so ungrateful, and says such unkind, wicked things about you."

[1] [See also Letter 81, § 14 (p. 208).]
[2] [See Letter 81, § 1 (p. 191).]

LETTER 81

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN[1]

BRANTWOOD, *13th August*, 1877.

1. THE Thirteenth,—and not a word yet from any of my lady-friends in defence of themselves![2] Are they going to be as mute as the Bishops?[3]

But I have a delightful little note from the young lady whose praise of my goodness I permitted myself to quote in the last article of my August correspondence,—delightful in several ways, but chiefly because she has done, like a good girl, what she was asked to do, and told me the "wicked things that people say."

"They say you are 'unreasoning,' 'intolerably conceited,' 'self-asserting'; that you write about what you have no knowledge of (Politic. Econ.); and two or three have positively asserted, and tried to persuade me, that you are mad—really mad!! They make me so angry, I don't know what to do with myself."

The first thing to be done with yourself, I should say, my dear, is to find out *why* you are angry. You would not be so, unless you clearly saw that all these sayings were malignant sayings, and come from people who would be very thankful if I *were* mad, or if they could find any other excuse for not doing as I bid, and as they are determined not to do. But suppose, instead of letting them make you angry, you serenely ask them what I have said

[1] [A discarded title was "What they knew as Beasts" (compare Jude 10): see below, § 9.]

[2] [See Letter 80, §§ 7, 8 (pp. 175–178).]

[3] [For the author's challenge to them, see Letter 49, §§ 11, 12 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 242–244).]

that is wrong; and make them, if they are persons with any pretence to education, specify any article of my teaching, on any subject, which they think false, and give you their reason for thinking it so. Then if you cannot answer their objection yourself, send it to *me*.

You will not, however, find many of the objectors able, and it may be long before you find *one* willing, to do anything of this kind. For indeed, my dear, it is precisely because I am not self-asserting, and because the message that I have brought is not mine, that they are thus malignant against me for bringing it. "For this is the message that ye have heard from the beginning, that we should love one another." Take your first epistle of St. John, and read on from that eleventh verse to the end of the third chapter: and do not wonder, or be angry any more, that "if they have called the Master of the house, Baalzebub, they call also those of his household."[1]

2. I do not know what Christians generally make of that first epistle of John. As far as I notice, they usually read only from the eighth verse of the first chapter to the second of the second; and remain convinced that they may do whatever they like all their lives long, and have everything made smooth by Christ. And even of the poor fragment they choose to read, they miss out always the first words of the second chapter, "My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin *not:*" still less do they ever set against their favourite verse of absolution—"If any man sin, he hath an Advocate,"—the tremendous eighth verse of the third chapter, "He that committeth sin is of the Devil, for the Devil sinneth from the beginning," with its before and after context—"Little children, let no man deceive you: he that *doeth* righteousness is righteous;" and "whosoever *doeth* not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother."

3. But whatever modern Christians and their clergy

[1] [Matthew x. 25.]

choose to make of this epistle, there is no excuse for any rational person, who reads it carefully from beginning to end, and yet pretends to misunderstand its words. However originally confused, however afterwards interpolated or miscopied, the message of it remains clear in its three divisions: (1) That the Son of God is come in the flesh (chap. iv. 2, v. 20, and so throughout); (2) That He hath given us understanding that we may know Him that is true (iii. 19, iv. 13, v. 19, 20); and (3) that in this understanding we know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren (iii. 14). All which teachings have so passed from deed and truth into mere monotony of unbelieved phrase, that no English now is literal enough to bring the force of them home to my readers' minds. "Are these, then, your sisters?" I asked of our fair Englishwomen concerning those two furnace-labourers.[1] They do not answer,—or would answer, I suppose, "Our sisters in God, certainly," meaning thereby that they were not at all sisters in Humanity; and denying wholly that Christ, and the Sisterhood of Christendom, had "come in the Flesh."

Nay, the farthest advanced of the believers in Him are yet so misguided as to separate themselves into costumed "Sisterhoods," as if these were less their sisters who had forge-aprons only for costume, and no crosses hung round their necks.

But the fact is assuredly this,—that if any part or word of Christianity be true, the literal Brotherhood in Christ is true, in the Flesh as in the Spirit; and that we are bound, every one of us, by the same laws of kindness to every Christian man and woman, as to the immediate members of our own households.

4. And, therefore, we are bound to know who are Christians, and who are not,—and the test of such division having been made verbal, in defiance of Christ's plainest

[1] [See Letter 80, § 6 (p. 175).]

orders, the entire body of Christ has been corrupted into such disease, that there is no soundness in it, but only wounds and bruises and putrefying sores.[1] Look back to *Fors* for January 1876. How is it that no human being has answered me a word to the charge closing § 5?[2] "You who never sowed a grain of corn, never spun a yard of thread, devour and waste to your fill, and think yourselves better creatures of God, doubtless, than this poor starved wretch." No one has sent me answer; but see what terrific confirmation came to me, in that letter from a good, wise, and Christian man,[3] which I printed in last *Fors*, who nevertheless is so deceived by the fiends concerning the whole method of division between his own class and the poor brethren, that he looks on all his rich brethren as seed of Abel, and on all his poor brethren as seed of Cain, and conceives nothing better of the labourer but that he is in his nature a murderer. "He will tear your pretty lady in pieces, and think he is doing God service." When was there ever before, in the human world, such fearful Despising of the Poor?[4]*

5. These things are too hard for me;[5] but at least, as now the days shorten to the close of the seventh year,[6] I will make this message, so far as I have yet been able to deliver it, clearly gatherable. Only, perhaps, to do so, I must deliver it again in other and gentler terms. It cannot be fully given but in the complete life and sifted writings of St. John, promised for the end of our code of foundational Scripture (*Fors*, January 1876, § 14, and

* Compare *Fors* 61, § 21: "Here, the sneer of 'those low shoemakers' is for ever on the lip," and the answer of the sweet lady at Furness, November, 1871, § 3.[7]

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[1] [Isaiah i. 6.]
[2] [Letter 61: Vol. XXVIII. p. 489.]
[3] [Coventry Patmore: see above, p. 177.]
[4] [James ii. 6.]
[5] [2 Samuel iii. 39.]
[6] [That is, since the commencement of *Fors*.]
[7] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 509; Vol. XXVII. p. 183.]

compare July, 67, § 12[1]),—nevertheless it may be that the rough or brief words in which it has already been given (January 1876, 61, §§ 7 and 16; February, 62, §§ 2 and 8; March, 63, § 6; April, 64, § 5; and, of chief importance, July, 67, §§ 9 and 17[2]), have been too rough, or too strange, to be patiently received, or in their right bearing understood: and that it may be now needful for me to cease from such manner of speaking, and try to win men to this total service of Love by praise of their partial service.

6. Which change I have for some time thought upon, and this following letter,*—which, being a model of gentleness, has exemplary weight with me myself,—expresses better than I could without its help, what I suppose may be the lesson I have to learn.

"MANCHESTER, *July 25th*, 1877.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have long felt that I ought to write to you about *Fors Clavigera*, and others of your later books. I hesitated to write, but all that I have heard from people who love you, and who are wise enough and true enough to be helped by you, and all that I have thought in the last few years about your books,—and I have thought much about them,—convinces me that my wish is right, and my hesitation wrong. For I cannot doubt that there are not very many men who try harder to be helped by you than I do. I should not wish to write if I did not know that most of the work which you are striving to get done, ought to be done, and if I did not see that many of the means which you say ought to be used for doing it, are right means. My dulness of mind, because I am not altogether stupid, and my illness, because I do not let it weaken my will to do right, have taught me some things which you cannot know, just because you have genius and mental vigour which give you knowledge and wisdom which I cannot hope to share.

"May I not try to make my humble knowledge of the people, through whom alone you can act,† aid your high knowledge of what has to be done?

* This letter is by the author of the excellent notes on Art-Education in the July number of *Fors*,[3] of which a continuation will be found in the correspondence of this month [p. 213].

† Herein lies my correspondent's chief mistake. I have neither intention, nor hope, of acting through any of the people of whom he speaks; but, if at all, with others of whom I suppose myself to know more,—not less,—than he.

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[1] [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 500, 647.]
[2] [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 491, 501, 512, 517, 542, 564, 644, 652.]
[3] [Letter 79, §§ 6–8 (above, pp. 149–156).]

of it in balance accurate to the estimation of a hair.[1] The language which seems to you exaggerated, and which it may be, therefore, inexpedient that I should continue, nevertheless expresses, in its earnestness, facts which you will find to be irrefragably true, and which no other than such forceful expression could truly reach, whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear.[2]

Therefore *Fors Clavigera* is not, in any wise, intended as counsel adapted to the present state of the public mind, but it is the assertion of the code of Eternal Laws which the public mind *must* eventually submit itself to, or die; and I have really no more to do with the manners, customs, feelings, or modified conditions of piety in the modern England which I have to warn of the accelerated approach either of Revolution or Destruction, than poor Jonah had with the qualifying amiabilities which might have been found in the Nineveh whose overthrow he was ordered to foretell, in forty days.[3] That I should rejoice, instead of mourning, over the falseness of such prophecy, does not at all make it at present less passionate in tone.

8. For instance, you[4] have been telling me what a beloved Bishop you have got in Manchester; and so, when it was said in page 45 of *Fors* for 1876,[5] that "it is merely *through the quite bestial ignorance of the Moral Law* in which the English Bishops have contentedly allowed their flocks to be brought up, that any of the modern conditions of trade are possible," you thought perhaps the word "bestial" inconsiderate! But it was the most carefully considered and accurately true epithet I could use. If you will look back to the 208th page of *Fors* of 1874,[6] you will find the following sentence quoted from the Secretary's Speech at

[1] [*Merchant of Venice*, Act iv. sc. 1.]
[2] [Ezekiel ii. 5, 7; iii. 11.]
[3] [Jonah iii. 4. For a criticism by the *Spectator* on this passage and Ruskin's reply, see below, p. 320.]
[4] [That is, his correspondent, Mr. Horsfall of Manchester: see below, Appendix 22, pp. 590, 591, 593.]
[5] [Letter 62; § 4 of this edition (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 514–515).]
[6] [Letter 45; § 14 of this edition (Vol. XXVIII. p. 159).]

the meeting of the Social Science Association in Glasgow in that year. It was unadvisably allowed by me to remain in small print: it shall have large type now, being a sentence which, in the monumental vileness of it, ought to be blazoned, in letters of stinking gas-fire, over the condemned cells of every felon's prison in Europe:—

"MAN HAS THEREFORE BEEN DEFINED AS AN ANIMAL THAT EXCHANGES. IT WILL BE SEEN, HOWEVER, THAT HE NOT ONLY EXCHANGES, BUT FROM THE FACT OF HIS BELONGING, IN PART, TO THE ORDER CARNIVORA, THAT HE ALSO INHERITS TO A CONSIDERABLE DEGREE THE DESIRE TO POSSESS WITHOUT EXCHANGING; OR, IN OTHER WORDS, BY FRAUD OR VIOLENCE, WHEN SUCH CAN BE USED FOR HIS OWN ADVANTAGE, WITHOUT DANGER TO HIMSELF."

9. Now, it is not at all my business, nor my gift, to "lead" the people who utter, or listen to, this kind of talk, to better things. I have no hope for them,—any quantity of pity you please, as I have also for wasps, and puff-adders:—but not the least expectation of ever being able to do them any good. My business is simply to state in accurate, not violent, terms, the nature of their minds, which they themselves ("out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant"[1]) assert to be "bestial,"—to show the fulfilment, in them, of the words of prophecy: "What they know naturally, as brute-beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves,"[2]—and to fasten down their sayings in a sure place, for eternal scorn, driving them into the earth they are born of, as with Jael's hammer.[3] And this I have held for an entirely stern duty, and if it seems to have been ever done in uncharitable contempt, my friends should remember how much, in the doing of it, I have been forced to read the writings of men whose natural stupidity is enhanced always by their settled purpose of maintaining the interests of Fraud and Force* (see *Fors* of January 1877,

* That is to say, the "framework of Society." It is a perfectly conscientious feeling on their part. We will reason as far as we can, without saying anything that shall involve any danger to "property."

[1] [Luke xix. 22.]
[2] [Jude 10.]
[3] [Judges iv. 21. Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 231, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 463; and below, p. 379.]

§ 5[1]) into such frightful conditions of cretinism, that having any business with them and their talk is to me exactly as if all the slavering Swiss populace of the high-air-cure establishment at Interlaken[2] had been let loose into my study at once. The piece of Bastiat, for instance, with analysis of which I began *Fors* seven years ago,[3]—what can you put beside it of modern trade-literature, for stupidity, set off with dull cunning?—or this, which in good time has been sent me by Fors (perhaps for a coping-stone of all that I need quote from these men, that so I may end the work of nailing down scarecrows of idiotic soul,[4] and be left free to drive home the fastenings of sacred law)—what can you put beside *this*, for blasphemy, among all the outcries of the low-foreheaded and long-tongued races of demented men?—

"HAD MANKIND GIVEN OBEDIENCE TO THAT PROHIBITION,* THE RACE WOULD LONG SINCE HAVE DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH. FOR WITHOUT INTEREST THE ACCUMULATION OF CAPITAL IS IMPOSSIBLE, WITHOUT CAPITAL THERE CAN BE NO CO-OPERATION OF ANTERIOR AND PRESENT LABOUR, WITHOUT THIS CO-OPERATION THERE CAN BE NO SOCIETY, AND WITHOUT SOCIETY MAN CANNOT EXIST." (Bastiat, *Harmonies of Political Economy*, vol. ii., page 165. English edition.)

10. With this passage, and some farther and final pushing home of my challenge to the Bishops of England,[5] which must be done, assuredly, in no unseemly temper or haste, —it seems probable to me that the accusing work of *Fors* may close. Yet I have to think of others of its readers,

* The Prohibition of Usury.

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[1] [Letter 73 (above, p. 16).]

[2] [St. Beatenberg, on the Lake of Thun. The carriage road thither from Interlaken was completed in 1865, and the Kurhaus opened ten years later (see Coolidge's *Swiss Travel and Guide-books*, p. 242).]

[3] [See Letter 1, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 24–25).]

[4] [Ruskin in his note for Index here adds: "*Idiotic* is used in this place in the accurate Greek sense, 'self-contained.'" See Letter 28, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 521).]

[5] [See below, p. 244.]

before so determining, of whom one writes to me this month, in good time, as follows:—

"In reading the last (June) *Fors*, I see—oh, so sorrowfully!—that you have been pained by hearing 'complaints' that should never have been felt—much less spoken, and least of all for you to hear. It is bad enough for those who love every word of your teaching to find *Fors* misread. But I for one feel it to be just unpardonable that anything so mistaken should reach you as to lead you to think you are 'multiplying words in vain.'[1]

"'In vain'?—Dearest Master, surely, surely you know that far and near, many true hearts (who—known or unknown to you—call you by that sacred name) watch hungrily for the coming of your monthly letter, and find it Bread, and Light.

"Believe me, if the 'well-to-do'—who have never felt the consequences of the evils you seek to cure—'can't understand' you, there are those who can, and do.

"Perhaps, for instance, your 'well-to-do friends,' who can get any fruit they wish for, in season or out of season, from their own garden or hothouse, may think the 'Mother Law' of Venice about Fruit[2] only beautiful and interesting from an antiquarian point of view, and not as having any practical value for English people to-day: but suppose that one of them could step so far down as to *be* one of 'the *poor*' (*not* 'the working' classes) in our own large towns —and so living, to suffer a fever, when fruit is a necessity, and find, as I have done, that the price of even the commonest kinds made it just impossible for the very poor to buy it—would not he or she, after such an experience, look on the matter as one, not only of personal, but of wide importance? I begin to think it is only through their own need, that ordinary people know the needs of others. Thus if a man and his wife living, with no family, on say ten

[1] [Letter 78, § 15 *n.* (above, p. 138).]
[2] [See Letter 74 (p. 42).]

shillings per week, find that in a town they can't afford to buy, and can get no garden in which to grow fruit—they will know at once that their neighbours who on the same sum must bring up half-a-dozen children, will have to do without vegetables as well as fruit; and having felt the consequences of their own privation they will know that the children will soon—probably—suffer with skin and other diseases, so serious as to make them ask, *why* are fruit and vegetables so much scarcer and dearer than they were when we were children? And once any one begins to honestly puzzle out that, and similar questions (as I tried to do before *Fors* was given us), they will be, I know, beyond all telling, thankful for the guidance of *Fors*, and quite ready to 'understand' it.

"Ah me! if only the 'well-to-do' would *really* try to find an answer, only to the seemingly simple question asked above, I would have more hope than now for the next generation of 'the lower classes.' For they would find that dear vegetables means semi-starvation to countless poor families. One of the first facts I learnt when I came here was,—'Poor folks' children don't get much to eat all winter but bread and potatoes.' Yet, last October, I one day gave twopence for three ordinary potatoes; and, all winter, could buy no really good ones. Under such conditions, many children, and infirm and sick people, could be but half fed; and half-fed children mean feeble, undersized, diseased men and women, who will become fathers and mothers of sickly children,—and where will the calamity end? Surely the 'food supply' of the people *is* every one's business. ('That can't concern you, my dear,' is the putting down we women get, you know, if we ask the 'why?' of a wrong to other people.) I can't, when I hear of sickly children, but ask, very sadly, what kind of workmen and soldiers and sailors will they and their children be in another century?

"You will think I am looking a long way forward; yet if one begins only to puzzle out this question (the scarcity

of fruit and vegetables), they will find it takes them back, far away from towns, far off the 'very poor,' until they come to the beginning of the mischief, as you show us; and then the well-to-do will find they *have* had much to do with the question, and find too a meaning in the oft-read words, 'We are every one members one of another.'

"There, I fear I'm very rude, but I'm not a little angry when people who are blind say there is no light to see by. I've written so much, that I'm now afraid I shall tire you too much: but I do so want to tell you what I feel now, even more than when I began—no words *can* tell you—*how* close, and true, and tried a friend *Fors* is.

"Last winter there was great distress in this town. Many persons were thrown out of employment because there was 'great depression in the shoe trade': of course among some classes there was great suffering. Yet, with children literally starving because their fathers could get no work to do, all the winter through, and up to the present time, a 'traction engine' (I think they call it) was at work levelling, etc., the streets, and a machine brush swept them,—past the very door of a house where there was a family of little children starving. 'They have pawned about everything in the house but the few clothes they have on, and have had no food since yesterday morning,' I was told on *Christmas Day*. All the winter through I could not get one person who talked to me of 'the distress in the shoe trade' to see that it was only like applying a plaster to a broken limb, instead of setting the bone, to give coal and bread tickets to these poor starving people, and was not really 'feeding the hungry.' People are, as far as I know, *never* half fed by such means, but over-fed one day in the week, and left foodless the other six.*

"I talked earnestly to a 'Board' schoolmistress who is 'educating' near three hundred children; but, alas! she persisted in saying, 'It would be a disgraceful thing if we had

* Compare Letter 61, § 1 [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 483–484].

not the engine and brush, when other towns have got them long ago.' Will you not believe that in such a winter it was good to get *Fors?* People do listen to you.

"John Guy's letter is glorious.[1] I am so thankful for it. I would like to tell him so, but fear he may not read the name 'Companion' as I do."

11. I should not have given this letter large type for the portions referring to myself; but I wish its statement of the distress for food among the poorer classes—distress which is the final measure of decrease of National wealth —to be compared with the triumphant words of Mr. Goldwin Smith in contemplation of the increased number of chimneys at Reading[2] (and I suppose also of the model gaol which conceals from the passing traveller the ruins of its Abbey). And I will pray my first correspondent[3] to believe me, that if once he thoroughly comprehends the quantity of fallacy and of mischief involved in these thoughtless expressions of vulgar triumph, and sets himself to contradict and expose them, he will no longer be sensitive to the less or more of severity in the epithets given to their utterers. The following passage from another of his letters on this subject, with my following general answer, may, I think, sufficiently conclude what is needful to be said on this subject:—

"To quite free my mind from the burden which it has long carried, I will speak, too, of what you have said of Goldwin Smith, and Mill. I know that men who fail to see that political change is purely mischievous* are so far 'geese,'[4] but I know, too, that it is wrong to call them geese. They are not entirely so; and of the geese or half-geese who follow them in flocks, about the noblest quality is that they are loyal to and admire their leaders, and are hurt and made angry when names which they do not like are used of those leaders."

* I had not the slightest intention of alluding to *this* failure of theirs, which happens to be my own also.

[1] [See Letter 78, § 23 (p. 144).]
[2] [See Letter 78, § 19 (p. 141).]
[3] [Mr. Horsfall: see above, p. 149.]
[4] [See Letter 79, § 8, *note c* (p. 152).]

12. Well, my dear sir, I solemnly believe that the less they like it, the better my work has been done.[1] For you will find, if you think deeply of it, that the chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools, and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all past time inaudible. This is, first, the result of the invention of printing,[2] and of the easy power and extreme pleasure to vain persons of seeing themselves in print. When it took a twelvemonth's hard work to make a single volume legible, men considered a little the difference between one book and another; but now, when not only anybody can get themselves made legible through any quantity of volumes, in a week, but the doing so becomes a means of living to them, and they can fill their stomachs with the foolish foam of their lips,* the universal pestilence of falsehood fills the mind of the world as cicadas do olive-leaves, and the first necessity for our mental government is to extricate from among the insectile noise, the few books and words that are Divine. And this has been my main work from my youth up,—not caring to speak my own words, but to discern,[3] whether in painting or scripture, what is eternally good and vital, and to strike away from it pitilessly what is worthless and venomous. So that now, being old, and thoroughly practised in this trade, I know either of a picture—a book—or

* Just think what a horrible condition of life it is that any man of common vulgar wit, who knows English grammar, can get, for a couple of sheets of chatter in a magazine, two-thirds of what Milton got altogether for *Paradise Lost!*[4] all this revenue being of course stolen from the labouring poor, who are the producers of all wealth. (Compare the central passage of *Fors* 11, § 5.[5])

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[1] [Ruskin's note for Index here is:—
"Anger,—ought to be caused in rogues by just blame. Compare Plato, viii. 832."]

[2] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 125 *n.*); *Ariadne Florentina*, § 42 (Vol. XXII. pp. 326–327; and *St. Mark's Rest*, § 70 (Vol. XXIV. p. 262).]

[3] [Compare Letter 41 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 81); and Vol. XXV. p. 112, with the other passages there noted.]

[4] [See Vol. VII. p. 449.]

[5] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 184–185.]

a speech, quite securely whether it is good or not, as a cheesemonger knows cheese;—and I have not the least mind to try to make wise men out of fools, or silk purses out of sows' ears; but my one swift business is to brand them of base quality, and get them out of the way, and I do not care a cobweb's weight whether I hurt the followers of these men or not,—totally ignoring them, and caring only to get the facts concerning the men themselves fairly and roundly stated for the people whom I have real power to teach. And for qualification of statement, there is neither time nor need. Of course there are few writers capable of obtaining any public attention who have not some day or other said something rational; and many of the foolishest of them are the amiablest, and have all sorts of minor qualities of a most recommendable character,—propriety of diction, suavity of temper, benevolence of disposition, wide acquaintance with literature, and what not. But the one thing I have to assert concerning them is that they are men of eternally worthless intellectual quality, who never ought to have spoken a word in this world, or to have been heard in it, out of their family circles; and whose books are merely so much floating fogbank, which the first breath of sound public health and sense will blow back into its native ditches for ever.[1]

[1] [For a criticism of § 12 in the *Spectator* and Ruskin's reply, see below, pp. 318–321.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

18. (BEFORE entering on general business, I must pray the reader's attention to the following letter, addressed by me to the Editor of the *Standard* on the 24th of August:—

"*To the Editor of the 'Standard'*

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
"*24th August*, 1877.

"SIR,—My attention has been directed to an article in your columns of the 22nd inst. referring to a supposed correspondence between Mr. Lowe and me.[1] Permit me to state that the letter in question is not Mr. Lowe's. The general value of your article as a review of my work and methods of writing, will I trust be rather enhanced than diminished by the correction, due to Mr. Lowe, of this original error; and the more that your critic in the course of his review expresses his not unjustifiable conviction that no correspondence between Mr. Lowe and me is possible on any intellectual subject whatever.

"I am, Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"JOHN RUSKIN.")

14. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

I shall retain the word "Company" to the close of the seventh volume of *Fors*,[2] and then substitute whatever name our association may have been registered under, if such registration can be effected. Supposing it cannot, the name which we shall afterwards use will be "Guild," as above stated.[3]

I regret that the Abbey Dale property still stands in my name; but our solicitors have not yet replied to my letter requesting them to appoint new Trustees;[4] and I hope that the registration of the Guild may soon enable me to transfer the property at once to the society as a body.

[1] [As explained above (p. 177 *n.*), a letter from Coventry Patmore, printed in *Fors*, had been attributed in the newspapers to Lowe. See the *Times*, August 21 (8 *f*) and the *Monetary Gazette*, August 25. The *Standard* had a leading article founded on this idea on August 22. The article concluded with the words: "The world will be made no wiser by any controversy between Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Lowe, for it would be impossible to reduce their figures or facts to a common denominator." The mistake was corrected in the *Times* on August 25, and Ruskin's letter to the *Standard* appeared on August 28. It was reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 275.]

[2] [Letters 73 to 84 constituted the seventh volume of the original edition.]

[3] [See Letter 80, § 11 (p. 182).]

[4] [See Letter 79, § 14 (p. 164).]

I ought, by rights, as the Guild's *master*, to be at present in Abbey Dale itself; but as the Guild's *founder*, I have quite other duties. See the subsequent note on my own affairs.

Our accounts follow, which I can only hope will be satisfactory, as, in these stately forms, I don't understand them myself. The practical outcome of them is, that we have now of entire property, five thousand Consols, (and something over);—eight hundred pounds balance in cash; thirteen acres freehold at Abbey Dale,—twenty at Bewdley, two at Barmouth, and the Walkley Museum building, ground, and contents.

I must personally acknowledge a kind gift of three guineas, to enable St. George, with no detriment to his own pocket, to meet the appeal in the Correspondence of *Fors* 80, § 20 [p. 189].

15. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I said just now that I ought to be at Abbey Dale; and truly I would not fail to be there, if I had only the Guild's *business* to think of. But I have the Guild's schools to think of, and while I know there are thousands of men in England able to conduct our business affairs better than I, when once they see it their duty to do so, I do not believe there is another man in England able to organize our elementary lessons in Natural History and Art. And I am therefore wholly occupied in examining the growth of Anagallis tenella,[1] and completing some notes on St. George's Chapel at Venice;[2] and the Dalesmen must take care of themselves for the present.

Respecting my own money matters, I have only to report that things are proceeding, and likely to proceed to the end of this year, as I intended, and anticipated: that is to say, I am spending at my usual rate (with an extravagance or two beyond it), and earning nothing.

16. (III.) The following notes on the existing distress in India, by correspondents of the *Monetary Gazette*, are of profound import. Their slightly predicatory character must be pardoned, as long as our Bishops have no time to attend to these trifling affairs of the profane world.

"Afflictions spring not out of the ground, nor is this dire famine an accident that might not have been averted. David in the numbering of Israel sinned in the pride and haughtiness of his heart, and the retribution of Heaven was a pestilence that from Dan to Beersheba slew in one day seventy thousand men. The case of India is exactly parallel. This rich country has been devastated by bad Government, and the sins of the rulers are now visited on the heads of the unoffending and helpless people. These poor sheep, what have they done? It cannot be denied that, taking the good years and the bad together, India is capable of supplying much more corn than she can possibly consume; and besides, she can have abundant stores left for exportation. But the agricultural resources of the land are paralyzed by a vile system of finance, the crops remain insufficient, the teeming population is never properly fed, but is sustained, even in the best of times, at the lowest point of vitality. So that, when drought comes, the food supplies fall short at once, and the wretched hungry people are weak and prostrate in four-and-twenty hours. The ancient rulers of India by their wise forethought did much, by the

[1] [Ruskin's notes on this plant (the little bog Pimpernel) are now added to *Proserpina:* see Vol. XXV. p. 543.]

[2] [Chapter x. of *St. Mark's Rest* ("The Shrine of the Slaves") published in December 1877.]

SHEFFIELD MUSEUM ACCOUNT, FROM JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 30, 1877.

Dr. *Cr.*

1877.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	To Cash in hand[1] .	16	3	1			
8.	,, Mrs. Hannah Grant . .	0	1	0			
Feb. 10.	,, J. Ruskin (cheque)	50	0	0			
May 1.	,, Ditto ditto	50	0	0			
June 30.	,, Ditto ditto	50	0	0			
					166	4	1
					£166	4	1

1877.	*Current Expenses.*	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	By Curator's salary .	25	0	0			
8.	,, Fire Insurance .	0	4	6			
31.	,, Gas	1	14	3			
Feb. 7.	,, Water rate . .	0	5	7			
Mar. 31.	,, Property Tax . .	0	7	2			
Apr. 1.	,, Curator's salary .	25	0	0			
9.	,, District rate . .	1	19	0			
May 2.	,, Gas (temporarily employed in heating; will not be used during ensuing winter) . .	6	6	9			
June 11.	,, Water . . .	0	5	8			
14.	,, Poor rate . .	0	13	5			
25.	,, Ditto in addition of land . . .	0	1	9			
					61	18	1
	Building and Grounds.						
Jan. 11.	By J. Tunnard (wooden gate and joinery).	2	14	9			
Feb. 13.	,, W. Webster (gateway and wall-work)	5	4	7			
Mar. 10.	,, B. Bagshawe (transfer of fresh land).	1	16	2			
22.	,, J. C. and J. S. Ellis (on account) .	10	0	0			
Apr. 20.	,, J. Swift (wood and zinc) . . .	0	8	0			
May 1.	,, J. C. and J. S. Ellis (balance, hot water apparatus) . .	10	14	0			
5.	,, J. Smith (drains) .	0	12	0			
14.	,, Fisher, Holmes and Co. (grass seed) .	0	8	0			
,,	,, E. Richardson (tree planting) . .	2	0	0			
19.	,, Geo. Creswick (gravel) . .	1	17	6			
,,	,, C. Ellis and J. S. Smith (labour on path and road) .	9	13	2			
					45	8	2
	Cases and Fittings.						
Mar. 3.	By W. Chaloner (on account) . .	5	0	0			
16.	,, W. Chaloner (balance, table and fittings) . .	6	4	6			
May 1.	,, Leaf and Co. (velvets)	4	12	6			
14.	,, B. Dixon (silk) .	0	5	0			
21.	,, B. Dixon (silk) .	0	12	8			
,,	,, Brooks and Son (silk)	0	12	0			
					17	6	8
June 30.	,, Carriage of goods and postage				5	2	5
,,	,, Petty expenses . . .				1	5	7
,,	,, Cash in hand				35	3	7
					£166	4	1

Examined and found correct, Aug. 22, 1877. WM. WALKER.

[1] [From account at end of Letter 74 (p. 49).]

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (Chancery Lane Branch), IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND.

Dr. *Cr.*

1877.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	To Balance[1] . . .	191	9	1
23.	,, Per Mr. J. Ruskin, draft at Bridgwater (Talbot) . . .	50	0	0
,,	,, Ditto Ditto. .	26	11	3
,,	,, Ditto, Sheffield (Fowler) . . .	20	0	0
25.	,, Ditto, Brighton (Moss)	200	0	0
26.	,, Per Mrs. Bradley .	7	0	0
29.	,, Per Mr. J. Ruskin, Mr. Rydings' draft, less 1s. 8d. charges[2] .	33	13	4
Feb. 15.	,, Per Mr. J. Ruskin, draft at Bridgwater (Browne) . . .	100	0	0
19.	,, Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Douglas, less 1s. 6d. charges . .	28	18	6
Apr. 3.	,, Per Mr. Swan, left at Museum by "A Sheffield Working Man"	0	2	0
9.	,, Per ditto, from a "Sheffielder" . . .	0	2	6
20.	,, Per J. P. Stilwell .	25	0	0
May 7.	,, Per Mr. Swan, from a "Sheffield silversmith" . . .	0	4	0
11.	,, Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Wolverhampton .	50	0	0
18.	,, Per ditto, draft at Douglas, less 10d. charges . . .	17	13	2
26.	,, Proceeds of sale of £2853, 7s. 5d. Consols	2700	0	0
June 8.	,, Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Douglas, less 1s. 10d. charges . .	36	18	2
22.	,, Per Mr. J. Ruskin, Post Office Order .	1	0	0
30.	,, Draft at Croydon, per Mr. Rydings . .	2	2	0
		£3490	14	0

1877.		£	s.	d.
Apr. 23.	By power of attorney for sale of Consols . .	0	11	6
May 11.	,, Postage of pass-book .	0	0	3
,,	,, Power of attorney for sale of Consols .	0	11	6
26.	,, Mr. J. Ruskin . .	400	0	0
June 5.	,, To Deposit Account .	500	0	0
11.	,, Mr. B. Bagshawe .	2287	16	6
30.	,, Balance . . .	301	14	3
		£3490	14	0

July 1. To Balance . . . £301 14 3

[1] [From account at end of Letter 74 (p. 48).]
[2] [See, again, account at end of Letter 74 (p. 49).]

CASH STATEMENT OF ST. GEORGE'S FUND,

FROM JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 30, 1877

Receipts.	£	s.	d.	*Payments.*	£	s.	d.
Total from last account[1]	2310	0	11	Total from last account[1]	2177	1	9
Subscriptions and donations—				Powers of attorney for sale of Consols	1	3	0
See March *Fors*[2] 403 11 3				Postage of pass-book	0	0	3
See May ditto[3] 0 4 6				Commission of local banker on cheque	0	1	8
See July ditto[4] 25 4 0				Purchase of land at Abbey Vale, Sheffield	2287	16	6
Post Office Order by Mr. Ruskin 1 0 0				Fittings, salary, taxes, etc., at Museum, to June 30, less 1s. received from Mrs. H. Grant, as per separate account	130	19	6
	429	19	9	Mr. Bunney, for drawings	90	0	0
Subscriptions sent to Mr. Rydings as per his account in August *Fors*[5] 135 16 0				Mrs. Talbot, for repairs at Barmouth	80	12	0
Less local banker's charges 0 4 2				Mr. Bagshawe, for land at Sheffield	180	0	0
	135	11	10	Mr. Geddes	10	0	0
Sale of £2853, 7s. 5d. Consols	2700	0	0	Mr. Graham	5	0	0
Dividend on £8000 Consols, placed to Mr. Ruskin's account, to meet payments made by him for St. George	118	10	0	Mr. Burdon	5	0	0
Balance due to Mr. Ruskin for payments made for ditto (inclusive of £50 sent to Mr. Swan on the 30th June, and not accounted for in July *Fors*)	385	10	0	Mr. Murray, for painting and drawings	175	0	0
				Mr. Baker, for clearing land on Worcestershire estate	100	0	0
				Cash at banker's—			
				On deposit account £500 0 0			
				On current account 301 14 3			
				At Museum 35 3 7			
					836	17	10
	£6079	12	6		£6079	12	6

N.B.—The above will be made more intelligible if readers will kindly refer to the account on page 166 of July *Fors*.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH), IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND

Dr. *Cr.*

1877.	£	s.	d.	1877.	£	s.	d.
July 1. To Balance[6]	301	14	3	July 18. By Cheque to John Ruskin, Esq.	355	10	0
,, ,, Stamp allowed on power of attorney for sale of Consols	0	10	0				
14. ,, Per John Ruskin, Esq., sale of Japanese books	25	0	0				
16. ,, Per ditto, drafts at Bridgwater: Gift (Mrs. Talbot) £10 6 0							
Rents of Barmouth land 26 16 9							
	36	16	9				
19. ,, Per Mr. Swan from "Manchester Friends of St. George"	2	0	0				
Aug. 13. ,, Per John Ruskin, Esq., from Rev. R. St. J. Tyrwhitt, July 1 £20 0 0							
E. T. Russell, Esq., July 12 5 0 0							
Miss Susan Beever, July 20 7 6 0							
Charles W. Smith, Aug. 11 50 0 0							
	82	6	0	Aug. 15. By Balance	92	17	0
	£448	7	0		£448	7	0

Aug. 15. To Balance £92 17 0

[1] [At end of Letter 74.]
[2] [Letter 77, § 11 (p. 118).]
[3] [Letter 80: see accounts at end (p. 183).]
[4] [Letter 79: see accounts at end (p. 165).]
[5] [Letter 75, § 18 (p. 74).]
[6] [From the previous page.]

storage of water and by irrigation, to avoid these frightful famines; and the *ruins of their reservoirs and canals, which exist to this day, testify alike to their wisdom, and to the supreme folly of India's modern rulers.* Diverse principles of statesmanship underlie these different policies, and the germ of the whole case is hidden in these first principles. The ancients reserved from the 'fat' years some part of their produce against the inevitable 'lean' years which they knew would overtake them. When, therefore, the 'lean' years came, their granaries were comparatively full. You, with your boasted wisdom *of the nineteenth century*, in reality degenerate into the madness of blind improvidence. You do even worse. You draw on the future, by loans and kindred devices, in order to repair the errors and shortcomings of the present. The past was once the present, and you drew on what was then the future; that future is now the present, the bill is at maturity, there are no resources either in the storehouse or in the till, and famine comes of consequence. Nor is this all—the greater part of the folly and crime remains to be told. You have desolated the fairest portion of the land by the iniquities of usury. The cultivating classes are in hopeless indebtedness, the hereditary money-lender holds them firmly in his grasp, and the impoverished villagers have neither the means nor the heart properly to cultivate the soil. The rulers sit quietly by, while the normal state of things is that agriculture—the primitive industry of the land—is carried on under the vilest system of 'high finance'; where loans are regularly contracted even for the purchase of cattle, and of implements of husbandry, *and the rates of usury run from thirty to eighty per cent.* Agriculture is thus stunted and paralyzed by usury, and not by droughts; and as links in a natural chain of sequences, the earth refuses her increase, and the people perish. The blight and curse of India is usury. You and all your subordinates know it is so, and you do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. Your fathers planted that tree, so fair to behold, and so seemingly desirable, to make the partakers thereof rich; but it is *forbidden*, as was the tree in the early Paradise of man. Every great statesman who has written his fame in the history and in the laws of the world, has denounced and forbidden it. Are you wiser than they? Was Lycurgus a fool when he forbade it? Was Solon a fanatic when he poured his bitterest denunciations on it? Were Cato, Plato, and Aristotle mad when with burning words they taught its iniquities? Were the Councils of the Church of Rome drunk with insane prejudices, when one after another they condemned it as a mortal sin? Was the Protestant Church of England in deadly error, or in petty warfare against the science of political economy, against truth or against morality, when she declared it to be the revenue of Satan? Was Mahomet wrong when he strictly forbade it? or the Jewish Church when it poured its loudest anathemas on it as a crime of the first magnitude? They all with one accord, in all ages, under the influences of every form of civilization and religion, denounced and forbade it even in the smallest degree; and it has destroyed every nation where it has been established. In India it is not one per cent. which is inherently wrong, and insidiously destructive. It is *eighty per cent.*, with the present penalty of a deadly famine, and a sharp and complete destruction imminent.

"But this wisdom of Joseph in Egypt was not so rare in ancient times. The rulers of these epochs had not been indoctrinated with Adam Smith and the other political economists, whose fundamental maxim is, 'Every man for himself, and the devil for the rest.' Here is another illustration, and as it belongs to Indian history, it is peculiarly pertinent here. The Sultan, Ala-ud-din, fixed the price of grain, and received it as tribute; by these means so much royal grain came into Delhi, that there never was a time when there were not two or three royal granaries full of grain in the city. When there was a deficiency of rain, the royal stores were opened; corn was never deficient in the market, *and never rose above the fixed price.* If the rains had fallen regularly, and the seasons had always been favourable, there would have been nothing so wonderful in grain remaining at one price; but the extraordinary fact was, that though during the reign of Ala-ud-din there were years in which the rain was deficient, yet, instead of the usual scarcity, there was no want of corn

in Delhi, and there was no rise in the price, either of the grain brought out of the royal granaries or of that imported by the dealers. Once or twice when the rains failed to some extent, a market overseer reported that the price had risen half a jital, *and he received twenty blows with a stick.* That was an admirable administration for the people; our own is supreme folly in comparison. Perhaps if every time there were an Indian famine we were to administer twenty blows with a stick to a finance minister and a political economist, and were to hang up in every village the principal usurer, the nations might, by aid of these crude methods, arrive at a perception of the wisdom of ancient rule. We certainly would do much to prevent the recurrence of Indian famines after the establishment of that stern but salutary discipline.

"Talking of usury in India, the *Globe* has just published for public edification another illustration of this rampant iniquity. 'In a case which lately came before the Calcutta Small Cause Court, it was proved that during two years the debtor had paid 1450 rupees for the interest and amortization of an original debt of 600 rupees. Yet the creditor had so arranged the account that he was able to make a final claim of 450 rupees on account of principal, and 26 rupees as overdue interest. Thus, in the course of only two years, the loan of 600 rupees had swallowed up 1926 rupees, or at the rate of 963 rupees per annum. After deducting the amount of the original advance, the interest charges came to 681 rupees 8 annas a year, so that the creditor really recovered the debt, with 13½ per cent. interest, in the course of twelve months, and yet held as large a claim as ever against his victim. Owing to the non-existence of usury laws in India, the judge was compelled to give judgment against the defendant for the full sum claimed; but he marked his sense of the transaction by allowing the balance to be paid off in small monthly instalments. At the same time he expressed a regret, in which we heartily agree, that the Indian Civil Code contains no restrictions on the practice of usury.'

"I would 'heartily agree' also, if the regret were intended to fructify in a measure to put down usury altogether, and abolish the money-lender with all his functions. There will be no hope for India till that shall be done; and what is more, we shall have a famine of bread in England very shortly, if we do not deal effectually with that obnoxious gentleman at home."[1]

17. (IV.) The following more detailed exposition of my Manchester correspondent's designs for the founding of a museum for working men in that city, should be read with care.[2] My own comments, as before, are meant only to extend, not to invalidate, his proposals.

"It is many years since the brightest sunshine in Italy and Switzerland began to make me see chiefly the gloom and foulness of Manchester; since the purest music has been mingled for my ear with notes of the obscene songs which are all the music known to thousands of our workpeople; since the Tale of Troy and all other tales have been spoiled for me by the knowledge that 'for our working classes no such tales exist.'[3] Do not doubt that I know that those words are sorrowful,—that I know that while they are true, gladness cannot often be felt except by fools and knaves. We are so much accustomed to allow conditions of life to exist which make health impossible, and to build infirmaries and hospitals for a few of the victims of those conditions;—to allow people to be drawn into crime by irresistible temptations, which we might have removed, and to provide prison chaplains for the most troublesome criminals;—our beneficent activity is so apt to take the

[1] [*Monetary Gazette*, August 25, 1877; compare the issue for December 12, 1874. For subsequent notes on the Famine, see below, pp. 244, 281.]

[2] [For the letter to the *Manchester Guardian* on this subject, from the author's correspondent (Mr. Horsfall), see Letter 79, §§ 6–8 (pp. 149–156.]

[3] [See Letter 79, § 6 (p. 150).]

form of what, in Mrs. Fry's case, Hood so finely called 'nugatory teaching,'[1] that it is quite useless to urge people of our class to take up the work of making healthy activity of body and mind possible for the working classes of our towns, and a life less petty than that which we are now living, possible too for the rich. They prefer to work in hospitals and prisons. (*a*) The most hospital-like and therefore inviting name which I can find for the work which I have mentioned—a work to which I shall give what strength I have—is the 'cure of drunkenness.' Under the 'scientific treatment of drunkenness' I can find a place for every change that seems to me to be most urgently needed in Manchester and all manufacturing towns. Pray do not think that I am jesting, or that I would choose a name for the sake of deception. The name I have chosen quite accurately describes one aspect of the work to be done. I must write an explanation of the work, as I am not rich enough to do more than a small part by myself.

"There is, I believe, no doubt that in the last seventy or eighty years the higher and middle classes of English people, formerly as remarkable for drunkenness as our workmen now are, (*b*) have become much more temperate. I try to show what are the causes of the change, and how these causes, which do not yet affect the poor, may be made to reach them. I must tell you very briefly what we are already doing in Manchester, and what I shall try to get done. The work of smoke prevention goes on very slowly. The Noxious Vapours Association will have to enforce the law, which, if strictly enforced, would make all mill chimneys almost smokeless. But the 'nuisance sub-committees' will not enforce the law. We shall show as clearly and effectively as possible how grossly they neglect their duty. I believe that in a year or two all that the law can help us to do will be done, and the air will then be much purer. (*c*)

. . . . . .

18. "Music is one of the things most needed. The mood, which I know well, must be very well known by workpeople—the mood in which one does not wish to improve one's mind, or to talk, but only to rest. All men must know that temptation is never harder to resist than then. *We* have music to protect us, which calls up our best thoughts and feeling and memories. The poor have—the public-house,—where their thoughts and feelings are at the mercy of any one who chooses to talk or sing obscenely; and they are ordered to leave even that poor refuge if they don't order beer as often as the landlord thinks they ought to do. In every large English town there are scores of rich people who know what Austrian beer-gardens are,—how much better than anything in England; and yet nowhere has one been started. I am trying now to get a few men to join me in opening one. I should prefer to have tea and coffee and cocoa instead of beer, as our beer is much more stupefying than that which is drunk in Austria. All that is needed is a large,

(*a*) Most true. This morbid satisfaction of consciences by physicking people on their deathbeds, and preaching to them under the gallows, may be ranked among the most insidious mischiefs of modern society.[2] My correspondent must pardon St. George for taking little interest in any work which proposes to itself, even in the most expanded sense, merely curative results. Is it wholly impossible for him to substitute, as a scope of energy, for the "cure of drunkenness," the "distribution of food"? I heard only yesterday of an entirely well-conducted young married woman fainting in the street for hunger. If my correspondent would address himself to find everybody enough of Meat, he would incidentally, but radically, provide against anybody's having a superabundance of Drink.

(*b*) Compare the *Crown of Wild Olive*, §§ 148, 149 [Vol XVIII. p. 505].

(*c*) I omit part of the letter here: because to St. George's work it is irrelevant. St. George forbids, not the smoke only, but much more—the fire.

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[1] [For a note by Ruskin on this saying, see Letter 82, § 4 (p. 223).]

[2] [Compare Letter 9, § 4 (Vol. XXVII. p. 148).]

well-lighted, well-ventilated room;(*d*) where every evening three or four good musicians shall play such music as one hears in Austria,—music of course chosen by us, and not, as it is in music-halls, virtually by the lowest blackguards. (*e*) A penny or twopence will be paid at the door, to quite cover the cost of the music; and tea, etc., will be sold to people who want it; but no one will have to order anything for 'the good of the house.' Then there will be a place where a decent workman can take his wife or daughter, without having to pay more than he can well afford, and where he will be perfectly sure that they will hear no foul talk or songs. I don't know of any place of which that can now be said.

19. "Mr. Ward probably told you of my plans for a museum. I shall be very grateful to you if you will tell me whether or not they are good. (*f*) I want to make art again a teacher. I know that while our town children are allowed to live in filthy houses, to wear filthy clothes, to play in filthy streets, look up to a filthy sky, and love filthy parents, there can be very little in them—compared, at least, with what under other conditions there would be—that books, or art, or after-life can 'educate.' But still there is something,—far more than we have any right to expect. How very many of these children, when they grow up, do not become drunkards, do not beat their wives! When I see how good those already grown up are, how kind, as a rule, to each other, how tender to their children, I feel not only shame that we have left them unhelped so long; but, too, hope, belief, that in our day we can get as many people with common kindness and common sense, to work together, as will enable us to give them effective help.

"After all, town children sometimes see brightness. To-day the sky was radiantly blue: looking straight up, it was hardly possible to see that there was smoke in the air, though my eyes were full of 'blacks' when I left off watching the clouds drift.

"So long as people are helpful to each other and tender to their children, is there not something in them that art can strengthen and ennoble? Can we not find pictures, old or new, that will bring before them in beautiful forms their best

(*d*) Alas, my kindly friend—do you think there is no difference between a "room" and a "garden" then? The *Garden* is the essential matter; and the Daylight. Not the music, nor the beer, nor even the coffee.

(*e*) I will take up this subject at length, with Plato's help, in next *Fors*.[1] Meantime, may I briefly ask if it would not be possible, instead of keeping merely the bad *music* out of the hall, to keep the bad *men* out of it? Suppose the music, instead of being charged twopence for, were given of pure grace;—suppose, for instance, that rich people, who now endeavour to preserve memory of their respected relations, by shutting the light out of their church windows with the worst glass that ever good sand was spoiled into—would bequeath an annual sum to play a memorial tune of a celestial character?—or in any other pious way share some of their own operatic and other musical luxury with the poor; or even appoint a Christian lady-visitor, with a voice, to sing to them, instead of preach?—and then, as aforesaid, instead of permitting seats to be obtained for twopence, make the entry to such entertainments a matter of compliment, sending tickets of admission, as for Almack's, to persons who, though moneyless, might yet be perceived to belong to a penurious type of good society,—and so exclude "blackguards," whether lowest or highest, altogether. Would not the selection of the pieces become easier under such conditions?

(*f*) *Very* good;—but the main difficulty which we have to overcome is, not to form plans for a museum, but to find the men leisure to muse. My correspondent has not yet answered my question, why we, and they, have less than the Greeks had.[2]

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[1] [See Letter 82, §§ 17 *seq.* (pp. 237 *seq.*).]

[2] [See Letter 78, § 6, note (*c*) (above, p. 153). The subject is resumed at the beginning of Letter 83 (p. 257).]

feelings and thoughts? I speak of pictures with great diffidence. For what in them directly reveals noble human feeling I care deeply; but my eyes and brain are dull for both form and colour. I venture to speak of them at all to you only because I have thought much of the possibility of using them as means for teaching people who can barely read. Surely pictures must be able to tell tales, (*g*) even to people whose eyes have been trained in a Manchester back street. The plan which I wish to try is, to take, with the help of other men, a warehouse with some well-lighted walls. On these I would hang first the tale of the life of Christ, told by the copies published by the Arundel Society, as far as they can be made to tell it; and with the gaps, left by them, filled by copies made specially for us. Under the whole series the same history would be told in words, and under each picture there would be a full explanation. There are hundreds of English people who have never heard this tale; but it is the tale that is better known than any other. Other tales told by pictures, I hope, can be found.

"You speak hopelessly of the chance of finding painters for the actions of great Englishmen, but could you not find painters for English hills and woods? (*h*) I should like to make other people, and myself, look with their brains, eventually even with their hearts, at what they now see only with their eyes. So I would have drawings made of the prettiest places near Manchester to which people go on holidays. They should be so painted that, if rocks are seen, it may be easy to know what kind of rocks they are; if trees, what kind of trees. Under or near these pictures, there should be sketches in outline giving the names of all the principal things—'clump of oaks,' 'new red sandstone.' On the opposite wall I would have cases of specimens—large-scale drawings of leaves of trees, of their blossom and seeds. For pictures of hills there should be such plates, showing the leading lines of the hills, as you give in the 'Mountain' volume of *Modern Painters*. It might help to make us think of the wonderfulness of the earth if we had drawings—say of a valley in the coal measure district as it now is, and another of what it probably was when the coal plants were still growing. If each town had such a series of pictures and explanatory drawings, they might be copied by chromo-lithography, and exchanged.

(*g*) Yes, provided the tales be true, and the art honest. Is my correspondent wholly convinced that the tales he means to tell are true? For if they are not, he will find no good whatever result from an endeavour to amuse the grown-up working men of England with mediæval fiction, however elegant. And if they are true, perhaps there is other business to be done before painting them.

Respecting the real position of the modern English mind with respect to its former religion, I beg my readers' accuratest attention to Mr. Mallock's faultlessly logical article in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month, "Is life worth living?"[1]

(*h*) Possibly; but as things are going we shall soon have our people incredulous of the existence of these also. If we cannot keep the fields and woods themselves, the paintings of them will be useless. If you can, they are your best museum. It is true that I am arranging a museum in Sheffield, but not in the least with any hope of regenerating Sheffield by means of it;—only that it may be ready for Sheffield otherwise regenerated, to use. Nor should I trouble myself even so far, but that I know my own gifts lie more in the way of cataloguing minerals than of managing men.

The rest of my correspondent's letter, to its close, is of extreme value and interest.

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[1] [*Nineteenth Century*, September 1877. The first of five papers on the subject published in that magazine. They were afterwards recast, and published as a book, which also was entitled *Is Life Worth Living?* (1879). This was inscribed to Ruskin, and a dedicatory letter to him was printed (pp. vii.–ix.), acknowledging the author's indebtedness as "of an intellectual debtor to a public teacher," and that of "a private friend to the kindest of private friends."]

"We would have the photographs which you have described in *Fors*, or, better, coloured copies of the pictures, with all that you have written about them. Might we not have also good chromo-lithographs of good drawings, so that we might learn what to buy for our houses?

"I speak as if I thought that one museum could do measurable good in a huge city. I speak so because I hope that there are rich people enough, sick at heart of the misery which they now helplessly watch, to open other museums, if the first were seen to do good; or enough such people to lead the poor in forcing the authorities of the city to pay for museums from the rates.

20. "I would have good music in the museum every evening, and I would have it open on Sunday afternoons, and let fine music be played then too. I would do this for the same reason which makes me think little of 'temples.' How can churches help us much now? I have *heard no preacher tell us, in calmness or in anger, that it is the duty of our class—still the ruling class—to give the people light and pure air, and all that light and pure air, and only they, would bring with them.* (i) Until preachers have the wisdom to see, and the courage to say, that if while the people are being stifled, in body and mind, for air now, and only *may* want more water seven years hence, and probably will not want a Gothic town-hall even seventy years hence, we spend half a million pounds sterling on a town-hall, and I don't know how many millions for your Thirlmere water, we are guilty of grievous sin,—until they see and say this, how can the religion of which they are the priests help us? The poor and the rich are one people. If we can prevent the poor from being brutes, and do not, we are brutes too, though we be rich and educated brutes. Where two or three, or two or three hundred such, are gathered together—it matters not in what name—God is *not* in the midst of them. Some day I hope we shall be able again to meet in churches and to thank God—the poor for giving them good rulers, and we for giving us the peace which we shall not find until we have taken up our duty of ruling. At present many workmen, after drinking on Saturday till public-houses close, lie in bed on Sunday until public-houses open. Then they rise, and begin to drink again. Till churches will help many, I want museums to help a few. Till Sunday be a day which brings to us all a livelier sense that we are bound to God and man with bonds of love and duty, I would have it be at least a day when working men may see that there are some things in the world very good. The first day will do as well as the seventh for that. How can people, trained as our working classes now are, rest on Sunday? To me it seems that *our* Sunday rest, which finds us with stores of knowledge and wisdom that we could not have, had not hundreds of people worked for us, is as much out of the reach of workmen as the daintily cooked cold meats which we eat on Sunday when we wish to be very good to our servants."

21. (V.) Perhaps, after giving due attention to these greater designs, my readers may have pleasure in hearing of the progress of little Harriet's botanical museum; see *Fors* 61, § 21 [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 507–508].

"I have told Harriet of the blue 'Flag flowers' that grew in our garden at home, on the bank by the river, and I was as pleased as she, when among the roots given us, I found a Flag flower. One morning, when Harriet found a bud on it, she went half wild with delight. 'Now *I* shall see one of the flowers you tell about.' She watched it grow day by day, and said, 'It *will* be a grand *birthday* when it bursts open.' She begged me to let her fetch her 'father and little brother' up to look at the wonderfully beautiful (to her) flower on its 'birthday.' Of course I agreed; but, alas! almost as soon as it was open, a cat broke it off. Poor little Harriet!—it was a real grief to her: said flower was, like all our flowers (the soil is so *very* bad), a most pitiable, colourless thing, hardly to be known as a relative

(i) Italics mine.

of country flowers; but they are all 'most lovely' to Harriet: she tells me, 'We shall have such a garden as never was known,' which is perhaps very true.

"Harriet's plants don't ever live long, but she is learning to garden by degrees, —learning even by her mistakes. Her first daisy and buttercup roots, which you heard of, died, to *her* surprise, in their first winter. 'And I took ever such care of them,' she said; 'for when the snow came I scraped it all off, and covered them up nice and warm with *soot and ashes*, and *then* they died.'"

22. (VI.) Finally, and for hopefullest piece of this month's *Fors*, I commend to my readers every word of the proposals which, in the following report of the "Bread-winners' League," are beginning to take form in America; and the evidence at last beginning to be collected respecting the real value of railroads, which I print in capitals.

"'The Bread-winners' League'—an organization of workmen and politicians extending throughout the State of New York—publishes the following proclamation:—

"'Riots are the consequence of vicious laws, enacted for the benefit of the powerful few to the injury of the powerless many.

"'Labour, having no voice in our law-making bodies, will, of necessity, continue to strike.

"'Riot and bloodshed will spasmodically re-occur until these questions are squarely put before the American people for popular vote and legislative action.

"'It is an iniquity and absurdity that half-a-dozen railroad magnates can hold the very existence of the nation in their hands, and that we shall continue to be robbed by national banks and other moneyed corporations. That "resumption of labour" must be had is self-evident; and if the industrial and labouring classes desire to protect their just interests and independence, they must first emancipate themselves from party vassalage and secure direct and honest representation in the councils of the nation, state, and municipality.

"'The directors that by negligence or crime steal the earnings of the poor from savings banks, and render life insurance companies bankrupt, invariably escape punishment. And under existing laws there is no adequate protection for the depositors or the insured.'

"Justus Schwab,[1] the most prominent Communistic leader in the country, lays it down as part of the platform of his party that—

"'The Government must immediately take, control, own, and operate the railroads and work the mines. The only monopoly must be the Government.'

"At the Communistic meeting held in Tompkins Square a few nights ago, it was resolved that—

"'To secure the greatest advantages of economy and convenience resulting from the improvements of the age, and to guard against the cupidity of contractors, the fraudulent principle of interest on money, the impositions of the banking system, and the extortions practised by railroads, gas companies, and other organized monopolies, the system of contracting public work should be abolished, and all public improvements, such as postroads, railroads, gasworks, waterworks, mining operations, canals, post-offices, telegraphs, expresses, etc., should be public property, and *be conducted by Government* at reasonable rates, for the interest of society.'

"Thus, you observe, the Ohio Republicans, in their official declarations, are at one with the Communists.

"Judge West, the candidate of the Ohio Republicans for the office of Governor, in a speech upon receiving the nomination, said:—

"'I desire to say, my fellow-citizens, to you a word only upon a subject which I know is uppermost in the minds and in the hearts of most of you. It is that the industry of our country shall be so rewarded as that labour shall at least

[1] [See below, p. 252 *n.*]

receive that compensation which shall be the support and sustenance of the labourer. I do not know how it may certainly be brought about. But if I had the power, I would try one experiment at least. I would prohibit the great railroad corporations, the great thoroughfares of business and trade, from so reducing their rates by ruinous competition as to disable themselves from paying a just compensation to their operators.

"'I would go further, and would arrange and fix a minimum of prices for all who labour in the mines and upon the railroads, and then require that from all the net receipts and the proceeds of the capital invested the labourer at the end of the year should, in addition to his fixed compensation, receive a certain per cent. of the profits.

"'Then, if the profits were insufficient to compensate you as liberally as you might otherwise desire, you would bear with your employers a portion of the loss. But if these receipts be sufficient to make a division, we would in God's name let the labourer, who is worthy of his hire, share a portion of the profits.'

"Three other facts are worthy of attention:—

"1. THERE ARE 811 RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND OF THESE ONLY 196 THAT PAID A DIVIDEND WITHIN THE LAST FISCAL YEAR. IN SIXTEEN STATES AND TERRITORIES NOT A SINGLE RAILROAD HAS PAID A DIVIDEND. THERE ARE 71 RAILROADS IN NEW YORK, AND ONLY 20 OF THEM PAID A DIVIDEND; 53 IN ILLINOIS, AND ONLY 7 PAID A DIVIDEND; 18 IN WISCONSIN, AND ONLY 1 PAID A DIVIDEND; AND SO ON.

"2. THE NUMBER OF COMMERCIAL FAILURES THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE COUNTRY DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THIS YEAR WAS 4749; DURING THE FIRST HALF OF 1876 IT WAS 4600; DURING THE FIRST HALF OF 1875 IT WAS 3563. BUSINESS GROWS WORSE INSTEAD OF BETTER.

"3. CONGRESS, AT ITS COMING SESSION, WILL BE ASKED TO VOTE A SUBSIDY OF $91,085,000, IN THE SHAPE OF A GUARANTEE OF INTEREST ON BONDS, TO BUILD 2431 MILES OF THE TEXAS AND PACIFIC RAILROAD, AND THIS JOB WILL PROBABLY BE SUCCESSFUL."

LETTER 82

HEAVENLY CHOIRS[1]

BRANTWOOD, *13th September*, 1877.

1. I REALLY thought *Fors* would have been true to its day, this month; but just as it was going to press, here is something sent me by my much-honoured friend Frederick Gale (who told me of the race-horse and kitten[2]), which compels me to stop press to speak of it.

It is the revise of a paper which will be, I believe, in *Baily's Magazine* by the time this *Fors* is printed;—a sketch of English manners and customs in the days of Fielding[3] (whom Mr. Gale and I agree in holding to be a truly moral novelist, and worth any quantity of modern ones since Scott's death,—be they who they may).

But my friend, though an old Conservative, seems himself doubtful whether things may not have been a little worse managed, in some respects, then, than they are now: and whether some improvements may not really have taken place in the roads,—postage, and the like: and chiefly his faith in the olden time seems to have been troubled by some reminiscences he has gathered of the manner of inflicting capital punishment in the early Georgian epochs. Which manner, and the views held concerning such punishment, which dictate the manner, are indeed among the

[1] ["Of Books" and "The Nurse's Song" (see below, § 18) were rejected titles for this Letter.]

[2] [See Letter 79, § 13 (p. 162).]

[3] [The reference is to an article entitled "Social Life in the Last Century," which appeared in *Baily's Magazine* for October 1877, vol. 31, pp. 78–89. Mr. Gale remarks with regard to Fielding, "I am very fond of the old novels of a century and a half ago; and although they have to be kept in a place by themselves, I firmly believe that there is more real morality in them than in half the books of the present day." On the morality of Fielding, compare Vol. XXVIII. pp. 287–288.]

surest tests of the nobility or vileness of men: therefore I will ask my friend, and my readers, to go with me a little farther back than the days of Fielding, if indeed they would judge of the progress, or development, of human thought on this question;—and hear what, both in least and in utmost punishment, was ordained by *literally* "Rhadamanthine" law, and remained in force over that noblest nation who were the real Institutors of Judgment,* some eight hundred years, from the twelfth to the fourth century before Christ.

2. I take from Müller's *Dorians*,[1] Book III., chap. xi., the following essential passages (italics always mine):—

"*Property* was, according to the Spartan notions, to be *looked upon as a matter of indifference;* in the decrees and institutions attributed to Lycurgus, no mention was made of this point, and the ephors were permitted to judge according to their own notions of equity. The ancient legislators had an evident repugnance to any strict regulations on this subject; thus Zaleucus—who however first made particular enactments concerning the right of property—*expressly interdicted certificates of debt.* . . .

"The ephors decided all disputes concerning money and property, as well as in accusations against responsible officers, provided they were not of a criminal nature; the kings decided in cases of heiresses and adoptions. Public offences, *particularly of the kings and other authorities,* were decided by an extreme course of judicature. The popular assembly had probably no judicial" (meaning only elective) "functions: disputes concerning the succession to the throne were referred to it only after ineffectual attempts to settle them, and it then passed a decree. . . .

"Among the various punishments which occur, fines levied on property would appear ridiculous in any other state than Sparta, on account of their extreme lowness. Perseus, in his treatise on the Lacedæmonian government, says that 'the judge immediately condemns the rich man to the loss of a *dessert* (ἐπάϊκλον); the poor he orders to bring a reed, or a rush, or laurel leaves for a public banquet.' Nicocles the Lacedæmonian says upon the same subject, 'when the ephor has heard all the witnesses, he either acquits the defendant or condemns him; and the successful plaintiff slightly fines him in a cake, or some laurel leaves,' which were used to give a relish to the cakes. . . .

"Banishment was probably never a regular punishment in Sparta, for the law could hardly compel a person to do that which, if he had done

* The Mosaic law never having been observed by the Jews in literalness.

[1] [Referred to also in *Crown of Wild Olive*, Vol. XVIII. p. 472. See vol. ii. pp. 232, 233, 235–236, 238, 241, 242, 239–240, of the English edition of 1830. Dots have been inserted to show where Ruskin omits passages.]

it voluntarily, would have been punished with death. . . . On the other hand, banishment exempted a person from the most severe punishments, and, according to the principles of the Greeks, preserved him from every persecution; so that even a person who was declared an outlaw by the Amphictyons was thought secure when out of the country. There is no instance in the history of Sparta of any individual being banished for political reasons, so long as the ancient constitution continued. . . .

"The laws respecting the penalty of death which prevailed in the Grecian, and especially in the Doric, states, were derived from Delphi. They were entirely founded upon the ancient rite of expiation, by which a limit was first set to the fury of revenge, and a fixed mode of procedure in such cases was established. . . .

"The Delphian institutions were, however, doubtless connected with those of Crete, where Rhadamanthus was reported by ancient tradition to have first established courts of justice, and a system of law (the larger and more important part of which, in early times, is always the criminal law).* Now as Rhadamanthus is said to have made exact retaliation the fundamental principle of his code, it cannot be doubted, after what has been said in the second book on the connection of the worship of Apollo, and its expiatory rites, with Crete, that in this island the harshness of that principle was early softened by religious ceremonies, in which victims and libations took the place of the punishment which should have fallen on the head of the offender himself.

"The punishment of death was inflicted either by strangulation, in a room of the public prison, or by throwing the criminal into the Cæadas,† a ceremony which was always performed by night. It was also in ancient times the law of Athens that no execution should take place in the daytime. So also the Senate of the Æolic Cume (whose antiquated institutions have been already mentioned) decided criminal cases during the night, and voted with covered balls, nearly in the same manner as the kings of the people of Atlantis, in the *Critias* of Plato. These must not be considered as oligarchical contrivances for the undisturbed execution of severe sentences, but they must be attributed to the dread of pronouncing and putting into execution the sentence of death, and to an unwillingness to bring the terrors of that penalty before the eye of day. A similar repugnance is expressed in the practice of Spartan Gerusia, which never passed sentence of death without several days' deliberation, nor ever without the most conclusive testimony."

* I have enclosed this sentence in brackets, because it is the German writer's parenthesis, from his own general knowledge; and it shows how curiously unconscious he had remained of the real meaning of the "retaliation" of Rhadamanthus, which was of good for good, not of evil for evil.[1] See the following note.

† I did not know myself what the Cæadas was; so wrote to my dear old friend, Osborne Gordon, who tells me it was probably a chasm in the limestone rock; but his letter is so interesting that I keep it for *Deucalion*.[2]

[1] [See Letter 23, § 16 (Vol. XXVII. p. 409).]

[2] [Where, however, it was not used. For this chasm, see Strabo, viii. 367, and Thucydides, i. 134.]

3. These being pre-Christian views of the duty and awfulness of capital punishment—(we all know the noblest instance[1] of that waiting till the sun was behind the mountains)—here is the English eighteenth-century view of it, as a picturesque and entertaining ceremony:—

"As another instance of the matter-of-course way of doing business in the olden time, an old Wiltshire shepherd pointed out to a brother of mine a place on the Downs where a highwayman was hung, on the borders of Wilts and Hants. 'It was quite a pretty sight,' said the old man; 'for the sheriffs and javelin-men came a-horseback, and they all stopped at the Everleigh Arms for refreshment, as they had travelled a long way.' 'Did the man who was going to be hanged have anything?' 'Lord, yes, as much strong beer as he liked; and we drank to his health, and then they hung he, and buried him under the gallows.'"[2]

4. Now I think the juxtaposition of these passages may enough show my readers how vain it is to attempt to reason from any single test, however weighty in itself,—to general conclusions respecting national progress. It would be as absurd to conclude, from the passages quoted, that the English people in the days of George the Third were in all respects brutalized, and in all respects inferior to the Dorians in the days of Rhadamanthus, as it is in the modern philanthropist of the Newgatory* school to conclude that we are now entering on the true Millennium, because we can't bear the idea of hanging a rascal for his crimes,[3]

* As a literary study, this exquisite pun of Hood's (quoted by my correspondent in last *Fors*[4]), and intensely characteristic of the man, deserves the most careful memory, as showing what a noble and instructive lesson even a pun may become, when it is deep in its purpose, and founded on a truth which is perfectly illustrated by the seeming equivocation.

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[1] [The death of Socrates: see Plato's *Phædo*, 116, 117.]
[2] [From Mr. Gale's article as cited above (p. 220 *n.*), pp. 86–87.]
[3] [On this subject, see Vol. XXVII. p. 667 *n.*]
[4] [See Letter 81, § 17 (p. 214). Another pun which Ruskin loved was Hood's dying jest to his wife: "My dear, I fear you'll lose your lively Hood." Ruskin used to refer to this with admiration for the calm and peace of mind which the dying man's playfulness implied. "Hood," wrote Ruskin of his puns, "is so awful under his fun that one never can laugh": see (in a later volume of this edition) the letter to C. E. Norton of November 29, 1858.]

though we are quite ready to drown any quantity of honest men for the sake of turning a penny on our insurance;[1] and though (as I am securely informed) from ten to twelve public executions of entirely innocent persons take place in Sheffield, annually, by crushing the persons condemned under large pieces of sandstone thrown at them by steam-engines; in order that the moral improvement of the public may be secured, by furnishing them with carving-knives sixpence a dozen cheaper than, without these executions, would be possible.

5. All evidences of progress or decline have therefore to be collected in mass,—then analyzed with extreme care,—then weighed in the balance of the Ages, before we can judge of the meaning of any one:—and I am glad to have been forced by Fors to the notice of my friend's paper, that I may farther answer a complaint of my Manchester correspondent,[2] of which I have hitherto taken no notice, that I under-estimate the elements of progress in Manchester. My answer is, in very few words, that I am quite aware there are many amiable persons in Manchester—and much general intelligence. But, taken as a whole, I perceive that Manchester can produce no good art, and no good literature; it is falling off even in the quality of its cotton; it has reversed, and vilified in loud lies, every essential principle of political economy; it is cowardly in war, predatory in peace; and as a corporate body, plotting at last to steal, and sell, for a profit,* the waters of Thirlmere and clouds of Helvellyn.[3]

* The reader must note—though I cannot interrupt the text to explain, that the Manchester (or typically commercial,—compare *Fors*, Letter 70, § 4[4]) heresy in political economy is twofold,—first, what may specifically be called

[1] [See Letter 56, § 18 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 394).]
[2] [Mr. Horsfall: see above, pp. 149, 204, 213.]
[3] [For a note on this subject, see Vol. XIII. p. 517 *n.* Opposition to the Manchester scheme was at this time being promoted by Mr. R. Somervell, a Companion of St. George's Guild, and his pamphlets were circulated with *Fors* (see Vol. XXVII. p. cviii.).]
[4] [Vol. XXVIII. p. 715.]

And therefore I have no serious doubt that the Rhadamanthine verdict* on that society, being distinctly retributive, would be, not that the Lake of Thirlmere should be brought to the top of the town of Manchester, but that the town of Manchester, or at least the Corporation thereof, should be put at the bottom of the Lake of Thirlmere.

You think I jest, do you? as you did when I said I should like to destroy the New Town of Edinburgh,[1]—(see notes in Correspondence, on the article in the *Scotsman*[2]), and the city of New York?

the Judasian heresy,—that the value of a thing is what it will fetch in the market: "This ointment might have been sold for much,[3]—this lake may be sold for much,—this England may be sold for much,—this Christ may be sold for[4]—little; but yet, let us have what we can get," etc.; and, secondly, what may specifically be called the "heresy of the tables"—*i.e.*, of the money-changers—that money begets money,[5] and that exchange is the root of profit. Whereas only labour is the root of profit, and exchange merely causes loss to the producer by tithe to the pedlar.

Whereupon I may also note, for future comparison of old and new times, the discovery made by another of my good and much-regarded friends, Mr. Alfred Tylor, who is always helping me, one way or other;[6] and while lately examining some documents of the old Guilds, for I forget what purpose of his own, it suddenly flashed out upon him, as a general fact concerning them, that they never looked for "profit"—(and, practically, never got it),—but only cared that their work should be good, and only expected for it, and got surely, day by day, their daily bread.

* More properly, in this case, the *Minoan* verdict. Though I do not care for "discoveries,"[7] and never plume myself on them, but only on clear perception of long-known facts; yet, as I leave my work behind me, I think it right to note of new things in it what seem to me worthy,—and the analysis of the powers of the three Judges,—Minos, the Punisher of Evil; Rhadamanthus, the Rewarder of Good; and Æacus, the Divider of Possession,—is, I believe, mine exclusively.[8]

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[1] [See Letter 1, § 4 (Vol. XXVII. p. 15.)]
[2] [Below, p. 254.]
[3] [Matthew xxvi. 9.]
[4] [See Matthew xxvi. 15, 16.]
[5] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 277 (Vol. XXIII. p. 161).]
[6] [See *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. pp. 290, 365.]
[7] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 124.]
[8] [This analysis of the function of the three Judges is given in Letter 23, § 16 (Vol. XXVII. p. 409). It is to be found also (partly stated) in *Aratra Pentelici*, § 207 (Vol. XX. p. 352), and in *Val d'Arno*, § 199 (Vol. XXIII. p. 117). But it is most clearly and fully set out in "The Tortoise of Ægina," a lecture which Ruskin had not published: see Vol. XX. pp. 382–385.]

My friends, I did not jest then, and do not, now. I am no Roman Catholic,[1]—yet I would not willingly steal holy water out of a font, to sell;—and being no Roman Catholic, I hold the hills and vales of my native land to be true temples of God, and their waves and clouds holier than the dew of the baptistery, and the incense of the altar.

6. And to these Manchester robbers, I would solemnly speak again the words which Plato wrote[2] for prelude to the laws forbidding crimes against the Gods,—though crimes to him inconceivable as taking place among educated men. "Oh, thou wonderful" (meaning wonderful in wretchedness), "this is no human evil that is upon thee, neither one sent by the Gods, but a mortal pestilence and œstrus * begotten among men from old and uncleansed iniquities: wherefore, when such dogmas and desires come into thy soul, that thou desirest to steal sacred things, seek first to the shrines for purification, and then for the society of good men; and hear of them what they say, and with no turning or looking back, fly out of the fellowship of evil men:—and if, in doing this, thy evil should be lightened, well; but if not, then holding death the fairer state for thee, depart thou out of this life."

For indeed † "the legislator knows quite well that to such men there is 'no profit' in the continuance of their lives; and that they would do a double good to the rest of men, if they would take their departure, inasmuch as they would be an example to other men not to offend, and they would relieve the city of bad citizens."

7. I return now to what I began a week ago, thinking

* There is no English word for this Greek one, symbolical of the forms of stinging fury which men must be transformed to beasts, before they can feel.[3]

† The closing sentence from this point is farther on in the book.[4] I give Jowett's translation, p. 373.—The inverted commas only are mine.

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[1] [See above, p. 92.]
[2] [*Laws*, book ix. 854 B, C.]
[3] [See Letter 83, § 24 (p. 281).]
[4] [*Laws*, book ix., 862 E. The following reference is to vol. iv. of Jowett's *Plato* (first edition 1871).]

them, as I said,[1] to be in the best of time. And truly the lateness of *Fors* during the last four or five months has not been owing to neglect of it, but to my taking more pains with it, and spending, I am grieved to say, some ten or twelve days out of the month in the writing of it, or finishing sentences, when press correction and all should never take more than a week, else it gets more than its due share of my shortening life. And this has been partly in duty, partly in vanity, not remembering enough my often-announced purpose[2] to give more extracts from classical authors, in statement of necessary truth; and trust less to myself; therefore to-day, instead of merely using Plato's help, in talking of music, I shall give little more than his own words, only adding such notes as are necessary for their application to modern needs. But what he has said is so scattered up and down the two great treatises of the *Republic* and the *Laws*, and so involved, for the force and basis of it, with matter of still deeper import, that, arrange it how best I may, the reader must still be somewhat embarrassed by abruptness of transition from fragment to fragment, and must be content to take out of each what it brings. And indeed this arrangement is more difficult because, for my present purposes, I have to begin with what Plato concludes in,—for *his* dialogues are all excavatory work, throwing aside loose earth, and digging to rock foundation; but *my* work is edificatory, and I have to lay the foundation first. So that to-day I must begin with his summary of conclusions in the twelfth book of the *Laws*,* namely, that

"the Ruler must know the principle of good which is common to the four cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance; and which makes each and all of them virtue: and he must know, of what is beautiful and good, the principle that makes it beautiful, and makes it

* My own edition of Plato is Bekker's, printed by Valpy, 1826; and my own references, made during the last fifteen years, are all to page and line of this octavo edition, and will be given here,—after naming the book

[1] [§ 1 (p. 220).]
[2] [See, for instance, Letters 49 and 67 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 235–236, 648.)]

good; and knowing this, he must be able to set it forth first in words, and follow it out in action. Therefore, since of all beautiful things one of the most beautiful is the fact of the existence and power of the Gods, although it may be pardoned to the common people of the city that they know these things only by fame, no man may be a governor who has not laboured to acquire every faith concerning the existence of the Gods: and there should be no permission to choose, as a guardian of the laws, any one who is not a divine man, and one who has wholly gone through the sum of labour in such things,"—(meaning, having laboured until he has fought his way into true faith).

"And there are two lines of knowledge by which we arrive at belief in the Gods: the first, the right understanding of the nature of the soul, that it is the oldest and divinest of all the things to which motion, taking to itself the power of birth, gives perpetual being; and the other, the perception of order in the movements of matter, in the stars, and in all other things which an authoritatively ruling mind orders and makes fair. For of those who contemplate these things neither imperfectly nor idiotically, no one of men has been born so atheist as not to receive the absolutely contrary impression to that which the vulgar suppose. For to the vulgar it seems that people dealing with astronomy and the other arts that are concerned with necessary law, must become atheists, in seeing that things come of necessity, and not of the conception formed by a will desiring accomplishment of good. But that has been so only when they looked at them" (in the imperfect and idiotic way) "thinking that the soul was newer than matter, instead of older than matter, and after it, instead of before it,—thinking which, they turned all things upside-down, and themselves also: so that they could not see in the heavenly bodies anything but lifeless stones and dirt; and filled themselves with atheism and hardness of heart, against which the reproaches of the poets were true enough, likening the philosophers to dogs uttering vain yelpings. But indeed, as I have said, the contrary of all this is the fact. For of mortal men he only can be rightly wise and reverent to the Gods, who knows these two things—the Priority of the Spirit, and the Masterhood of Mind over the things in Heaven, and who knowing these things first, adding then to them those necessary [ἀναγκαῖα] parts of introductory learning of which we have often before spoken, and also those relating to the Muse, shall harmonize them all into the system of the practices and laws of states." *

of each series; thus, in the present case, *Laws*, XII. 632, 9, meaning the twelfth book of the *Laws*, 9th line of 632nd page in Bekker's 8th volume; but with this reference I will also give always, in brackets, that to the chapter in Stephanus, so that the full reference here is,—*Laws*, XII. 632, 9 (966).[1]

* The Greek sentence is so confused, and the real meaning of it so entirely dependent on the reader's knowledge of what has long preceded it, that I am obliged slightly to modify and complete it, to make it clear. Lest the reader should suspect any misrepresentation, here is Mr. Jowett's more literal rendering of it, which however, in carelessly omitting

[1] [Ruskin, in making notes for the Index, found that "the reference is wrong!" The correct references are to Bekker, 632, 12; 633, 3; and 634, 12; to Stephanus, 965 D, 966 C, E, 967. The translation here is Ruskin's.]

8. The word "necessary" in the above sentence, refers to a most important passage in the seventh book,[1] to understand which, I must now state, in summary, Plato's general plan of education.

It is founded primarily on the distinction between masters and servants; the education of servants and artizans being not considered in the *Laws*, but supposed to be determined by the nature of the work they have to do. The education he describes is only for the persons whom we call "gentlemen"—that is to say, landholders, living in idleness on the labour of slaves. (The Greek word for slave and servant is the same; our word slave being merely a modern provincialism contracted from "Sclavonian." See *St. Mark's Rest*, Supplement I.[2])

Our manufacturers, tradesmen, and artizans, would therefore be left out of question, and our domestic servants and

one word (*ἀναγκαῖα*) and writing "acquired the previous knowledge," instead of "acquired the previous *necessary* knowledge," has lost the clue to the bearing of the sentence on former teaching:—

"No man can be a true worshipper of the Gods who does not know these two principles—that the soul is the eldest of all things which are born, and is immortal, and rules over all bodies; moreover, as I have now said several times, he who has not contemplated the mind of nature which is said to exist in the stars, and acquired the previous knowledge, and seen the connection of them with music, and harmonized them all with laws and institutions, is not able to give a reason for such things as have a reason."

Compare the Wisdom of Solomon, xiii. 1–9:—

"Surely vain are all men by nature, who are ignorant of God, and could not out of the good things that are seen, know him that is: neither by considering the works did they acknowledge the workmaster; but deemed either fire, or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven, to be the gods which govern the world. With whose beauty if they being delighted took them to be gods, let them know how much better the Lord of them is: for the first author of beauty hath created them. But if they were astonished at their power and virtue, let them understand by them how much mightier he is that made them. For by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionably the maker of them is seen. But yet for this they are the less to be blamed: for they peradventure err, seeking God, and desirous to find him. For being conversant in his works they search him diligently, and believe their sight; because the things are beautiful that are seen. Howbeit neither are they to be pardoned. For if they were able to know so much, that they could aim at the world how did they not sooner find out the Lord thereof?"

[1] [See below, pp. 231–233.]
[2] [Now ch. x., "The Shrine of the Slaves" (Vol. XXIV. p. 335).]

agricultural labourers all summed by Plato simply under the word "slaves"*—a word which the equivocation of vulgar historians and theologians always translates exactly as it suits their own views: "slave," when they want to depreciate Greek politics; and servant, when they are translating the words of Christ or St. Paul, lest either Christ or St. Paul should be recognized as speaking of the same persons as Plato.

9. Now, therefore, the reader is to observe that the teaching of St. George differs by *extension* from that of Plato, in so far as the Greek never imagined that the blessings of education could be extended to servants as well as to masters: but it differs by absolute contradiction from that of Mr. Wilberforce and Mrs. Beecher Stowe,[1] in *their* imagination that there should be no servants and no masters at all. Nor, except in a very modified degree, does even its extended charity differ from Plato's severity. For if you collect what I have said about education hitherto, you will find it always spoken of as a means of discrimination between what is worthless and worthy in men;[2] that the rough and worthless may be set to the roughest and foulest work, and the finest to the finest; the rough and rude work being, you will in time perceive, the best of charities to the rough and rude people. There is probably, for instance, no collier's or pitman's work so rough or dirty, but that—if you set and kept Mr. Ayrton to it,—his general character and intelligence would in course of time be improved to the utmost point of which they are capable.[3]

10. A Greek gentleman's education then, which, in some modified degree, St. George proposes to make universal for

* *Laws*, VII. 303, 17 (806).

[1] [For Ruskin's views on the question of slavery, see Vol. XVII. p. 254 n.]

[2] [See, for instance, *Lectures on Art*, § 3 (Vol. XX. p. 20).]

[3] [For Mr. Ayrton, first Commissioner of Works, see Vol. XXII. p. 367. "He was blessed with a gift of offence. If a thing could be done either civilly or rudely, Mr. Ayrton was pretty sure to do it rudely. . . . He seemed to think a civil tongue gave evidence of a feeble intellect" (Justin M'Carthy's *History of Our Own Times*, 1880, vol. iv. pp. 320–321.]

Englishmen who really deserve to have it, consisted essentially in perfect discipline in music, poetry, and military exercises; but with these, if he were to be a perfect person, fit for public duties, he had also to learn three "necessary" sciences: those of number, space, and motion (arithmetic, geometry, astronomy), which are called "necessary," not merely as being instrumental to complete human usefulness, but also as being knowledges of things existing by Divine Fate, which the Gods themselves cannot alter, against which they cannot contend, and "without the knowledge of which no one can become a God, an angel, or a hero capable of taking true care of men."*

11. None of these sciences, however, were to be learned either with painful toil, or to any extent liable to make men lose sight of practical duty. "For," he says, "though partly I fear indeed the unwillingness to learn at all, much more do I fear the laying hold of any of these sciences in an evil way. For it is not a terrible thing, nor by any means the greatest of evils, nor even a great evil at all, to have no experience of any of these things. But to have much experience and much learning, with evil leading, is a far greater loss than that." This noble and evermore to be attended sentence is (at least in the fulness of it) untranslatable but by expansion. I give, therefore, Mr. Jowett's and the French translations, with my own, to show the various ways in which different readers take it; and then I shall be able to explain the full bearing of it.

(1) "For entire ignorance is not so terrible or extreme an evil, and is far from being the greatest of all; too much cleverness, and too much learning, accompanied with ill bringing up, are far more fatal."

* This most singular sentence (vii. 818[1]), having reference to the rank in immortality attainable by great human spirits ("hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules," etc.[2]), will be subject of much future inquiry.[3] See, however, the note farther on [p. 240].

[1] [Here the reference is to Stephanus, 818 C. The passage next translated in the text follows: 819 A.]
[2] [Horace, *Odes*, III. iii. 9.]
[3] [The subject is not, however, resumed except on p. 240.]

The word which Plato uses for "much experience"[1] does literally mean *that*, and has nothing whatever to do with "cleverness" in the ordinary sense; but it involves the idea of dexterity gained by practice, which was what Mr. Jowett thought of. "Ill bringing up" is again too narrow a rendering. The word I translate literally "leading"* is technically used for a complete scheme of education; but in this place it means the tendency which is given to the thoughts and aim of the person, whatever the scheme of education may be. Thus we might put a boy through all the exercises required in this passage—(through music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy), and yet throughout give him an evil "leading," making all these studies conducive to the gratification of ambition, or the acquirement of wealth. Plato means that we had better leave him in total ignorance than do this.

12. (French) "L'ignorance absolue n'est pas le plus grand des maux, ni le plus à redouter: une vaste étendue de connaissances mal digérées est quelque chose de bien pire."[2]

The Frenchman avoids, you see, the snare of the technical meaning; but yet his phrase, "ill digested," gives no idea of Plato's real thought, which goes to the *cause* of indigestion, and is, that knowledge becomes evil if the aim be not virtuous: nor does he mean at all that the knowledge *itself* is imperfect or "ill digested," but that the most accurate and consummate science, and the most splendid dexterity in art, and experience in politics, are worse evils, and that by far, than total ignorance, if the aim and tone of the spirit are false.

13. "Therefore,"—he now goes on,[3] returning to his practical point, which was that no toilsome work should be

* It is virtually the *end* of the word ped-agogue—the person who *led* children to their school.

[1] [The passage is ἡ πολυπειρία καὶ πολυμαθία μετὰ κακῆς ἀγωγῆς γίγνεται πολὺ τούτων μείζων ζημία.]

[2] [*Œuvres de Platon*, 1845, vol. i. p. 315, in the series entitled *Pantheon Littéraire*. The translation is by Aug. Callet.]

[3] [*Laws*, vii. 819 A–C.]

spent on the sciences, such as to enslave the soul in them, or make them become an end of life—"Therefore, children who are to be educated as gentlemen should only learn, of each science, so much as the Egyptian children learn with their reading and writing, for from their early infancy their masters introduce the practice of arithmetic, giving them fruits and garlands of flowers" (cowslip-balls and daisy-chains), "to fit together, fewer or more out of equal numbers; and little vessels of gold, silver, and bronze, sometimes to be mingled with each other, sometimes kept separate" (with estimate of relative value probably in the game, leading to easy command of the notion of pounds, shillings, and pence); "and so making every operation of arithmetic of practical use to them, they lead them on into understanding of the numbering and arranging of camps, and leadings* of regiments, and at last of household economy, making them in all more serviceable and shrewd than others." Such with geometry and astronomy (into the detail of which I cannot enter to-day) being Plato's "necessary" science, the higher conditions of education, which alone, in his mind, deserve the name, are those above named[1] as relating to the Muse.

14. To which the vital introduction is a passage most curiously contrary to Longfellow's much-sung line, "Life is real, life is earnest,"[2]—Plato declaring out of the very deep of his heart, that it is *un*real and *un*earnest. I cannot give space to translate the whole of the passage, though I shall return for a piece presently;[3] but the gist of it is that the Gods alone are great, and have great things to do;

* The same word again—the end of pedagogue, applied to soldiers instead of children.

[1] [See p. 228.]

[2] ["A Psalm of Life."]

[3] [The passage in question is in the *Laws*, vii. 803, 804: "Human affairs are hardly worth considering in earnest. . . . God is the natural and worthy object of a man's most serious and blessed endeavours. . . . Man is made to be the plaything of God; wherefore every man should pass life in the noblest of pastimes . . . sacrificing and singing and dancing . . . being for the most part puppets, but having some little share of reality." Ruskin does not return presently to the passage; his notes on Plato were, as he says (p. 258), interrupted.]

but man is a poor little puppet, made to be their plaything; and the virtue of him is to play merrily in the little raree-show of his life, so as to please the Gods. Analyzed, the passage contains three phases of most solemn thought; the first, an amplification of the "What is man that thou art mindful of him?"[1] the second, of the "He walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain;"[2] the third, that his real duty is to quiet himself, and live in happy peace and play, all his measure of days. "The lambs play always, they know no better;"[3] and they ought to know no better, he thinks, if they are truly lambs of God: the practical outcome of all being that religious service is to be entirely with rejoicing,—that only brightness of heart can please the Gods; and that asceticism and self-discipline are to be practised only that we may be made capable of such sacred joy.

15. The extreme importance of this teaching is in its opposition to the general Greek instinct that "Tragedy," or song in honour of the Gods, should be sad. An instinct which, in spite of Plato, has lasted to this day, in the degree in which men disbelieve in the Gods themselves, and in their love. Accepting cheerfulness, therefore, as the fulfilment of sanctity, we shall understand in their order the practical pieces both about music* and about higher education, of which take this first (vi. 766[4]):—

* I thought to have collected into this place the passages about the demoralizing effect of sad music (Verdi's, for instance, the most corrupting type hitherto known), from the *Republic* as well as the *Laws;* but that must be for next month;[5] meantime, here is a little bit about tragedy which *must* be read now, and must not have small print, so I separate it only by a line from the text.[6]

"Concerning comedy, then, enough said; but for the earnest poets of the world occupied in tragedy, if perchance

[1] [Psalms viii. 4.]
[2] [Psalms xxxix. 6.]
[3] [*Poems*, by Jean Ingelow ("Songs of Seven," stanza ii.); quoted also in Vol. XVIII. p. 211.]
[4] [The reference is, more accurately, *Laws*, book vi. 765 E–766 A.]
[5] [See below, pp. 261, 262.]
[6] [The passage is from the *Laws*, book vii. 817.]

"For every sprout of things born, once *started* fairly towards the virtue of its nature, fulfils it in prosperous end; this being true of all plants, and of animals wild or gentle, and of man; and man, as we have said, is indeed gentle,

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any of these should come to us, and ask thus: 'Oh, ye strangers, will you have us to go into your city and your land, or no?* and shall we bring our poetry to you and act it to you, or how is it determined by you of the doing† such things?' What then should we answer, answering rightly, to the divine men? For in my thoughts it is fixed that we should answer thus: 'Oh, noblest of strangers,' should we say, 'we ourselves also according to our power are poets of tragedy,—the most beautiful that we can and the best. For all our polity is but one great presentment of the best and most beautiful life, which we say to be indeed the best and truest tragedy: poets therefore are you, and we also alike poets of the same things, antartists [ἀντίτεχναι], and antagonists to you as our hope is of that most beautiful drama, which the true law only can play to its end. Do not therefore think that we at all thus easily shall allow you to pitch your tents in our market-place; and yield to you that bringing in your clear-voiced actors, speaking greater things than we, you should speak to our people,—to our wives and to our children and to all our multitude, saying, concerning the same things that we speak of, not the same words, but for the most part, contrary words.'"

* In sentences like this the familiar euphony of "no" for "not," is softer and fuller in meaning, as in sound, than the (commonly held) grammatical form;—and in true analysis, the grammar is better, because briefer, in the familiar form; it being just as accurate to complete the sentence by understanding "say" before "no," as by repeating "have us" after "not."

† In every case, throughout this sentence (and generally in translations from good Greek philosophical writing), the reader must remember that "drama" being our adopted Greek word for "the thing done," and "poetry" our adopted Greek word for "the thing made," properly the meaning of the sentence would require us to read "maker" for "poet," and "doer" for "actor."

if only he receive right education, together with fortunate nature; and so becomes the divinest and the gentlest of things alive; but if not enough or not rightly trained, he becomes, of all things that earth brings forth, the savagest."

The "together with fortunate nature" in this passage, refers to the necessity of fine race in men themselves; and limits the future question of education to such, Plato not concerning himself about such as are ill-born. Compare the Vulgate, of the birth of Moses, "videns eum elegantem."[1]

16. The essential part of the education of these, then,—that properly belonging to the Muse,—is all to be given by the time they are sixteen; the ten years of childhood being exclusively devoted to forming the disposition; then come three years of grammar, with the collateral sciences, in the manner above explained, and then three years of practice in executive music: bodily exercises being carried on the whole time to the utmost degree possible at each age. After sixteen, the youth enters into public life, continuing the pursuit of virtue as the object of all, life being not long enough for it.

The three years of literary education, from ten to thirteen, are supposed enough to give a boy of good talent and disposition all the means of cultivating his mind that are needful. The term must not be exceeded. If the boy has not learned by that time to read and write accurately and elegantly,* he is not to be troubled with such things more, but left illiterate. Then, literary study is to be foregone for three years even by those who are afterwards to take it

* Every day, I perceive more and more the importance of accurate verbal training. If the Duke of Argyll, for instance, had but had once well taught him at school the relations of the words lex, lego, loi, and loyal; and of rex, rego, roi, and royal (see *Unto this Last*, § 44 [2]), he could neither have committed himself to the false title of his treatise on natural

[1] [Exodus ii. 2: "when she saw that he was a goodly child."]
[2] [See Vol. XVII. p. 59 *n.*]

up again, that they may learn music completely—this being considered a sedentary study, and superseding grammar, while the athletic exercises always occupy the same time of each day, and are never remitted.

17. Understanding this general scheme, we begin at the beginning; and the following passage, ii. 501, 1 (653),[1] defines for us Plato's thoughts, and explains to us his expressions relating to the discipline of childhood:—

"Now, I mean by education* that first virtue which can be attained by children, when pleasure and liking, and pain and disliking, are properly implanted in their souls while yet they cannot understand why; but so that when they get the power of reasoning, its perfect symphony may assure them that they have been rightly moralled into their existing morals. This perfect symphony of the complete soul is properly called virtue; but the part of its tempering which, with respect to pleasure and pain, has been so brought up, from first to last, as to hate what it should hate, and love what it should love, we shall be right in calling its education.

"Now these well-nourished habits of being rightly pained and pleased are, for the most part, loosened, and lost by men in the rough course of life; and the Gods, pitying the race born to labour, gave them, for reward of their toil and rest from it, the times of festival to the Gods. And the Gods gave, for companions to them in their festivals, the Muses, and Apollo, the leader of Muses, and Dionysus, that the pure instincts they

history, "reign of law,"[2] nor to the hollow foundation of his treatise on the tenure of land in the assumption that the long establishment of a human law, whether criminal or not, must make it divinely indisputable. See p. 6 of *A Crack with His Grace the Duke of Argyll.* Seton and Mackenzie, Edinburgh; Whittaker, London.

* Jowett thus translates;[3] but the word here in Plato[4] means, properly, the result of education, spoken of as the habit fixed in the child; "good breeding" would be the nearest English, but involves the idea of race, which is not here touched by the Greek.

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[1] [*Laws*, 653 B–654 B.]

[2] [For other allusions to the *Reign of Law*, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 85 *n.* The other treatise is *Essay on the Commercial Principles applicable to Contracts for the Hire of Land*, by the Duke of Argyll, K.T. Issued as a Cobden Club pamphlet, 1877. See pp. 1–4 for the "foundation of his treatise." The form of the pamphlet was closely copied in the anonymous reply mentioned by Ruskin, which appeared as a publication of "The Clodhopper Club."]

[3] [Ruskin takes the word from Jowett, but the translation otherwise is Ruskin's own.]

[4] [παιδείαν δὴ λέγω τὴν παραγιγνομένην πρῶτον παισὶν ἀρετήν.]

first had learned might be restored to them while they kept festival with these Gods.

"Now, therefore, we must think whether what is hymned* among us be truly said, and according to nature or not.[1]

"And this is what is said: that every young thing that lives is alike in not being able to keep quiet, but must in some way move and utter itself,—for mere movement's sake, leaping and skipping, as if dancing and at play for pleasure,—and for noise' sake, uttering every sort of sound. And that, indeed, other living creatures have no sense of the laws of order and disorder in movements which we call rhythm and harmony; but to us, those Gods whom we named as fellows with us in our choirs,† these are they who gave us the delightful sense of rhythm and harmony in which we move; and they lead our choirs, binding us together in songs and dances, naming them choruses from the choral joy.

"Shall we, then, receive for truth thus much of their tradition, that the first education must be by the Muses and Apollo?

"*K.* So let it be accepted.‡

"*A.* Then the uneducated person will be one who has received no choral discipline; and the educated, one who has been formed to a sufficient degree under the choral laws.

"Also the choir, considered in its wholeness, consists of dance, and song; therefore a well-educated person must be one who can sing and dance well.

"*K.* It would seem so."

18. And here, that we may not confuse ourselves, or weaken ourselves, with any considerations of the recent disputes whether we have souls or not,—be it simply understood that Plato always means by the soul the aggregate of mental powers obtained by scientific culture of the imagination and the passions; and by the body the aggregate of material powers obtained by scientific promotion of exercise and digestion. It is possible for the soul to be strong with a weak body, and the body strong with

* A hymn is properly a song embodying sacred tradition; hence, familiarly the thing commonly said of the Gods.

† Compare ii. 539, 5 (665).

‡ Henceforward, I omit what seem to me needless of the mere expressions of varied assent which break the clauses of the Athenian's course of thought.

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[1] [ὁρᾶν οὖν χρή, πότερον ἀληθῆς ἡμῖν κατὰ φύσιν ὁ λόγος ὑμνεῖται τὰ νῦν, ἢ πῶς. Compare *Munera Pulveris*, § 102 *n.* (Vol. XVII. p. 227), where Ruskin quotes the passage which next follows.]

a weak soul; and in this sense only the two are separately considered, but not necessarily, therefore, considered as finally separable.

And understanding this much, we can now clearly understand, whether we receive it or not, Plato's distinct assertion that, as gymnastic exercise is necessary to keep the body healthy, musical exercise is necessary to keep the soul healthy; and that the proper nourishment of the intellect and passions can no more take place without music, than the proper functions of the stomach and the blood without exercise.

We may be little disposed, at first, to believe this, because we are unaware, in the first place, how much music, from the nurse's song to the military band and the lover's ballad, does really modify existing civilized life;[1] and, in the second place, we are not aware how much higher range, if rightly practical, its influence would reach, of which right practice I must say, before going on with Plato's teaching, that the chief condition is companionship, or choral association (not so much marked by Plato in words, because he could not conceive of music practised otherwise), and that for persons incapable of song to be content in amusement by a professional singer, is as much a sign of decay in the virtue and use of music, as crowded spectators in the amphitheatre sitting to be amused by gladiators are a sign of decline in the virtue and use of war.

19. And now, we take the grand statement of the evil of *change* in methods of childish play, following on the general discussion of the evil of change:[2]—

"I say, then, that in all cities we have all failed to recognize that the kind of play customary with the children is the principal of the forces that maintain the established laws. For when the kind of play is determined, and so regulated that the children always play and use their fancies in the

[1] [Compare *Time and Tide*, § 61 (Vol. XVII. p. 368).]

[2] [Ruskin in the following passage puts together *Laws*, book vii. 797 A–C; 799 A, B; and book ii. 664 B. The translations are Ruskin's. For another reference to the "three choirs," see Vol. XXII. p. 19.]

same way and with the same playthings, this quietness allows the laws which are established in earnest to remain quiet also; but if once the plays are moved and cast in new shapes, always introducing other changes, and none of the young people agreeing with each other in their likings, nor as to what is becoming and unbecoming either in the composure of their bodies or in their dress, but praise in a special way any one who brings in a new fashion whether of composure or colour—nothing, if we say rightly, can be a greater plague (destructive disease) in a city; for he who changes the habits of youth is, indeed, without being noticed, making what is ancient contemptible, and what is new, honourable,—and than this, I repeat, whether in the belief of it, or the teaching, there cannot be a greater plague inflicted on a city.

"Can we do anything better to prevent this than the Egyptians did; namely, to consecrate every dance and every melody, ordering first the festivals of the year, and determining what days are to be devoted to the Gods, and to the children of the Gods, and to the Angels.* And then to determine also what song at each offering is to be sung; and with what dances each sacrifice to be sanctified; and whatever rites and times are thus ordained, all the citizens in common, sacrificing to the Fates and to all the Gods, shall consecrate with libation.

* I cannot but point out with surprise and regret the very mischievous error of Mr. Jowett's translation in this place of the word "δαίμονες"—"heroes."[1] Had Plato meant heroes, he would have said heroes, the word in this case being the same in English as in Greek. He means the Spiritual Powers which have lower office of ministration to men; in this sense the word dæmon was perfectly and constantly understood by the Greeks, and by the Christian Church adopting Greek terms; and on the theory that the Pagan religion was entirely false, but that its spiritual powers had real existence, the word dæmon necessarily came among Christians to mean an evil angel,—just as much an angel as Raphael or Gabriel—but of contrary powers. I cannot therefore use the literal word dæmon, because it has this wholly false and misleading association infixed in it; but in translating it "angel," I give to the English reader its full power and meaning in the Greek mind; being exactly what the term ἄγγελος, or messenger,[2] was adopted by the Christians to signify, of their own *good* spirits. There are then, the reader must observe generally, four orders of *higher* spiritual powers, honoured by the Greeks:

I. The Gods,—of various ranks, from the highest Twelve to the minor elemental powers, such as Tritons, or Harpies.

II. The Sons of the Gods,—children of the Gods by mortal mothers, as Heracles, or Castor. Rightly sometimes called Demi-Gods.

III. Angels,—spiritual powers in constant attendance on man.

IV. Heroes,—men of consummate virtue, to whose souls religious rites are performed in thankfulness by the people whom they saved or exalted, and whose immortal power remains for their protection. I have often elsewhere spoken of the beautiful custom of the Locrians always to leave a

[1] [Compare Ruskin's Preface (§ 13 *n.*) to *The Economist of Xenophon.*]
[2] [Compare Letter 12, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 202).]

"I say, then, there should be three choirs to fill, as with enchantment of singing, the souls of children while they are tender, teaching them many other things, of which we have told and shall tell, but this chiefly and for the head and sum of all, that the life which is noblest is also deemed by the Gods the happiest. Saying this to them, we shall at once say the truest of things, and that of which we shall most easily persuade those whom we ought to persuade."

With which we may at once read also this,—ii. 540, 2 (665):—

"That every grown-up person and every child, slave and free, male and female,—and, in a word, the entire city singing to itself—should never pause in repeating such good lessons as we have explained; yet somehow changing, and so inlaying and varying them, that the singers may always be longing to sing, and delighting in it."[1]

And this is to be ordered according to the ages of the people and the ranks of the deities. For the choir of the Muses, is to be of children, up to the age of sixteen; after that, the choir of Apollo, formed of those who have learned perfectly the mastery of the lyre,—from sixteen to thirty; and then the choir of Dionysus, of the older men, from thirty to sixty; and after sixty, being no longer able to sing, they should become mythologists, relating in divine tradition the moral truths they formerly had sung. ii. 528, 12 (664).

20. At this point, if not long before, I imagine my reader stopping hopelessly, feeling the supreme uselessness of such a conception as this, in modern times, and its utter

vacant place in their charging ranks for the spirit of Ajax Oileus.[2] Of these four orders, however, the first two naturally blend, because the sons of the Gods became Gods after death. Hence the real orders of spiritual powers *above* humanity, are three—Gods, Angels, Heroes (as we shall find presently, in the passage concerning prayer and praise[3]), associated with the spirits on the ordinary level of humanity, of Home, and of Ancestors. Compare *Fors*, Letter 70, § 8.[4]

[1] [This passage is continued in Letter 83, § 2 (p. 258).]

[2] [See *Aratra Pentelici*, § 198 (Vol. XX. p. 346).]

[3] [The passage is in the *Laws*, 801: "There should be hymns and praises of the Gods, intermingled with prayers; and after the Gods, prayers and praises should be offered in like manner to angels and heroes." Ruskin does not presently give the passage: compare the note on p. 233.]

[4] [Vol. XXVIII. p. 719.]

contrariness to everything taught as practical among us. "Belief in Gods! belief in divine tradition of Myths! Old men, as a class, to become mythologists, instead of misers! and music, throughout life, to be the safeguard of morality! —What futility is it to talk of such things *now*."

Yes, to a certain extent this impression is true. Plato's scheme was impossible even in his own day,—as Bacon's New Atlantis in *his* day—as Calvin's reform in *his* day—as Goethe's Academe in his.[1] Out of the good there was in all these men, the world gathered what it could find of evil, made its useless Platonism out of Plato, its graceless Calvinism out of Calvin,[2] determined Bacon to be the meanest of mankind, and of Goethe gathered only a luscious story of seduction, and daintily singable devilry. Nothing in the dealings of Heaven with Earth is so wonderful to me as the way in which the evil angels are allowed to spot, pervert, and bring to nothing, or to worse, the powers of the greatest men:[3] so that Greece must be ruined, for all that Plato can say,—Geneva for all that Calvin can say,—England for all that Sir Thomas More and Bacon can say;—and only Gounod's *Faust* be the visible outcome to Europe of the school of Weimar.

21. What, underneath all that visible ruin, these men have done in ministry to the continuous soul of this race, may yet be known in the day when the wheat shall be gathered into the garner.[4] But I can't go on with my work now; besides, I had a visit yesterday from the friend who wrote me that letter about speaking more gently of things and people,[5] and he brought me a sermon of the

[1] [For other references to the *New Atlantis*, see Vol. XVIII. p. 514; Vol. XX. p. 290; and Vol. XXII. p. 206. By "Goethe's Academe" Ruskin means presumably the ideal of education sketched by Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister:* see Carlyle's sketch of "this fine theorem" in his Inaugural Address at Edinburgh (*Miscellanies*, vol. vii. pp. 189–192, 1872 edition), and for references to it by Ruskin, *Munera Pulveris*, § 121 *n.*, and *Time and Tide*, § 96 (Vol. XVII. pp. 243, 398).]

[2] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 83).]

[3] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 178).]

[4] [Matthew iii. 12; Luke iii. 17.]

[5] [See Letter 81, § 6 (p. 196).]

Bishop of Manchester's to read,[1]—which begins with the sweetly mild and prudent statement that St. Paul, while "wading in the perilous depths" of anticipations of immortality, and *satisfied* that there would be a victory over the grave, and that mortality would be swallowed up of life, *wisely* brought his readers' thoughts back from *dream-land* to reality, by bidding them simply be steadfast, unmovable—always abounding in the work of the Lord,—forasmuch as they knew that their labour would not be in vain in the Lord;[2] and in which, farther on, the Bishop, feeling the knowledge in modern times not quite so positive on that subject, supports his own delicately suggested opinions by quoting Mr. John Stuart Mill, who "in his posthumous essays admits that though the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is probably an illusion, it is morally so valuable that it had better be retained,"[3]—a sentence, by the way, which I recommend to the study of those friends of mine who were so angry with me for taxing Mr. John Stuart Mill with dishonesty, on the subject of rent. (*Time and Tide*, § 156.[4])

22. Well, all this, the sermon, and the quotations in it, and the course of thought they have led me into, are entirely paralysing to me in the horrible sense they give me of loathsome fallacy and fatuity pervading every syllable of our modern words, and every moment of our modern life; and of the uselessness of asking such people to read any Plato, or Bacon, or Sir Thomas More, or to do anything of the true work of the Lord, forasmuch as they *don't* know, and seem to have no capacity for learning, that such labour shall not be in vain.[5] But I will venture once more to warn the Bishop against wading, himself, in the "perilous depths" of anticipations of immortality, until he

[1] [See now Sermon XII. ("Immortality") in *University and Other Sermons*, by the Right Rev. James Fraser, D.D., edited by J. W. Diggle, 1887, pp. 167, 179 *n.*]

[2] [1 Corinthians xv. 54, 55, 58.]

[3] [This is Bishop Fraser's summary of the "general result" reached by Mill: see, for instance, p. 249 of *Three Essays on Religion*, 1874.]

[4] [Vol. XVII. p. 442.]

[5] [1 Corinthians xv. 58.]

has answered my simple question to him, whether he considers usury a work of the Lord?[1] And he will find, if he has "time" to look at them, in last *Fors*, some farther examples of the Lord's work of that nature, done by England in India just now, in which his diocese of Manchester is somewhat practically concerned.[2]

I cannot go on with my work, therefore, in this temper, and indeed perhaps this much of Plato is enough for one letter;—but I must say, at least, what it is all coming to.

28. If you will look back to § 61 of *Time and Tide*, you will find the work I am now upon, completely sketched out in it, saying finally that "the action of the devilish or deceiving power is in nothing shown quite so distinctly among us at this day, not even in our commercial dishonesties, or social cruelties, as in its having been able to take away music as an instrument of education altogether, and to enlist it almost wholly in the service of superstition on the one hand, and of sensuality on the other." And then follows the promise that, after explaining, as far as I know it, the significance of the parable of the Prodigal Son (done in *Time and Tide*, §§ 175–177), I should "take the three means of human joy therein stated, fine dress, rich food, and music, and show you how these are meant all alike to be sources of life and means of moral discipline, to all men, and how they have all three been made by the devil the means of guilt, dissoluteness, and death."[3]

This promise I have never fulfilled, and after seven years am only just coming to the point of it. Which is, in few words, that to distribute good food, beautiful dress, and the practical habit of delicate art, is the proper work of the fathers and mothers of every people for help of those who have been lost in guilt and misery: and that only by *direct* doing of these three things can they now

[1] [For the previous challenge, see p. 136.]
[2] [See Letter 81, § 16 (p. 208).]
[3] [See *Time and Tide*, § 62 (Vol. XVII. p. 369). For the other references, see *ibid.*, pp. 368, 459–461.]

act beneficently or helpfully to any soul capable of reformation. Therefore, you who are eating luxurious dinners, call in the tramp from the highway and share them with him,—so gradually you will understand how your brother came to *be* a tramp; and practically make your own dinners plain till the poor man's dinner is rich,—or you are no Christians; and you who are dressing in fine dress, put on blouses and aprons, till you have got your poor dressed with grace and decency,—or you are no Christians; and you who can sing and play on instruments, hang your harps on the pollards[1] above the rivers you have poisoned, or else go down among the mad and vile and deaf things whom you have made, and put melody into the souls of them,—else you are no Christians.[2]

24. No Christians, you; no, nor have you even the making of a Christian in you. Alms and prayers, indeed, alone, won't make one, but they have the bones and substance of one in the womb; and you—poor modern Judasian[3]—have lost not only the will to give, or to pray, but the very understanding of what gift and prayer mean. "Give, and it shall be given to you,"[4]—not by God, forsooth, you think, in glorious answer of gift, but only by the Jew money-monger in twenty per cent., and let no benevolence be done that will not pay. "Knock, and it shall be opened to you,"[5]—nay, never by God, in miraculous answer, but perchance you may be allowed to amuse yourself, with the street boys, in rat-tat-tatting on the knocker; or perchance you may be taken for a gentleman, if you elegantly ring the visitors' bell—till the policeman Death comes down the street, and stops the noise of you.

[1] [Compare Psalms cxxxvii. 2.]
[2] [With this § 23 may be compared *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 27 (Vol. XVIII. p. 407); Preface of 1871 to *Sesame and Lilies*, § 11 (*ibid.*, p. 40); and *Lectures on Art*, § 121 (Vol. XX. p. 111).]
[3] [See above, § 5 *n.* (p. 225).]
[4] [Luke vi. 38.]
[5] [Matthew vii. 7.]

Wretch that you are, if indeed, calling yourself a Christian, you *can* find any dim fear of God, or any languid love of Christ, mixed in the dregs of you,—then, for God's sake, learn at least what prayer means, from Hezekiah and Isaiah, and not from the last Cockney curly-tailed puppy who yaps and snaps in the *Nineteenth Century*,*—and for Christ's sake, learn what alms mean, from the Lord who gave you His Life, and not from the lady patronesses of the last charity ball.

25. Learn what these mean, Judasian Dives, if it may be,—while Lazarus yet lies among the dogs,—while yet there is no gulf fixed between you and the heavens,[1]—while yet the stars in their courses[2] do not *forbid* you to think their Guide is mindful of you. For truly the day is coming of which Isaiah told—"The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?"[3] And the day of which he told is coming, also, when the granaries of the plains of heaven, and the meres of its everlasting hills, shall be opened, and poured forth for its children; and the bread shall be given, and the water shall be sure, for him "that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly—that

* Nevertheless, I perceive at last a change coming over the spirit of our practical literature, and commend all the recent papers by Lord Blachford, Mr. Oxenham, Mr. Mallock, and Mr. Hewlett, very earnestly to my own reader's attention.[4]

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[1] [See Luke xvi. 20–31.]

[2] [Judges v. 20.]

[3] [Isaiah xxxiii. 14.]

[4] [The references are to Lord Blachford's contribution to the "Modern Symposium" on "The Soul and Future Life," in the *Nineteenth Century* for September 1877 (vol. ii. pp. 341–348); and to the first part of Mr. Mallock's "Is Life worth Living?" in the same number, pp. 251–273: for another reference to these papers, see Letter 81, § 19 *n.* (above, p. 216). Mr. H. G. Hewlett (father of Mr. Maurice Hewlett) had a paper on "Songs for Sinners" in the *Contemporary Review* for July 1876 (vol. 28, pp. 238–262), and one on "William Blake" in the same magazine for October 1876 (*ibid.*, pp. 756–784). The Rev. H. N. Oxenham had a series of papers in the *Contemporary* for January to April 1876, on "Eternal Perdition and Universalism."]

despiseth the gain of oppressions—that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes—that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil. He shall dwell on high—his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks."[1] Yea, blessing, beyond all blessing in the love of mortal friend, or the light of native land,—"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the Land that is far away."[1]

[1] [Isaiah xxxiii. 15–17.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

26. (I.) AFFAIRS of the Company.

Prospering. The Companions must take this brief statement, for once, with as much faith as if it were the chairman's of an insolvent railway, for I have no space to tell them more.

27. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

Too many for him: and it is quite certain he can't continue to ride so many horses at once, or keep so many balls in the air.[1] All that he thinks it needful, in this *Fors*, to say, is that, whatever he may cease hope of doing, he will not fail from St. George's work, as long as he has strength for any work at all.

28. (III.) I give a general answer to the following letter, asking my correspondent's pardon for anything which may seem severe, or inapplicable, in his own special case. There are also, I fear, one or two words misprinted or misplaced in the letter—but I have carelessly lost the MS., and cannot correct.

"DEAR SIR,—I venture to address you upon a matter that concerns me very much—viz., the leisure time of my existence. Nine hours of each day are taken up as employer (sedentary business); three hours of which, perhaps, working myself. One hour and a half, each, devoted to the study of music and drawing or painting. Five hours yet remaining walking to or from business, meals, physical exercise,—this last of the usual gymnastic useless pattern.

"I cannot but think that there must be many others like situated—perhaps *compelled* to plunge with the stream of the questionable morality of modern commerce, or in other various ways making it utterly impossible, during that portion of the day, to follow out the life you teach us to live,—yet who feel and desire that that portion of day they can really call their own, should be spent in a true rounded manly development, and as far as may be in harmony with that which is eternally right. I do not know of any prescribed detail you have made with special reference to this compromised class, and this is the only excuse I can offer for writing to you—you that are the source of all that I feel deepest in religion and morality: fathom it I cannot, yet feel deeper and stronger each succeeding year, all that I love in nature and art I owe to you; and this debt of gratitude has made me bold to try and make it greater.

"Ever gratefully yours."

29. If we know there is a God, and mean to please Him, or if even (which is the utmost we can generally say, for the best of our faith), if we think there is so much hope, or danger, of there being a God as to make it prudent in us to try to discover whether there be or not, in the only way He has allowed us to ascertain the fact, namely, doing as we

[1] [Compare the letter to Mr. Allen given in Vol. XXV. p. xxii.]

have heard that He has bidden us, we may be sure He can never be pleased by the form of compromise with circumstances, that all the business of our day shall be wrong, on the principle of sacrificial atonement, that the play of it shall be right;—or perhaps not even that *quite* right, but in my correspondent's cautious phrase, only "as far as may be, in harmony with what is right."

Now the business "necessities" of the present day are the precise form of idolatry which is, at the present day, *crucially* forbidden by Christ; precisely as falling down to worship graven images, or eating meat offered to idols,[1] was *crucially* forbidden in earlier times. And it is by enduring the persecution, or death, which may be implied in abandoning "business necessities" that the Faith of the Believer, whether in the God of the Jew or Christian, must be *now* tried and proved.

But in order to make such endurance possible, of course our side must be openly taken, and our companions in the cause known; this being also needful, that our act may have the essential virtue of Witness-dom, or as we idly translate it, Martyr-dom.

This is the practical reason for joining a guild, and signing at least the Creed of St. George,[2] which is so worded as to be acceptable by all who are resolved to serve God, and withdraw from idolatry.*

30. But for the immediate question in my correspondent's case—

First. Keep a working man's dress at the office, and always walk home and return in it; so as to be able to put your hand to anything that is useful. Instead of the fashionable vanities of competitive gymnastics, learn common forge work, and to plane and saw well;—then, if you find in the city you live in, that everything which human hands and arms are able, and human mind willing, to do, of pulling, pushing, carrying, making, or cleaning—(see in last *Fors* the vulgar schoolmistress's notion of the civilization implied in a mechanical broom[3])—is done by machinery,—you will come clearly to understand, what I have never been able yet to beat, with any quantity of *verbal* hammering, into my readers' heads,—that, as long as living breath-engines, and their glorious souls and muscles, stand idle in the streets, to dig coal out of pits to drive dead steam-engines, is an absurdity, waste, and wickedness, for which—I am bankrupt in terms of contempt,—and politely finish my paragraph—"My brethren, these things ought not so to be."[4]

Secondly. Of simple exercises, learn to walk and run at the utmost speed consistent with health: do this by always going at the quickest

* The magnificent cheat which the Devil played on the Protestant sect, from Knox downwards, in making them imagine that Papists were disbelieving idolaters, and thus entirely effacing all spiritual meaning from the word "idolatry,"[5] was the consummation of his great victory over the Christian Church, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

[1] [Exodus xx. 4; 1 Corinthians viii. 1.]
[2] [See Letter 58, § 2 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 419).]
[3] [Not *last Fors*, but Letter 81, § 10 (p. 203).]
[4] [James iii. 10.]
[5] [For Ruskin's insistence on the true meaning of "idolatry" (*εἴδωλον*), see Vol. X. p. 450, and Vol. XX. p. 66. On that of "martyr" (*μαρτύριον*, witness), compare Letter 26, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 482).]

pace you can in the streets, and by steadily, though minutely, increasing your pace over a trial piece of ground, every day.[1] Learn also dancing, with extreme precision; and wrestling, if you have any likely strength; in summer, also rowing in sea-boats; or barge-work, on calm water; and, in winter (with skating of course), quarterstaff and sword-exercise.

31. (IV.) The following extract from the report of the Howard Association[2] is of great value and importance:—

"INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION *versus* CRIME.—Several years ago the Secretary of the Howard Association, having to visit the chief prisons of Holland and Belgium, took occasion to notice other social institutions of those countries, and on his return to England invited attention (in many newspapers) to the very useful tendency of the cheap technical schools of Holland, for the industrial training of poor children. Many circumstances indicate that public and legislative attention is more than ever needed to this question. For the extension of intellectual teaching through the 'Board Schools,' valuable as it is, has not, as yet, been accompanied by an adequate popular conviction that mere head knowledge, apart from *handi*craft skill, is a very one-sided aspect of education, and if separated from the latter, may in general be compared to rowing a boat with one oar. (Far worse than that, to loading it with rubbish till it sinks.—J. R.) Indeed, popular intellectual education, if separated from its two essential complements—*religious* and *industrial* training—is an engine fraught with terrible mischief.

"An instructive leading article in the *Hull Packet* (of May 11th, 1877) complains of a great increase of juvenile crime in that large town, where, at times, the spectacle has been witnessed of 'gangs of young thieves lining the front of the dock, several of them so small that they had to be placed upon a box or stool to enable the magistrates to see them.' *And the crimes of those children are not only more numerous but more serious than formerly.* The Editor adds, '*It is singular that the rapid increase should date from the time that the Education Act came into force.*' *Here again is indicated the necessity for manual training in addition to head knowledge.**

"In connection with *industrial* education, it may also be mentioned that during the year a veteran member of this Association, ex-Sheriff Watson (of Ratho, N.B.) has published a pamphlet, 'Pauperism and Industrial Education in Aberdeenshire' (Blackwood), in which he shows that a very remarkable diminution of crime and pauperism has taken place in that particular county as compared with the rest of Scotland, owing mainly to *industrial* day schools. The children came from their own homes at seven or eight o'clock A.M.; had breakfast, dinner, and supper; were employed three hours daily in learning, and religious instruction, and five hours in *manual industry*, and returned to their own homes at night. It is stated, 'When all these elements are combined and skilfully applied, success is certain. *When any one of them is left out, failure is equally sure.*'"

(I do not quite know what the writer means by "learning" in this passage. But I can assure him, whatever he means by it, *that* element may be left out harmlessly, if only the child be taught good manners, religious faith, and manual skill.—J. R.)

* [Italics mine.]

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[1] [Compare *Hortus Inclusus*, p. 41 (ed. 3, p. 47).]

[2] [An Association called after John Howard, the prison reformer (1726–1790), "for Promoting the Best Methods of Criminal Treatment and Crime Prevention." The extract is from the Annual Report for 1877. A separate leaflet was also issued in that year, headed "Industrial Education *versus* Crime."]

82. (V.) I have not time, alas! to comment on the following two letters; except only to say that the introductory one is from a Companion of the Guild; and that the introduced one is the most extraordinary testimony to the practical powers of children, rightly educated, which I have ever seen or heard of. Here is little Hercules, again visible to us in his cradle, and no more in myth, but a living symbol! If any practical reader should be too much pained by the sentimental names of the children, let him read, to refresh himself, the unsentimental oration of the *Scotsman* in the last article of our Correspondence.

"*24th July*, 1877.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—When Mr. Ward was here the other evening, we were reading a letter from a cousin of ours who has been several years in California; and he said he thought you would like it for *Fors;* so I send some extracts—more perhaps than are suitable for *Fors*,—but I thought you might like to see them. The gentleman was an English doctor, and practised for many years in Ceylon, and has been almost all over the world. He married a gentle, well-educated English lady, and they have seven children. 'Neenee's' name is 'Irene Dolores'; the boy they call 'Buddha' is 'Everest,' after the highest mountain in Hindostan. 'Nannie' is 'Ianthe.' Every word of the letter is true, for 'Gus' couldn't exaggerate or prevaricate in the slightest possible degree.

"Ever yours sincerely."

"*15th May*, 1877.

"I am running two farms, about four miles apart—one with goats (Angora), and the other grain, sheep, and pigs. My time is at present entirely occupied, and all of us are busy all the time. Percy and Nannie herd the goats just now, and will have to for another month, as they are kidding, and we are milking them. We have about 222 goats, all the Angoras which produce mohair. They are the most beautiful creatures you ever saw. Percy is only five, yet he killed a rattlesnake a few days ago, about four feet long, and as big as my arm; it was as much as he could carry with both hands when he brought it home in triumph. Nannie nearly trod on it, and he killed it for her. I can't afford to get the children boots, so they are obliged to look out sharp for snakes. Buddha trod on an enormous rattlesnake the other day, but his naked foot did not hurt it, so it did not bite him.

"On the other farm I have about 400 merino sheep and 70 hogs. The children all have their work to do. Percy, Nannie, and Buddha herd goats. Zoe and Neenee look after the baby and the younger children, and dress and wash them, lay the table, help cook, and wash dishes; and the mother makes all our clothes. We live roughly, but we have plenty to eat and drink. All our plans as to coming home are knocked on the head, and I have determined not to entertain the idea again, but to settle down here for good. Farming is slow work, but we shall get on in time; and if we don't, the boys will. We will educate them the best we can, and I don't think much of education or civilization anyhow. Zoe is learning the violin, and I shall buy a zithern for Neenee. All the children have an excellent ear for music, and Zoe bids fair to have a very fine voice. The boys will have been brought up to this sort of farming, and will have a good chance to get on, I think. For a man with a lot of children, Cala is the best place. I don't wish to have anything more to do with medicine,—it's all a big humbug. For the most part farming is honest;—anyhow, at least it's possible to be an honest farmer.

"I am just about to enlarge the house. The climate is the best in the world. We live very roughly, and perhaps a little slovenly; but we have lots to eat

and drink,—three good square meals every day; and after this year shall have fruit.

"I believe we are fixtures here now: indeed I mean to dig me a grave on the top of our hill, so as to get as near to heaven as possible.

"I think, on the whole, the kids will have a better chance here than at home.* Besides, the times will be bad at home now. You are drifting into a terrible war,[1] in the course of which England will lose India, I think,—not altogether directly by Russia, but by revolt of the natives."

33. (VI.) A letter of deep import from my old friend and correspondent in *Time and Tide*, Mr. Dixon.[2] It shall be commented on at length in next *Fors*:[3] meantime, I commend with sternest ratification, to all my readers, Mr. George Mitchell's letter in the *Builder* for August 25th of this year.[4]

"15, SUNDERLAND STREET, SUNDERLAND, *15th Sept.*, 1877.

"DEAR SIR,—I omitted in my last[5] to inform you that the new Labour League of America is a revival of the old ideas that were promulgated by the Anabaptists in the time of Luther, in Germany, in the Peasants' War, and then again by the French Revolutionists, 1789. The leader Schwab is one of the leaders of the 'Internationalists' who figured in the Paris Commune days.[6] A very good summary of their ideas and plans was given in a series of articles in *Fraser's Magazine* a few years ago.[7] I possess several of their programmes, though of late I have heard very little of them. I enclose a cutting respecting their Congress this year on the Continent.

"I will try to procure something of more detail, for I am very deeply interested in this organization, though I do not agree with all the principles they advocate.

* Very certainly, my friend;—but what is the chance of home, if all the kids good for anything are in California?

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[1] [The writer of the letter was perturbed, it seems, by the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield, which displayed Turkish sympathies in the Russo-Turkish war which was beginning at the date of the letter.]

[2] [See Vol. XVII. pp. lxxviii.-lxxix.]

[3] [See pp. 257 *seq.*]

[4] [For an extract from this, see Letter 83, § 18 (p. 273).]

[5] [See above, p. 218.]

[6] [Justus Schwab in the following year became the leader of the more "advanced" Anarchists who broke away from other sections at the Congress in Albany. He was tried for complicity in the bomb outrage at Chicago in May 1886, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. In 1893 he was given an unconditional pardon by Governor Altgeld.]

[7] [A series of articles on "The International Working Men's Association" (*L'Internationale*) in *Fraser's Magazine*, July, August, and September 1875; vol. 92 (N.S., vol. 12), pp. 72, 181, 300. To the last of the articles a note is appended by the editor: "It is highly noticeable that, in all which has been said of and by 'The International Working Men's Association,' the one thing whereof we hear no whisper from first to last is WORK itself,—that, among the rights of a Working Man, the right of doing his Work honestly and well, not basely, scandalously, and fraudulently, as usual at present, is never once touched on, has apparently never been thought of. This evil remaining, all other reforms would but 'skin and film the ulcerous place.'"]

I see in it a great principle for the good of the working classes if it was rightly and justly conducted. It aims to unite the working classes of every country in one bond of universal brotherhood. It is opposed to war, strikes, and all such like combinations having *force* as the principal means of attaining the amelioration of the evils they suffer from. The original ideas were of a simple, gradual, progressive character, but ultimated in the fierce rabid actions that stained the Commune in Paris, the result of being led by fierce wild men. In a novel entitled *The Universalist* is a very good account of their aims, only it is coloured with a novelist's romantic way of depicting such matters.

"If you care for more respecting them, I can, I think, send you some particulars. I enclose you Bright's speech at Manchester, which seems not so jubilant as he used to be of the progress of our people: his allusion to Venice[1] seemed akin to some thoughts of yours, so thought would interest you; also his allusion to the Indian Famine, and our neglect of our duty to these people.

"Was the leisure of the Greeks not due to the hard work of the helots and slaves they had? Is *our* leisure, or rather the leisure of our rich people, not due to the work done by our workpeople? Just think of the leisure of our people,—think of the idle lives of the daughters of our tradespeople: it seems to me there is more leisure enjoyed now by our people than ever was enjoyed by any people—I mean the rich and trading classes.

"When I visit the houses of our trading classes, I feel amazed to see the gradual change in their circumstances within these few years,—the style of life they live, the servants they keep, the almost idle lives of their sons and daughters. Then see the way in which we live, how different to the simple style of our forefathers! If our lives were simpler, if we all had to labour somewhat like our old people, then how different it would be!

"Yours respectfully,
"THOMAS DIXON."

34. Well said, my old friend: but you must not confuse fevered idleness with leisure.

All questions raised either by my Manchester or Newcastle correspondent, respecting our want or possession of leisure, are answered by the following short extract from Plato:—

"*The Athenian.* Do we then all recognise the reason why, in our cities, such noble choirs and exercise have all but passed away;—or shall we only say that it is because of the ignorance of the people, and their legislators?

"*The Cretan.* Perhaps so.

"*A.* Ah no, you too simple Cleinias! there are two other causes; and causes enough they are, too.

"*C.* Which mean you?

"*A.* The first, the love of riches, leaving no moment of leisure" (making all Time leisureless) "to care about anything but one's own possessions, upon which the soul of every citizen being suspended, cannot contain any other thought but of his daily gain. And whatever knowledge or skill may conduce to such gain,—*that,* he is most ready in private to learn and practise; but mocks at every other. Here then is one of the causes we look for, that no one cares any more to be earnest in any good or honourable thing; but every man, in insatiable thirst for gold and silver, will submit himself to any art or trick if only he can grow rich by it, and do any deed,—be it holy, be it profane, or be it utterly vile,

[1] [See below, p. 274 *n.*]

real progress and if no injustice is to be done. The people who complain of depopulation are not, as a rule, those whose lot in having to leave their patches of land is thought to be so hard, but theorists and sentimentalists who, if they could have their way, would inflict terrible evils upon the country. It is not meant that our correspondent is one of these. He probably talks of depopulation rather as a fashion of speaking than as advancing a theory, or because he is actuated by a sentiment. He is a farmer, and does not like to see a farm become a forest: that is why he complains. Yet he would no doubt admit that every man is entitled to do the best he can for himself provided he does no injury to others. That is a rule which he would insist upon in his own case, and properly; and he will find it very difficult to show cause why it should not also be applied to crofters and landlords."—*Scotsman*, 20th June, 1877.

LETTER 88

HESIOD'S MEASURE[1]

1. "WAS the leisure of the Greeks not owing to the hard work of the helots and slaves they had?" asked my old friend, Thomas Dixon, in his letter given last month.[2]

Yes, truly, good labourer; nor the Greeks' leisure only, but also—if we are to call it leisure—that of the rich and powerful of this world, since this world began. And more and more I perceive, as my old age opens to me the deeper secrets of human life, that the true story and strength of that world are the story and strength of these helots and slaves; and only its fiction and feebleness in the idleness of those who feed on them:—which fiction and feebleness, with all their cruelty and sensuality, filling the cup of the fornication of the kings of the earth now to the lip,[3] must be, in no long time now, poured out upon the earth; and the cause of the poor judged by the King who shall reign in righteousness.[4] For all these petty struggles of the past, of which you write to me, are but the scudding clouds and first wailing winds, of the storm which must be as the sheet lightning—from one part of heaven to the other,—"So also shall the coming of the Son of Man be."[5]

Only the first scudding clouds, I say,—these hitherto seditions; for, as yet, they have only been of the ambitious,

[1] [See below, § 5. "Music" and "Story and Fiction" were rejected titles for this Letter.]
[2] [See Letter 82, § 33 (p. 253).]
[3] [Compare Revelation xvii. 2, 4.]
[4] [Compare Psalms lxxii. 2.]
[5] [Matthew xxiv. 27.]

or the ignorant; and only against tyrannous men: so that they ended, if successful, in mere ruinous license; and if they failed, were trampled out in blood: but *now*, the ranks are gathering, on the one side, of men rightly informed, and meaning to seek redress by lawful and honourable means only; and, on the other, of men capable of compassion, and open to reason, but with personal interests at stake so vast, and with all the gear and mechanism of their acts so involved in the web of past iniquity, that the best of them are helpless, and the wisest blind.

No debate, on such terms, and on such scale, has yet divided the nations; nor can any wisdom foresee the sorrow, or the glory, of its decision. One thing only we know, that in this contest, assuredly, the victory cannot be by violence; that every conquest under the Prince of War retards the standards of the Prince of Peace; and that every good servant must abide his Master's coming in the patience, not the refusal, of his daily labour.

Patiently, and humbly, I resume my own, not knowing whether shall prosper—either this or that;[1] caring only that, in so far as it reaches and remains, it may be faithful and true.[2]

2. Following the best order I can in my notes,—interrupted by the Bishop's sermon in last letter,[3]—I take, next, Plato's description of the duties of the third choir, namely that of men between the ages of thirty and sixty; vii. 816, 9 (812):—

"We said, then, that the sixty-years-old singers in the service of Dionysus should be, beyond other men, gifted with fine sense of rhythm, and of the meetings together of harmonies; so that being able to choose, out of imitative melody, what is well and ill represented of the soul in its passion, and well discerning the picture of the evil spirit from the picture of the good, they may cast away that which has in it the likeness of evil, and bring forward into the midst that which has the likeness of good; and hymn and sing *that* into the souls of the young, calling them forth

[1] [Ecclesiastes xi. 6.]
[2] [Revelation xix. 11.]
[3] [Letter 82, § 21 (p. 243).]

to pursue the possession of virtue, by means of such likenesses. And for this reason the sounds of the lyre ought to be used for the sake of clearness in the chords; * the master and pupil keeping both their voices in one note together with the chord: but the changes of the voice and variety of the lyre, the chords giving one tune, and the poet another melody, and the oppositions of many notes to few, and of slow to swift, sometimes in symphony, sometimes in antiphony, the rhythm of the song also in every sort of complication inlaying itself among the sounds of the lyre,—with all this, the pupils who have to learn what is useful of music in only three years, must have nothing to do: for things opposed, confusing each other, are difficult to learn: and youth, as far as possible, should be set at ease in learning." †

I think this passage alone may show the reader that the Greeks knew more of music than modern orchestral fiddlers fancy. For the essential work of Stradivarius, in substituting the violin for the lyre and harp, was twofold. Thenceforward, (A) instrumental music became the captain instead of the servant of the voice; and (B) skill of instrumental music, as so developed, became impossible in the ordinary education of a gentleman. So that, since his time, old King Cole has called for his fiddlers three,[1] and Squire Western sent Sophia to the harpsichord when he was drunk:[2] but of souls won by Orpheus, or cities built by Amphion, we hear no more.[3]

8. Now the reader must carefully learn the meanings of the—no fewer than seven—distinct musical terms used by Plato in the passages just given. The word I have translated "changes of the voice" is, in the Greek technical,—"heterophony"; and we have besides, rhythm, harmony, tune, melody, symphony, and antiphony.

Of these terms "rhythm" means essentially the time

* "Chord," in the Greek use, means only one of the strings of the instrument, not a concord of notes. The lyre is used instead of the flute, that the music may be subordinate always to the words.

† Not by having smooth or level roads made for it, but by being plainly shown, and steadily cheered in, the rough and steep.

[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 261.]

[2] [*Tom Jones*, book iv. ch. v.]

[3] [For Orpheus, see Vol. XIX. pp. 66, 178, and Vol. XX. p. 356; for Amphion, *ibid.*, pp. 356, 379. On the history of the violin, compare *Præterita*, iii. § 81 *n.*]

and metre; "harmony" the fixed relation of any high note to any low one;* "tune" the air given by the instrument; "melody" the air given by the voice; "symphony" the concord of the voice with the instrument, or with companion voices; "diaphony" their discord; "antiphony" their opposition; and "heterophony" their change.

4. And it will do more for us than merely fasten the sense of the terms, if we now re-read in last *Fors* the passage (p. 237) respecting the symphony of acquired reason with rightly compelled affection; and then those following pieces respecting their diaphony, from an earlier part of the *Laws*, iii. 39, 8 (688), where the concordant verdict of thought and heart is first spoken of as the ruling virtue of the four cardinal; namely:—

"Prudence, with true conception and true opinion, and the loves and desires that follow on these. For indeed, the Word † returns to the same point, and what I said before (if you will have it so, half in play) now I say again in true earnest, that prayer itself is deadly on the lips of a fool, unless he would pray that God would give him the contrary of his desires. And truly you will discern, if you follow out the Word in its fulness, that the ruin of the Doric cities never came on them because of cowardice, nor because their kings knew not how to make war; but because they knew not nobler human things, and were indeed ignorant with the greatest and fatallest of ignorances. And the greatest of ignorances, if you will

* The apparently vague use of the word "harmony" by the Greeks is founded on their perception that there is just as fixed a relation of influence on each other between high and low notes following in a well-composed melody as when they are sounded together in a single chord. That is to say, the notes in their assigned sequence relatively increase the pleasure with which each is heard, and in that manner act "harmoniously," though not heard at the same instant. But the definition of the mingled chord is perfect in ii. 539, 3 (665). "And to the order" (time) "of motion the name 'rhythm' is given, and to the mingling of high and low in sound, the name of 'harmony,' and the unison of both these we call 'choreia.'"

† I write, "Word" (Logos) with the capital initial when it stands in the original for the "entire course of reasoning," since to substitute this long phrase would weaken the sentences fatally. But no mystic or divine sense is attached to the term "Logos" in these places.[1]

[1] [The reference is to the much-discussed meaning of the word in the Greek Testament, John i. 1, and to the Neo-Platonists.]

have me tell it you, is this: when a man, judging truly of what is honourable and good, yet loves it not, but hates it, and loves and caresses with his soul what he perceives to be base and unjust,—this diaphony of his pain and pleasure with the rational verdict of his intellect, I call the last of ignorances; and the greatest, because it is in the multitude of the soul's thoughts." *

Presently afterwards—though I do not, because of the introduction of other subjects in the sentence, go on translating—this same ignorance is called the "out-of-tune-est" of all; there being scarcely a word in Greek social philosophy which has not reference to musical law; and scarcely a word in Greek musical science which has not understood reference to social law.

So that in final definition—ii. 562, 17 (673):—

"The whole Choreia is whole child-education for us, consisting, as we have seen, in the rhythms and harmonies which belong to sound (for as there is a rhythm in the movement of the body, so there is a rhythm in the movement of sound, and the movement of sound we call tune). And *the movement of sound, so as to reach the soul for the education of it in virtue* (we know not how), we call Music."

5. You see from this most important passage that the Greeks only called "Music" the kind of sound which induced right moral feeling ("they knew not *how*,"[1] but they knew it *did*), and any other kind of sound than that, however beautiful to the ear or scientific in composition, they did not call "Music" (exercise under the Muses), but "Amusia,"—the denial, or desolation for want, of the Muses.[2] Word now become of wide use in modern society; most accurately, as the Fates have ordained, yet by an equivocation in language; for the old French verb "muser," "to

* Note David, of the contrary state—
"In the *multitude* of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts *delight* my soul."[3]

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[1] [Curiously these words are omitted in Jowett's version.]
[2] [Compare "The Relation of National Ethics to National Arts," §§ 18, 19 (Vol. XIX. p. 176).]
[3] [Psalms xciv. 19.]

think in a dreamy manner," came from the Latin "musso," "to speak low," or whisper, and not from the Greek word "muse." But it once having taken the meaning of meditation, "a-muser," "to dispel musing," became a verb very dear to generations of men whom any manner of thoughtfulness tormented; and,—such their way of life—could not but torment: whence the modern "amusement" has practically established itself as equivalent to the Greek "amusia."

The Greek himself, however, did not express his idea fully in language, but only in myth. His "amusia" does not mean properly the opposing delightfulness, but only the interruption, and violation, of musical art. The proper word for the opposed delightful art would have been "sirenic";[1] but he was content in the visionary symbol, and did not need the word, for the disciples of the Sirens of course asserted their songs to be Music as much as the disciples of the Muses. First, therefore, take this following passage respecting the violation of music, and then we will go on to consider its opposition:—

(iii. 47, 10 (690).) "For now, indeed, we have traced such a fountain of seditions as well needs healing; and first consider, in this matter, how, and against what, the kings of Argos and Messene sinned, when they destroyed at once themselves and the power of the Greeks, marvellous great as it was in their time. Was not their sin that they refused to acknowledge the utter rightness of Hesiod in his saying that 'the half is often more than the whole'? For, when to take the whole is mischievous, but the half, a measured and moderated good, then the measured good is more than the unmeasured, as better is more than worse.

"*The Cretan.* It is a most right and wise saying.

"*The Athenian.* Whether, then, are we to think, of the kings, that it was this error in *their* hearts that in each several case destroyed them, or that the mischief entered first into the heart of the people?

"*The Cretan.* In all likelihood, for the most part, the disease was in the kings, living proudly because of luxury.

"*The Athenian.* Is it not evident, as well as likely, that the kings first fell into this guilt of grasping at more than the established laws gave them: and with what by speech and oath they had approved, they kept no symphony in act; and their diaphony, as we said, being indeed the uttermost ignorance, yet seeming wisdom, through breaking of tune and sharp amusia, destroyed all those noble things?"

[1] [Compare *Munera Pulveris*, § 90 (Vol. XVII. p. 211), and Vol. XIX. p. 177.]

6. Now in applying this great sentence of Plato's to the parallel time in England, when her kings "kept no symphony in act with what by word and oath they had approved," and so destroyed at once themselves and the English power, "marvellous great as it was in their time" —the "sharp amusia" of Charles I. and his Cavaliers was indeed in grasping at more than the established laws gave them; but an entirely contrary—or, one might technically call it, "flat amusia"—met it on the other side, and ruined Cromwell and his Roundheads. Of which flat or dead amusia Plato had seen no instance, and could not imagine it; and for the laying bare its root, we must seek to the truest philosopher of our own days, from whose good company I have too long kept the reader,[1]—Walter Scott.

When he was sitting to Northcote (who told the story to my father, not once nor twice, but I think it is in Hazlitt's conversations of Northcote also[2]), the old painter, speaking with a painter's wonder of the intricate design of the Waverley Novels,[3] said that one chief source of his delight in them was that "he never knew what was coming."

"Nor I neither," answered Sir Walter.

Now this reply, though of course partly playful, and made for the sake of its momentary point, was deeply true, in a sense which Sir Walter himself was not conscious of. He was conscious of it only as a weakness,—not as a strength. His beautiful confession of it as a weakness is here in my bookcase behind me, written in his own hand, in the introduction to the *Fortunes of Nigel*.[4] I take it

[1] [Since Letter 67, Vol. XXVIII. p. 644 (except for passing references in Letters 73 and 82, above, pp. 23, 220).]

[2] ["I was much pleased with Sir Walter, and I believe he expressed a favourable opinion of me. I said to him, 'I admire the way in which you begin your novels. You set out so abruptly, that you quite surprise me. I can't at all tell what's coming.' 'No!' says Sir Walter, 'nor I neither'" (*Conversations of James Northcote, Esq., R.A.*, by William Hazlitt, 1830, p. 221).]

[3] [Compare what Ruskin says, in his analysis of *Redgauntlet*, of the "subtle heraldic quartering" in the Waverley Novels: Letter 47, § 7 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 194).]

[4] [The manuscript remains at Brantwood; and the passages cited are here given in *facsimile*.]

reverently down, and copy it from the dear old manuscript, written as it is at temperate speed, the letters all perfectly formed, but with no loss of time in dotting *i*s, crossing *t*s, writing mute *e*s in past participles, or in punctuation; the current dash and full period alone being used. I copy with scrupulous care, adding no stop where stop is not.

"*Captain*" (Clutterbuck) Respect for yourself then ought to teach caution—

Author. Aye if caution could augment my title to success — But to confess to you the truth the books and passages in which I have succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity and when I have seen some of these placed in opposition with others and commended as more highly finished I could appeal to pen and standish that those in which I have come feebly off were by much the more labourd. I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have laid down my work to scale divided it into volumes and chapters and endeavourd to construct a story which should evolve itself gradually and strikingly maintain suspense and stimulate curiosity and finally terminate in a striking catastrophe—But I think there is a dæmon which seats himself upon the feather of my pen when I begin to write and guides * leads it astray from the purpose Characters expand under my hand incidents are multiplied the story lingers while the materials increase—my regular mansion turns out a Gothic anomaly and the work is done long before I have attained the end I proposed.

Captain. Resolution and determined forbearance might remedy that evil.

Author. Alas my dear Sir you do not know the fever of paternal affection—When I light on such a character as Baillie Jarvie or Dalgety my imagination brightens and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I make in his company although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again[1]—†

If I resist the temptation as you advise me my thoughts become prosy flat and dull I write painfully to myself and under a consciousness of flagging which makes me flag—the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents departs from them and leaves everything flat and gloomy—I am no more the same author than the dog in a wheel condemnd to go round and round for hours is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail and gamboling in all the frolic of freedom—In short I think I am bewitchd—

Captain. Nay Sir if you plead sorcery there is no more to be said."

* The only word altered in the whole passage, and that on the instant.

† The closing passage of the author's paragraph, down to "bewitchd," is an addition on the lateral leaf.

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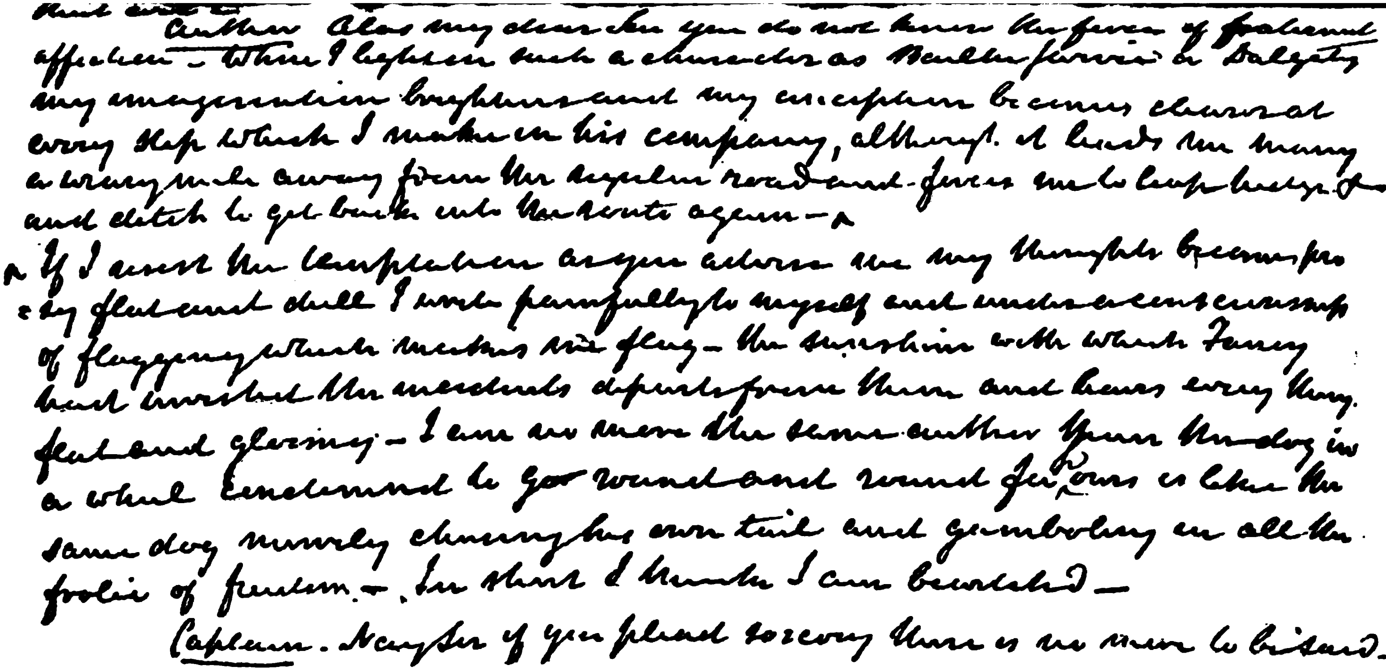
[1] [For a reference to this passage, see *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 296.]

Captain. Respect to yourself then ought to teach caution —

Author. Aye if caution could augment my title to success — But to confess to you the truth the works and passages in which I have succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity and when I have seen some of these placed in opposition to the others and commended as more highly finished I could appeal to pen and standish that those in which I have come feebly off were by much the more laboured. I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have laid down my work to scale divided it into volumes & chapters and endeavoured to construct a story which should evolve itself gradually and strikingly maintain suspense and stimulate curiosity and finally terminate in a striking catastrophe — But I think there is a dæmon which seats himself on the feather of my pen when I begin to write and ~~guides it~~ leads it astray from the purpose. Characters expand under my hand incidents are multiplied the story lingers while the materials increase — my ~~gothic~~ regular mansion turns out a gothic anomaly and the work is closed long before I have attained the point I proposed.

Captain [illegible]



Author Alas my dear sir you do not know the force of paternal affection — When I light on such a character as Bailie Jarvie or Dalgetty my imagination brightens and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I make in his company, although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again —

If I resist the temptation as you advise me my thoughts become prosy flat and dull I write painfully to myself and under a consciousness of flagging which makes me flag — the sunshine with which Fancy had invested the incidents departs from them and leaves every thing flat and gloomy — I am no more the same author than the dog in a wheel condemned to go round and round for hours is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail and gambolling in all the frolic of freedom — In short I think I am bewitched —

Captain. Nay Sir if you plead sorcery there is no more to be said.

FROM THE MS. OF "THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL"

pp. 264-265

7. Alas, he did but half know how truly he had right to plead sorcery, feeling the witchcraft, yet not believing in it, nor knowing that it was indeed an angel that "guided," not a dæmon[1] (I am forced for once to use with him the Greek word in its Presbyterian sense) that misled, his hand, as it wrote in gladness the fast-coming fancies. For, truly in that involuntary vision was the true "design," and Scott's work differs from all other modern fiction by its exquisiteness of art, precisely *because* he did not "know what was coming." For, as I have a thousand times before asserted[2]—though hitherto always in vain,—no great composition was ever produced by composing, nor by arranging chapters and dividing volumes; but only with the same heavenly involuntariness in which a bird builds her nest. And among the other virtues of the great classic masters, this of enchanted Design is of all the least visible to the present apothecary mind: for although, when I first gave analysis of the inventive power in *Modern Painters*, I was best able to illustrate its combining method by showing that "there was something like it in chemistry,"[3] it is precisely what *is* like it in chemistry, that the chemist of to-day denies.

8. But one farther great, and greatest, sign of the Divinity in this enchanted work of the classic masters, I did not then assert,—for, indeed, I had not then myself discerned it,—namely, that this power of noble composition is never given but with accompanying instinct of moral law; and that so severe, that the apparently too complete and ideal justice which it proclaims has received universally the name of "poetical" justice—the justice conceived only by the men of consummate imaginative power. So that to say of any man that he has power of design, is at once to say of him that he is using it on God's side; for it can only have been taught him by that Master, and cannot

[1] [See Letter 82, § 19 *n.* (p. 240).]
[2] [See Vol. XX. p. 55, and the other passages there noted.]
[3] [See Vol. IV. (*Modern Painters*, ii.) p. 234.]

be taught by the use of it against Him. And therefore every great composition in the world, every great piece of painting or literature—without any exception, from the birth of Man to this hour—is an assertion of moral law, as strict, when we examine it, as the *Eumenides* or the *Divina Commedia;* while the total collapse of all power of artistic design in Italy at this day has been signalized and sealed by the production of an epic poem in praise of the Devil and in declaration that God is a malignant "Larva."*

9. And this so-called poetical justice, asserted by the great designers, consists not only in the gracing of virtue with her own proper rewards of mental peace and spiritual victory; but in the proportioning also of worldly prosperity to visible virtue; and the manifestation, therefore, of the presence of the Father in this world, no less than in that which is to come. So that, if the life-work of any man of unquestioned genius does not assert this visible justice, but, on the contrary, exhibits good and gentle persons in unredeemed distress or destruction,—that work will invariably be found to show no power of design; but to be merely the consecutive collection of interesting circumstances well described, as continually the best work of Balzac, George Sand, and other good novelists of the second order.[1] In some separate pieces, the great masters will indeed exhibit the darkest mystery of human fate, but never without showing, even then, that the catastrophe is owing in the root of it to the violation of some moral law: "*She hath deceived her father,*—and may thee."[2] The root of the entire tragedy is marked by the mighty master in

* A highly laudatory review of this work, in two successive parts, will be found in the columns of the Venetian journal *Il Tempo*, in the winter of 1876–77.[3]

[1] [For the rank given by Ruskin to Balzac and George Sand, see Vol. V. pp. 323, 330, 332, 360, 372.]

[2] [*Othello*, Act i. sc. 3. See Letter 90, § 3 *n.*, where Ruskin refers to the present passage (below, p. 426). See also on the tragedy of *Othello*, *Munera Pulveris*, § 134 *n.* (Vol. XVII. p. 257).]

[3] [See Letter 76, § 22 (p. 105).]

that one line—the double sin, namely, of daughter and father; of the first in too lawlessly forgetting her own people, and her father's house;[1] and of the second, in allowing his pride and selfishness to conquer his paternal love, and harden him, not only in abandonment of his paternal duty, but in calumnious insult to his child. Nor, even thus, is Shakespeare content without marking, in the name of the victim of Evil Fortune, his purpose in the tragedy, of showing that there *is* such a thing as Destiny, permitted to veil the otherwise clear Providence, and to leave it only to be found by noble Will, and proved by noble Faith.

10. Although always, in reading Scott, one thinks the story one has last finished, the best, there can be little question that the one which has right of pre-eminence is the *Heart of Midlothian*,[2] being devoted to the portraiture of the purest life, and most vital religion, of his native country.

It is also the most distinct in its assertion of the moral law; the assignment of earthly reward and punishment being, in this story, as accurately proportioned to the degrees of virtue and vice as the lights and shades of a photograph to the force of the rays. The absolute truth and faith of Jeanie make the suffering through which she has to pass the ultimate cause of an entirely prosperous and peaceful life for herself, her father, and her lover: the falsehood and vanity of Effie prepare for her a life of falsehood and vanity: the pride of David Deans is made the chief instrument of his humiliation; and the self-confidence which separated him from true fellowship with his brother-Christians, becomes the cause of his eternal separation from his child.

Also, there is no other analysis of the good and evil of the pure Protestant faith which can be for a moment compared to that in the *Heart of Midlothian*, showing that

[1] [Compare Psalms xlv. 10.]

[2] [Compare Letter 92, § 7 (below, p. 456), where Ruskin again gives reasons for placing the *Heart of Midlothian* "highest of all his works."]

in an entirely simple, strong, and modest soul, it brings forth fruit of all good works and kindly thoughts; but that, when it meets with innate pride, and the unconquerable selfishness which comes from want of sympathy, it leads into ludicrous and fatal self-worship, mercilessness to the errors, whether in thought or conduct, of others; and blindness to the teaching of God Himself, where it is contrary to the devotee's own habits of thought. There is no other form of the Christian religion which so insolently ignores all Scripture that makes against it, or gathers with so passionate and irrational embrace all Scripture that makes for it.

11. And the entire course of the tragic story in the *Heart of Midlothian* comes of the "Museless" hardness of nature, brought upon David Deans by the persecution in his early life, which changed healthy and innocent passion into religious pride,—

"I bless God (with that singular worthy, Peter Walker, the packman at Bristo Port), that ordered my lot in my dancing days, so that fear of my head and throat, dread of bloody rope and swift bullet, cauld and hunger, wetness and weariness, stopped the lightness of my head, and the wantonness of my feet. And now, if I hear ye, quean lassies, sae muckle as name dancing, or think there's such a thing in the world as flinging to fiddlers' sounds and pipers' springs, as sure as my father's spirit is with the just, ye shall be no more either charge or concern of mine."[1]

Over the bronze sculpture of this insolent pride, Scott instantly casts, in the following sentence ("Gang in then, hinnies," etc.), the redeeming glow of paternal love; but he makes it, nevertheless, the cause of all the misery that follows, to the end of the old man's life:—

"The objurgation of David Deans, however well meant, was unhappily timed. It created a division of feeling in Effie's bosom, and deterred her from her intended confidence in her sister. 'She wad haud me nae better than the dirt below her feet,' said Effie to herself, 'were I to confess that I hae danced wi' him four times on the green down by, and ance at Maggie Macqueen's.'"

Such, and no more than such, the little sin, that day

[1] [*The Heart of Midlothian*, ch. x.]

concealed—sin only *in* concealment. And the fate of her life turns on the Fear and the Silence of a moment.

12. But for the effective and final cause of it, on that Deadly Muselessness of the Cameronian leaders, who indeed would read of the daughter of Herodias dancing before Herod,[1] but never of the son of Jesse dancing before the Lord; and banished sackbut and psaltery, for signals in the service of Nebuchadnezzar, forgetting that the last law of Moses and last prayer of David were written in song.[2]

And this gloomy forgetfulness, or worse,—presumptuous defiance, of the laws of the nature given by his Maker to man, left, since the Reformation, the best means of early education chiefly in the hands of the adversary of souls; and thus defiled the sanctuary of joy in the human heart, and left it desolate for the satyrs to dance there, and the wild beasts of the islands to cry.[3]

Which satyric dance and sirenic song, accomplished, both, with all the finish of science, and used in mimicry of every noble emotion towards God and man, become the uttermost, and worst—because the most traitorous—of blasphemies against the Master who gave us motion and voice submissive to other laws than of the elements; and would have made us "as happy"—nay, how much happier!—than the "wave that dances on the sea";[4] and how much more glorious in praise than the forests, though they clap their hands, and the hills, that rejoice together before the Lord.[5]

13. And this cry of the wild beasts of the islands, or sirenic blasphemy, has in modern days become twofold; consisting first in the mimicry of *devotion* for pleasure, in the oratorio,[6] withering the life of religion into dead bones on the siren-sands; and secondly, the mimicry of *compassion*, for pleasure, in the opera, wasting the pity and love which

[1] [See the speech of David Deans in the same chapter.]
[2] [The Bible references are Mark vi. 22; 2 Samuel vi. 14; Daniel iii. 5; Deuteronomy xxxii.; 2 Samuel xxii., xxiii. 1.]
[3] [Isaiah xiii. 21, 22.]
[4] [Wordsworth, "The Two April Mornings."]
[5] [See Isaiah lv. 12, and Psalms xcviii. 8.]
[6] [Compare above, p. 55.]

should overflow in active life, on the ghastliest visions of fictitious grief and horriblest decoration of simulated death.[1] But these two blasphemies had become one, in the Greek religious service of Plato's time. "For, indeed,—vii. 289, 20 (800)—this has come to pass in nearly all our cities, that when any public sacrifice is made to the Gods, not one chorus only, but many choruses, and standing, not reverently far from the altars, but beside them" (yes, in the very cathedrals themselves), "pour forth blasphemies of sacred things" (not mockeries, observe, but songs precisely corresponding to our oratorios—that is to say, turning dramatic prayer into a solemn sensual pleasure),

"both with word and rhythm, and the most wailing harmonies, racking the souls of the hearers; and whosoever can make the sacrificing people weep the most, to him is the victory. Such lamentations, if indeed the citizens have need to hear, let it be on accursed instead of festal days, and from hired mourners as at funerals. But that we may get rid at once of the need of speaking of such things, shall we not accept, for the mould and seal of all song, Euphemy, the speaking the good of all things, and not Blasphemy, the speaking their sorrow?"

Which first law of noble song is taught us by the myth that Euphemy was the Nurse of the Muses—(her statue was still on Parnassus in Pausanias' time[2])—together with that of Linus, who is the master of true dirge music, used in permitted lamentation.

14. And here, in good time, comes to me a note from one of my kindest and best teachers, in old time, in the Greek Vase room of the British Museum,* which points

* Mr. A. S. Murray,[3] the first, I believe, of our Greek antiquaries who distinguished, in the British Museum, the vases executed in imitation of archaic forms by late Roman artists, from real Athenian archaic pottery.

[1] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. pp. 390–392).]

[2] [Ruskin, relying on memory, says Parnassus for Helicon: see Pausanias, ix. 29, 5, where also the story of Linus is told.]

[3] [Alexander Stuart Murray (1841–1904), LL.D., Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, 1886–1904. For another letter from him, see *Love's Meinie*, § 166 *n.* (Vol. XXV. p. 159). Murray advocated the view, published by Heinrich Brunn in "Probleme in der Geschichte der Vasenmalerei," 1871 (*Abhandl. d. K. Bayer, Akad. d. W.*, 1 classe, xii. 2, p. 87), that a very considerable proportion of the black-figured vases found in Etruria were specially made for the Etruscan market, in the third and second centuries A.D., by late Athenian artists working after Etruria had succumbed to Rome.]

out one fact respecting the physical origin of the music-myths, wholly new to me:—

"On reading your last *Fors* I was reminded of what used to seem to me an inconsistency of the Greeks in assigning so much of a harmonizing influence to music for the practical purposes of education, while in their myths they regularly associated it with competition, and cruel punishment of the loser. The Muses competed with the Sirens—won, and plucked their feathers to make crowns of. Apollo competed with Marsyas—won, and had him flayed alive.[1] Apollo and Pan had a dispute about the merits of their favourite instruments; and Midas, because he decided for Pan, had his ears lengthened at the command of Apollo. The Muses competed with the daughters of Pieros, who failed, and lost their life. It looks as if there had been a Greek Eistedfodd! But, seriously, it is not easy to be confident about an explanation of this mythical feature of Music. As regards Apollo and Marsyas, it is to be observed that Marsyas was a river god, who made the first flute from the reeds of his own river, and thus he would represent the music of flowing water, and of wind in the reeds. Apollo was the god of the music of animate nature; the time of his supremacy was summer. The time when Marsyas had it all his own way was winter. In summer his stream was dried up, and, as the myth says, he was flayed alive. The competition was, then, in the first place, between the music of summer and the music of winter; and, in the second place, between the music of animate nature and that of water and wind. This explanation would also apply to the competition of the Muses and Sirens, since the latter represented the music of the seashore, while the Muses were associated with Apollo, and would represent whatever principle he represented. The myth of the daughters of Pieros is probably only a variant of that of the Sirens. As regards the rivalry of Apollo and Pan, I do not see any satisfactory explanation of it. It was comparatively slight, and the consequences to Midas were not so dreadful after all."

15. The interpretation here of the punishment of Marsyas as the drying up of the river, whose "stony channel in the sun"[2] so often, in Greece and Italy, mocks us with memory of sweet waters in the drought of summer, is, as I said, wholly new to me, and, I doubt not, true. And the meaning of the other myths will surely be open enough to the reader who has followed Plato thus far: but one more must be added to complete the cycle of them—the contest of Dionysus with the Tyrrhenian pirates;[3]—and then we

[1] [For the myth of Marsyas, compare Vol. XIX. p. 343.]
[2] [Quoted also in *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 174).]
[3] [See the *Homeric Hymn* to Dionysus. The story is the subject of the sculptures on the frieze of the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates at Athens, of which casts are in the Elgin Room at the British Museum: see E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook to the Greek and Roman Antiquities*, pp. 199, 200.]

have the three orders of the Deities of music throughout the ages of Man,—the Muses, Apollo, and Dionysus,—each with their definite adversaries. The Muses, whose office is the teaching of sacred pleasures to childhood, have for adversaries the Sirens, who teach sinful pleasure; Apollo, who teaches intellectual, or historic, therefore worded, music, to men of middle age, has for adversary Marsyas, who teaches the wordless music of the reeds and rivers; and, finally, Dionysus, who teaches the cheerful music which is to be the wine of old age, has for adversary the commercial pirate, who would sell the god for gain, and drink no wine but gold. And of these three contests, bearing as they do in their issue on all things festive and pantomimic, I reserve discussion for my seventh year's Christmas *Fors*;[1] such discussion being, I hope, likely to prove serviceable to many of my honest friends, who are losing their strength in forbidding men to drink, when they should be helping them to eat;[2] and cannot for the life of them understand what, long since pointed out to them, they will find irrefragably true, that "the holiness of the parsonage and parson at one end of the village, can only be established in the holiness of the tavern and tapster at the other."[3]

[1] [Letter 84, but the discussion is not there given.]
[2] [Compare Letter 81, § 17, *note* (*a*): p. 214.]
[3] [Compare Letter 36, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 671); also 84, § 14, and 93, § 9 (below, pp. 295, 474).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

16. (I.) AFFAIRS of the Company.

My general assertion of our prosperity last month[1] referred principally to the accession of new Companions, whose enrolment much encourages me, especially that of one much-regarded friend and Fellow of my college. On the other hand, I have been greatly concerned by the difficulties which naturally present themselves in the first organization of work at Abbey Dale,—the more that these are for the most part attributable to very little and very ridiculous things, which, with all my frankness, I see no good in publishing. The root of all mischief is of course that the Master is out of the way, and the men, in his absence, tried at first to get on by vote of the majority;—it is at any rate to be counted as no small success that they have entirely convinced themselves of the impossibility of getting on in that popular manner; and that they will be glad to see me when I can get there.

17. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I have nothing interesting to communicate under this head, except that I have been very busy clearing my wood, and chopping up its rotten sticks into faggots;—that I am highly satisfied with the material results of this amusement; and shall be able to keep the smoke from my chimneys this winter of purer blue than usual, at less cost.

18. (III.) I think it well, in connection with what is said in the reply to Mr. Dixon at the opening of this letter, to print, below, part of the article in the *Builder* to which I so gravely recommended my readers' attention last month.[2] If the writer of that article can conceive of any means by which his sentence, here italicized, could be carried out, short of revolution, other than the means I propose in the action of the St. George's Company,—the steady and irrevocable purchase of the land for the nation by national subscription,—I should be very thankful to hear of them. The organization of a Parliament strong enough even to modify the existing methods of land tenure would *be* revolution.

"Five men own one-fourth of Scotland. One duke owns 96,000 acres in Derbyshire, besides vast estates in other parts of England and in Ireland. Another, with estates all over the United Kingdom, has 40,000 acres in Sussex and 300,000 acres in Scotland. This nobleman's park is fifteen miles in circumference! Another

[1] [See p. 248.]
[2] [See Letter 32, § 33 (p. 252).]

duke has estates which the highroad divides for twenty-three miles! A marquis there is who can ride a hundred miles in a straight line upon his own land! There is a duke who owns almost an entire county stretching from sea to sea. An earl draws £200,000 every year from his estates in Lancashire. A duke regularly invests £80,000 a year in buying up lands adjoining his already enormous estates. A marquis enjoys £1,000,000 a year from land. An earl lately died leaving to his heirs £1,000,000 sterling and £160,000 a year income from land. The income from land derived by one ducal family of England is £1,600,000, which is increasing every year by the falling in of leases. One hundred and fifty persons own half England, seventy-five persons own half Scotland, thirty-five persons own half Ireland; and all the lands of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are owned by less than 60,000 persons, and they say to the remaining 32,000,000 of people, 'All this land of Great Britain and Ireland was given to the children of men, and behold we are the Lord's children in possession, and you millions, you go to work!'

"Now, sir, these noblemen and gentlemen might keep their lands for all I cared, provided they would adopt and act upon the old adage, that 'property has its duties as well as its rights'; but, sir, they will never act upon that motto until they are compelled by the loud, long, and united voice of the people. *We must get this land system readjusted*, or revolution is bound to come, within the lifetime of grave and reverend seniors like you and me. The fact is, sir, that a majority of the inhabitants of this country are in a state of squalid poverty,—living in miserable fever dens, without any of the decencies of life,—scarcely ever getting a good meal, and yet they are becoming educated! Cannot others see what this means? Are the dukes, and lords, and baronets, and squires, so blinded by their wealth, the result in too many cases of sacrilege, that they cannot see what is coming? Education and starvation! What will they produce? Why, sir, as sure as two and two make four, they will bring revolution. You have well and truly said, 'Such a question allowed to remain unanswered in another part of Europe has induced revolution, followed by destruction,' and you said this with regard to the London monopolies of property; but, sir, the land monopoly of the provinces must lead to revolution in this part of Europe before very long, and I will attempt to show you why. The land monopoly is at the bottom of all the pauperism, both that which is recognized and that which is unrecognized; for that is the dangerous poverty which does not stoop to parish relief, but bears and resolves in silence."—*Builder*, Aug. 25, 1877.

19. (IV.) I meant to have given in this *Fors* the entire speech of the Angel of the Church of Manchester,[1] at the banquet whose deliciousness inspired that superb moral peroration of Mr. Bright, which I hope entered profoundly into the pleased stomachs of the Corporation.[2] But—it has been the will of Fors that I should mislay the Manchester Angel's speech

[1] [For Ruskin's use of the word "Angel" in this connexion, see Letters 70, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 721), and 84, § 16 (below, p. 296). For the Bishop of Manchester's speech on the occasion in question, see Vol. XXII. p. 515 *n.*]

[2] [In this speech (delivered at the banquet to celebrate the opening of the new Town Hall, September 13, 1877), Bright reminded his audience that "Great cities have fallen before Manchester was known—

> 'Venice, lost and won,
> Her 1300 years of freedom done,
> Sinks like the seaweed out of which she rose.'

Assembled as we are in this gorgeous apartment, partaking of this profuse banquet, let us not forget the perils which we may meet. Let Manchester, which is, I hold,

—and find, instead, among a heap of stored papers this extract respecting Episcopal Revenues, from No. 1 of "Humanitarian Tracts" on "Past and Passing Events, the Church, Modern Jesuitism, Church Lands, and the Rights of Property, published by John Hopper, Bishopwearmouth."[1] Not feeling complete confidence in the Humanitarian and Hopperian account of these things, I sent the subjoined extract to a reverend friend, requesting him to ascertain and let me know the truth. His reply follows the accusation; but it will be seen that the matter requires further probing; and I would fain advise my antiquarian friends that it would be better service to history, at this moment, if any faithful investigator,—Mr. Froude, for instance,—would lay the whole subject clearly before the public, than any labours among the chronicles, or ruins, of St. Albans or any other abbey, are likely to render,[2] unless they were undertaken in a spirit which could read the silence, as well as the utterance, of the great Ages. Thus then, the Humanitarian:—

"On the 1st of August, 1848, Mr. Horsman, in the House of Commons, speaking on Temporalities and Church-leases, said: 'I believe few people have any idea of the value of the episcopal and capitular estates. No return of them has ever been made. . . . It is known, however, that these estates are immense. . . . When the Committee on Church Leases was sitting in 1838, it attempted to get returns of the actual value of these leased estates. From some of the prelates and dignitaries they did receive them; others indignantly refused.

	Per annum.
The present Archbishop of Canterbury (then Bishop of Chester) returned his income at	£3,951
But the rental of his leased estate was	16,236
Making a difference of	£12,285
The Archbishop of York returned his income at	£13,798
Actual rental	41,030
Making a difference of	£27,232
The then Archbishop of Canterbury returned his income at . .	£22,216
Actual rental	52,000
Making a difference of	£29,784"

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of the very foremost of our great cities, as she has done in the past, contribute her share in that wisdom which in all times is the sure foundation of the permanent prosperity and of the true grandeur of States."]

[1] [For an obituary notice of John Hopper, see Letter 57, § 11 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 414).]

[2] [The reference is to Froude's paper entitled "Annals of an English Abbey": see Letter 88 (below, p. 390 and *n.*).]

Next, my clerical friend's letter:—

"*April* 4, 1876.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—It is with great disappointment that I return your pamphlet and paper, without being able to give a satisfactory answer to the charge against the Bishops of 1839. I have tried and waited patiently, and tried again, but people now know little, and care less, for what then happened, and my name is not influential enough to get the information from officials who alone can supply it.

"You must forgive my obstinacy if I still doubt whether the difference went into the Bishops' pockets! My doubts are the more confirmed by examining other assertions made in the pamphlet at random. I venture to send you such statistics as I have been able to gather in reply to the main argument of the tract, should you think it worth your while to read them."

20. Having no interest in the "general argument" of the pamphlet, but only in its very definite and stern charges against the Bishops, I did not trouble myself with their statistics; but wrote to another friend, my most helpful and kind Mr. F. S. Ellis, of New Bond Street, who presently procured for me the following valuable letter and essential documents; but, as it always happens, somehow, we have not got at the main point,—the difference, if any, between the actual and alleged incomes. For decision of which I again refer myself, humbly, to the historians of this super-eminently glorious, pious, and well-informed century.

"THE GROVE, 21*st September*, 1875.

"DEAR SIR,—I find, on referring to Hansard, that the report of Mr. Horsman's speech on pp. 22, 23 of the pamphlet, is substantially, but *not verbally*, accurate. Some only of the figures are quoted by him, but not in the way in which they are placed in the pamphlet. With this I hand you extracts from printed returns covering the range of the figures on p. 23 of the pamphlet, and also giving the incomes finally assigned to the various Sees.

"I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"FRED. W. FOSTER.

"F. S. ELLIS, ESQ.,
"New Bond Street, London."

Parliamentary Reports from Committees, 1839, vol. viii., pp. 237–376.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 6th May 1839. No. 247.

Page 40. The total annual value of the property let on leases by the Archbishop of Canterbury—£52,086, 1s.

Return dated 23rd February, 1839.

Parliamentary Reports from Committees, 1837–38, vol. ix.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 7th Aug., 1838. No. 692.

Page 560. The aggregate net annual value of lands and tithes in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, held by lease, under the See of York:—

Three leases	£2,546
	6,350
	33,134
Return dated 26th July, 1838.	£42,030

Parliamentary Reports from Committees, 1837–38, vol. ix.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 7th Aug., 1838. No. 692.

***Page* 566.** The annual value of the property belonging to the See of Chester, and which is let on lives, is £15,526; on years, £710. Total, £16,236.

Return dated 25th July, 1838.

Sees.	Total Amount of the average gross Yearly Income of the See, and of the Ecclesiastical Preferments (if any) permanently or accustomably annexed thereto.	Permanent Yearly Payments made out of the Revenues of the See.	Net Yearly Income subject to temporary charges (if any) stated below.
Canterbury . . .	£22,216	£3,034	£19,182 *
York	13,798	1,169	12,629
Chester	3,951	690	3,261
Total of the 27 Sees .	181,631	...	160,292
Average	6,727	..	5,936

By an Order in Council passed 25th August, 1871, and gazetted 19th Sept., 1851, the annual incomes assigned to the various Sees was as follows:—

Canterbury	£15,000
York, London	10,000
Durham	8,000
Winchester	7,000
Ely	5,500
Bath and Wells, Exeter, Gloucester and Bristol, Lincoln, Oxford, Rochester, Salisbury, Worcester	5,000
Carlisle, Chester, St. David's, Lichfield, Norwich, Peterborough, Ripon . .	4,500
St. Asaph, Bangor, Chichester, Hereford, Llandaff, Manchester . . .	4,200
Total	£152,200
Average	£5,637

***Parliamentary Accounts and Papers*, 1837**, vol. xli., pp. 223–320.—A return of the clear annual revenue of every Archbishopric, Bishopric, etc., according to the Report of the Commissioners appointed by the King to inquire into the Ecclesiastical Revenues of England and Wales, on an average of three years, ending 31st Dec., 1831, etc. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 25th April, 1837. No. 240. (1s.)[1]

21. (V.) I can no more vouch for any of the statements in the following newspaper article than I can for those of the pamphleteer of Bishopwearmouth. But that such statements should have been publicly made,

* Temporary charge; repayment of mortgage, the principal by instalments, and interest; making a yearly payment of about £3780. The interest decreases at the rate of £60 every year. Final payment to be made in 1873.

[1] [For further correspondence on this subject, see Letter 85, § 10 (p. 327).]

and, so far as I know, without contradiction, is a fact to be noted in *Fors*. I have omitted much useless newspaper adornment, and substituted one or two clearer words in the following article, which may be seen in its entirety in *Christian Life* for 1st September, 1877.[1]

"DIZZINESS IN HIGH PLACES.—Kells is in Ireland; and his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, who is at present recreating himself in that country, has been at Kells. In Kells there is a branch of the Protestant Orphan Society, and this branch has held a meeting, presided over by a prelate of Unitarian ancestry, Bishop Plunket, of Meath. The meeting was further dignified by the presence of his Grace.

"However, it seems there was something to get over before Kells could enter with proper rapture into the unwonted delight of welcoming a Primate of All England. A whisper had run abroad that the Archbishop had not been the best of friends to the Episcopalianism of the Green Isle. It was muttered that he had gone for disestablishment—at least, when disestablishment was kept at a safe distance from the State Church of England. It was even alleged by some unscrupulous spirits, that Canterbury's voice had been heard to second Earl Granville's motion for the second reading of the Bill. The right reverend chairman set this calumny at rest. Dr. Plunket assured the Episcopalians of Kells that his Grace had always been a warm lover of their Church, and had never seconded the dreadful Bill. Technically, no doubt, this was perfectly true; Dr. Tait was not Earl Granville's seconder. If the Archbishop had been content to let the disclaimer rest where his disestablished brother had placed it, the occasion would have excited no comment from the critics of the Irish press; but his Grace, still feeling uneasy under the cruel aspersions of rumour, must needs go further, and in a short speech of his own he boldly declared that if he had been accused of murder he could not have been more astonished than to hear it reported that 'he had individually helped to pull down the old Established Church of Ireland.' Of all the public measures carried in his time none did he more deeply deplore than that which removed it from the position it had so long occupied; and he was happy to say that he had endeavoured to do what he could to mitigate the blow when it fell.

"The *Northern Whig* has been at the pains to look up 'Hansard' on the point at issue, and reports the result as follows: 'It is certain that when Lord Granville moved the second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords, on 14th June, 1869, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke in favour of the Bill, and against an amendment proposed by Lord Harrowby and seconded by the Duke of Rutland. He wanted amendments, all of them with a pecuniary effect introduced into it, and said it could be made a good Bill, for which the people would bless God that they had a House of Lords. He likewise supported Lord Cairns' compromise, which Lord Derby stigmatized as "an unconditional surrender," and a concession of the very principle of the Bill; and he did not sign Lord Derby's protest against it. While thirteen English bishops voted against the Irish Church Bill, his Grace, together with the late Bishop Wilberforce, did not vote at all. This is the true state of the case.'

"We call attention to this discrepancy between the Archiepiscopal acts and the Archiepiscopal account of them with unfeigned sorrow and concern. Nothing presents itself to us as a more melancholy feature of the public *morale* of our time than the indulgence accorded of late years to a scandalously immoral species of public distortion of well-known or well-ascertainable facts. Of this the worst example

[1] [Those who desire to know the truth of this matter (by no means fairly given in this newspaper extract) should refer to ch. xiv. (vol. ii. pp. 1 *seq.*) in the *Life of Archibald Campbell Tait*, by Randall Davidson. Tait's speech on the Second Reading is summarised on pp. 29–31.]

has long been notorious in the most conspicuous place. Mr. Chamberlain once outraged all etiquette in his denunciation of it, but his indignation, however uncouth in form, was universally felt to be neither undeserved nor ill-timed. A pernicious example is sure sooner or later to tell. Our public men are now being educated in a school which easily condones on the ground of personal convenience the most flagrant breaches of the law of truth. The chief minister of the Church follows in the tortuous path which has long been a favourite resort of the chief Minister of the State. It was not always so. English public men were once pre-eminently distinguished for the lofty, open honour of their public speech. The moral scorn and loathing with which, for example, a quarter of a century ago men regarded Louis Napoleon's worthless word, bids fair to become an extinct sentiment. Straightforwardness is a foolish old-fashioned habit, a custom we have outgrown. 'We have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves.' We repeat this is the most serious symptom of our times. The newspapers which have been speculating as to the disasters which are to flow, after a thousand years, from England's future want of coal, would do better to inquire into the far greater disasters which threaten at our door through England's present lack of supreme reverence for truth."

22. (VI.) Part of a letter from a Companion, connected with our present subject in its illustration of other modes of clerical revenue:—

"Some four or five years ago, I made acquaintance with a girl whom I used to see often at church, and whom I watched and admired, and pitied. She was about eighteen years of age,—always pale,—always very poorly dressed indeed,—always came to church in a hurry. But her voice was delicious in the psalms; and she was delicate and pretty, with such evident enthusiastic devotion to church-services, and such an air of modest self-sufficiency, that I could not let her alone, for curiosity. I tried to catch her going out of church, but she walked too fast. I tried to waylay her coming in, but her self-possessed air of reserve kept me off. Until at last, one evening, a lingering of people in the porch about some testimonial matter for a young curate who was going away, kept her a minute or two near me. I was not at all interested in the testimonial, but I said to her,—the little crowd and general air of sympathy giving me courage,—'I do not think of subscribing, do you?' 'Yes; certainly she did,'—with quite a glow of emphatic fervour. I pretended to need persuasion and conviction about my intention; and we walked along together. And I learnt,—besides the wonderful perfections of the curate in Sunday-school teaching, etc.—that she was a machinist in a large draper's and clothier's shop; that she earned very few shillings a week; that she had a mother dependent on her earnings; that she worked in an upper room with many more—I think about twenty—women; that just then they suffered very much from cold, and more from bad air, as they had to keep the windows shut; and that she worked from seven in the morning till seven at night. (Imagine it amid the noise of twenty sewing-machines—the dust and disagreeableness of material in the course of being made—the dismal surroundings—the outside prospect of chimney-pots. What a life!) The proprietor of this paradise—the shopkeeper—was a churchwarden, or something official, at the same church.

"The remedy in this case might have been found in two ways. The curate—so gratefully remembered, but who could not, by reason of the veil of poverty and care she wore, or who dared not, by reason of his goodishness, have rendered her any help as to a sister—might have, in proper parish service, exposed the state of things at the shop, and asked for subscriptions for the master of it to enable his servants to have warmth and fresh air at least. Or the man himself, properly preached to, made to give his work-girls three times as much for half their work, and to provide them a work-room, healthy and pretty. I am sure that clergymen —very ordinary ones—might, with honesty, do little miracles like these."

23. (VII.) The next two articles I leave without comment. They are illustrations, needing none, of false and true methods of education.

"*August* 9, 1877.

"DEAR MASTER,—You asked to know more about the 'bondage' in which Government teachers worked—referring to Miss —— in particular. The enclosed (written independently, and more fully than usual, on that point) gives just the illustration I could have wished." (Illustration lost, but the commentary is the essential matter.)

"Now you will let me comment upon the sentence in this letter.—'I cannot teach as if I were a machine: I must put life into my work, or let it alone.' This comes at once to the special grievance, felt by all those of us (I do not at all know how many this includes) who *care* for their children. *They* are 'lively,' if they are anything; and we discover, sooner or later, that our one duty as teachers is to crush life in every form and whenever showing itself. I do not mean to say that the 'Education Department' *aims* at this result; but it follows inevitably from the 'pressure' put upon teachers who, crammed, *not* 'trained,' themselves (I speak from painful experience as to the so-called 'Training Colleges'), almost necessarily perpetuate the evil: the better sort groaning under it, and trying to free themselves and their children; the rest, groaning too, but accepting their fate, and tightening the chains of those under them. I believe Miss —— would agree to this as too generally true."

(VIII.) "I paid a visit last week to aged neighbours—known here as the 'Old Shepherd,' and the 'Old Shepherd's Wife.' I only found the old lady at home, and she was exceedingly pleased with a poor little gift I took her, and began at once to tell me how well both she and he were at present. They look *very* old, but that may be their hard life, in this trying climate. But she told me she had been more than fifty years married, and had been so happy with her kind, good man; and then she added, so earnestly, 'And I'm happy yet—just as happy as happy can be.' They have never had any children themselves; 'but I've had bairns as much on my knee as if I'd had o' my ain,' she added. For she first brought up a motherless niece of her own; and then, when *she* had married and died, leaving one baby girl, she went to Edinburgh and took baby, and has reared her, though 'she put on ten years to my age, she was that fractious and ill to bring thro'!' The child is now ten years old, and goes to a Board School near. They are well off for their position,—have a cottage, which they let in summer, and a garden, well cared for. Both have been industrious and economical all their lives. And yet, could many of the idler class declare honestly they are so happy and contented?"

24. (IX.) In justice to the Manchester Corporation, Rhadamanthus commands me to print what they have got to say for themselves anent their proposed speculation in Thirlmere, adding a delightful little note of Mr. Anderson's.

"Those who wish to further the scheme answer this charge by the declaration that they are but using prudent foresight with a view to future needs. They admit the commercial value of fine scenery as a means of bringing tourists to a district, but assert that when once this enormous reservoir is made, many more persons will go to see it than would ever travel in search of any beauty of lake or mountain, and that it will, in point of fact, greatly enhance the charm of the scenery. They kindly, if not judiciously, promise to take the greatest care to 'add to the beautification of the surroundings.' If the little church of Wythburn

should be submerged, they will build another, of a prettier pattern, a little higher up the hill, and carry the gravestones up to a fresh bit of ground. 'The old road,' they think, 'may be relegated to the deeps without a murmur, especially as it is the intention of the Waterworks Committee to substitute [*sic*] the present tortuous up-and-down track by a straight road, cut on a level line around the slopes of Helvellyn. Below it, the lake, enlarged to more than twice its present dimensions, will assume a grandeur of appearance in more striking accordance with its majestic surroundings.' These lovers of the picturesque regret feelingly that 'the embankment at the north end will not be seen from the highway, in consequence of the intervention of a wooded hill. This,' they say, 'is a circumstance which may be regretted by tourists in search of the beautiful in nature and the wonderful in art, as the embankment will be of stupendous height and strength, and by scattering a few large boulders over its front, and planting a few trees in the midst of them, it will be made to have an exact resemblance to its surroundings if indeed it does not approach in grandeur to its proud neighbour the Raven Crag,' etc."—*Spectator*.[1]

"I have a translation for 'oestrus' in the connection you use it in *Fors*.[2] Mad dogs do not *shun* water, but rush to, and wallow in it, though they cannot drink. It is a mortal 'hydrophobia' begotten among the uncleansed iniquities of Manchester."—(J. Reddie Anderson.)

25. (X.) Farther most precious notes on the real causes of the Indian Famine:[3]—

"EXPORTS AND FAMINE.—Some of the former famines of India were famines *of* money rather than of corn, as we have pointed out on several previous occasions. Now there is a veritable famine of corn—of money there is always more or less a famine there, so far as the great bulk of the population is concerned. But in the midst of this famine of corn—under the dreadful pressure of which the helpless people die by hundreds of thousands—there goes on a considerable exportation of corn, and it becomes imperatively necessary to send back a corresponding quantity, at largely enhanced prices for the profits of the merchants, and at the cost of British philanthropy and the national funds. The force of folly can no further go! This blemish on our statesmanship will be recorded to the bewilderment of the historians of posterity, who will be amazed at our stupidity, and at the weakness of the Government that, in the face of a famine so dreadful, has neither heart nor power to enforce a better 'political economy,' or to restrain the cupidity which, like the unclean vulture, fattens on death and decay.

"During the year 1876 India exported to the ports of the United Kingdom 3,087,236 cwt. of wheat. The significance of this quantity will be apparent when we consider that importations from Germany were only 2,324,148 cwt., from Egypt 2,223,238 cwt., and British North America 2,423,183 cwt. Russia, which was at one time our principal granary, exported 8,880,628 cwt., which shows our imports of Indian wheat were considerably more than one-third of those from Russia, while the United States sent us 19,323,052 cwt., the supply from India being about one-sixth; a remarkable result for a trade in the very earliest stages of its development.

"With regard to the growth of wheat, it is important to observe that it has been confined to the last few years, and has been remarkably rapid. It has in fact been during the period in which the modern famines have been rife. Not that we would argue that the export of wheat and other grain is the cause of famine.

[1] [From an article entitled "Manchester and the Moors," September 8, 1877.]
[2] [See Letter 82, § 6 n. (p. 225).]
[3] [See above, p. 208.]

We have already indicated the wretched finance of the country, which keeps the agricultural classes in hopeless bondage to the village usurers, as the fruitful cause. *But this export of corn from a famishing land is a phenomenon of political rule and of paternal government, which it has been reserved for this Mammon-stricken age to illustrate. No ancient statesmanship would have been guilty of such cruel maladministration or such weakness.* The Great Moguls would have settled the business in a sterner and a better fashion. They would not have been content with administering a few blows with a stick to the unlucky wight who brought tidings of disaster, but would have peremptorily laid an embargo on the export of corn as a first necessity in times of famine, and would have hung up side by side the merchants who dared to sin against a law so just and necessary, with the usurers whose exactions paralysed agricultural industry, and denuded the fields of the crops. We neither take the preventative measures which the government of our predecessors devised, nor do we, when the famines actually come, take the measures of ordinary prudence to alleviate their horrors. This is, indeed, the age of Mammon, and its licentious cupidity must not be restrained. Buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest, is its invariable maxim, and with fiendish pertinacity it claims its privilege among the dying and the dead. Thus it sweeps off from the famishing crowds the meagre crop which has escaped the ravages of drought and usury, and it brings it home to English ports to compete with American importations in our markets, or to send it back to India at prices which yield enormous profits to the adventurers. But this superior wisdom, and this hardened selfishness, is right, for it is sanctioned by Adam Smith.

"But it is not to England alone that this export is made; to Ceylon, the Mauritius, and the West India Islands, constant shipments are going on, and according to statistics that are before us, in the six months 1873–4, nearly 380,000 tons of wheat, grain, etc., were shipped from Bengal alone to the above-named places—enough to have filled with plenty, for two full months at least, the mouths of the wretched creatures who were perishing at that time. It is said that in 1873 Ceylon alone imported from the districts that are now famine-stricken 7,000,000 bushels of grain, and yet Ceylon is unsurpassed on this planet as a fruitful garden; it contains about 12 or 13 millions of acres, more or less, of fine arable land; it has a delicious climate, and abundant rainfall, and yet it has less than a million of acres under grain crop, and draws its chief supplies from India, while the landowners refuse to cultivate the land they hold, or to sell the land they will not cultivate."—*Monetary Gazette*, Sept. 1.

26. "What is it that reduces to insensibility in woman this Divine instinct of maternal tenderness? It is the hardening influences of Mammon, and the pressure which the accursed domination of the Demon of the Money power brings to bear on every order of society. If it be a fact that women, even in the ranks of respectability, murder their unborn infants, it is because the pressure of the time reduces them to despair, and this fearful strain has its origin in nothing else than the Mammon of unrighteousness, which is a grinding tyranny, and a standing menace to the noblest sentiments of our nature, and the dearest interests of society. It hardens every heart, extinguishes every hope, and impels to crime in every direction. Nor do the soft influences of womanhood, nor the sanctities of maternity, escape its blighting curse."

"We quote—with our cordial acknowledgment of the diligence that has compiled the figures—from a paper read by Stephen Bourne, F.S.S., before the Manchester Statistical Society:—

"'For the present purpose I commence with 1857, as being just twenty years back, and the first also of the peaceful era which followed on the termination of the Crimean War. In that year the total value of the foreign and colonial goods retained for consumption in this country amounted to £164,000,000, of which 64 was for articles of food, 82 for raw materials for manufacture, and 18 for manufactured articles. Last year, these amounts were a total of £319,000,000, of which

159 was for food, 119 raw materials, and 41 other, from which it will appear that 39 per cent. of the whole in the former year, and 50 per cent. in the latter, went for food. In making this separation of food from other articles, it is not possible to be absolutely correct, for so many substances admit of a twofold use; take, for instance, olive oil, which is actually used both as food and in manufactures, or the fat of animals, which may appear on our table at meal-times for food, or in the shape of candles to lighten its darkness. Again, it may be asked, What is food? Meat and tobacco are totally different in their use or abuse, but both enter the mouth and are there consumed; both, therefore, are classed under this head, together with wines, spirits, etc. . . . As it would be unsafe to take for comparison the amount of either in a single year, an average for the first and last three years has been worked out, showing that whilst the number of consumers had increased from 28½ to 32¾ millions, the food furnished from abroad had advanced from 59 to 153, a growth of the one by 16, of the other by 160 per cent. This means that on an average each member of the community now consumes to the value of two and a half times as much foreign food as he did twenty years back, somewhere about £5 for £2.'"—*Monetary Gazette*, Aug. 25.

27. (XI.) The following account of "Talbot village" is sent me in a pamphlet without date. I am desirous of knowing the present condition and likelihood of matters there, and of answers to the questions asked in notes.

"Talbot Village, which is situate about two miles to the north of Bournemouth, stands on a high and breezy level in Dorset, and on the confines of Hampshire, commanding a magnificent view on all sides.

"The enclosure of the village comprehends about 465 acres, of which 150 acres lie open and uncultivated for the cattle of the farmers and recreation of the cottagers in the village. There are five farms, (*a*) with suitable houses and outhouses, and nineteen cottages, each of which has an acre of ground attached. In the village stands a handsome block of stone buildings, which embraces seven distinct and separate houses, (*b*) all together known as 'Talbot Almshouses.' In addition, there is a school-house, in combination with an excellent house and garden for the use of the master. Further, the village contains a church, which stands in a churchyard of three acres; in the tower of the church is a clock with chimes.

"There is one house in the village devoted to the purposes of a general shop, but all beer-houses are strictly prohibited.

"So much by way of brief description of a village which attracts the observation of all visitors to Bournemouth.

"Previously to 1842, the whole of the country now comprising the village was a wild moor, the haunt of smugglers and poachers. About that time the late Miss Georgina Talbot, of Grosvenor Square, paid a visit to Bournemouth, then in its infancy. Her attention was drawn to the wretched state of the labouring population of the district, and her first impulse was to encourage industry and afford them employment. She first rented some land, and set men (who were for the most part leading vagrant lives) (*c*) to work to improve it. Many of the more influential people in the neighbourhood of that day thought her views Utopian, and were disposed to ridicule them; Miss Talbot, however, had deeply considered the subject,

(*a*) What rent is paid for these farms, and to whom?

(*b*) The "village," as far as I can make it out, consists of nineteen cottages, seven poor-houses, a church, a schoolhouse, and a shop. If this be meant for an ideal of the village of the future, is not the proportion of poor-house to dwelling-house somewhat large?

(*c*) These were not afterwards taken for settlers, I suppose?

and was not to be discouraged; and observing how wretchedly the poor (*d*) were housed, determined to build suitable cottages, to each of which should be attached an acre of land. Steadily progressing, Miss Talbot continued to acquire land, and eventually (in addition to other land in Hampshire) became the possessor of the district which is now known as 'Talbot Village.' The almshouses before referred to were then built for the benefit of the aged (*e*) of the district who had ceased to be able to work, and the schoolhouse for the benefit of the young of the village. Having succeeded in laying out the whole village to her satisfaction, Miss Talbot's mind began to consider how these benefits should be permanently secured to the objects of her bounty; and, accordingly, the almshouses were endowed by an investment in the Funds, and the village, with the almshouses, vested in Lord Portman, the late Lord Wolverton, and three other gentlemen, and their successors, upon trusts in furtherance of the settlor's views. When this had been accomplished, it became necessary to provide a church and place of sepulture, and three acres of land were set apart for the purpose; but before the church could be completed and fit for consecration, Miss Talbot's sudden death occurred; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that this lady was the first to be interred in the ground she had appropriated for burials. Those who have visited the spot cannot have failed to see the tomb erected by her sister, the present Miss Talbot.

"This lady completed the church and its various appliances, and supplied all that her sister could have desired. The church itself has been supplied with a heating apparatus, an organ, and musical service; a clock with chimes, (*f*) arranged for every day in the week; a pulpit of graceful proportions, and an ancient font brought from Rome. On the interior walls of the church have been placed texts of Scripture, revised and approved by Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, and Stanley, Dean of Westminster.

"Before concluding a brief account of 'Talbot Village,' we must add that the whole is managed by trustees, under the judicious and far-seeing views of the founder. The rent of each cottage and garden is limited to £6 per annum, free of rates and taxes, and no lodger is allowed, so that there may be no possible overcrowding. The objects of the almshouses are strictly defined, and rules regulating the inmates are to be found on the walls. To sum up the whole, everything has been devised by Miss Georgina Talbot, seconded by the present Miss Talbot, to ensure a contented, virtuous, and happy community.

"It is an instance of success attending the self-denying efforts of a most estimable lady, and, it is to be hoped, may prove an incentive to others to 'go and do likewise.'

"M. KEMP-WELCH,
"*One of the Trustees.*"

(*d*) What poor? and what wages are now paid by the farmers to the cottagers?

(*e*) If for the benefit of the *destitute*, it had been well; but the aged are, in right human life, the chief treasure of the household.

(*f*) The triumphant mention of this possession of the village twice over, induces me to hope the chimes are in tune. I see it asserted in a book which seems of good authority that chimes in England are not usually required to possess this merit.[1] But better things are surely in store for us!—see last article of Correspondence.

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[1] [Ruskin probably refers to Rev. H. T. Ellacombe's *Practical Remarks on Belfries and Ringers*, 1850, where at p. 10 "miserable work" in jangling bells is spoken of as too frequent in England. It was not a new fault, for the Rev. W. C. Lukis, in his *Account of Church Bells*, 1857, p. 40, cites a foreign traveller, Paul Hentzner (1550-1560), who says the "people of England are vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as firing of cannon, beating of drums, and the ringing of bells."]

I beg that it may be understood that in asking for farther information on these matters, I have no intention whatever of decrying Miss Talbot's design; and I shall be sincerely glad to know of its ultimate success. But it is of extreme importance that a lady's plaything, if it should turn out to be nothing more, should not be mistaken for a piece of St. George's work, nor cast any discredit on that work by its possible failure.

28. (XII.) Fors is evidently in great good-humour with me, just now; see what a lovely bit of illustration of Sirenic Threnodia, brought to final perfection, she sends me to fill the gap in this page with:—

"Here's a good thing for *Fors*.[1] A *tolling*-machine has been erected at the Ealing cemetery at the cost of £80, and seems to give universal satisfaction. It was calculated that this method of doing things would (at 300 funerals a year), be in the long run cheaper than paying a man threepence an hour to ring the bell. Thus we mourn for the departed!—L. J. H."[2]

[1] [Ruskin used the "good thing" in his Oxford lectures also: see *Readings in "Modern Painters,"* § 7 (Vol. XXII. p. 510).]

[2] [Laurence Hilliard; for whom, see Vol. XIII. p. 400, and Vol. XXV. p. xxiv.]

LETTER 84

THE LAST WORDS OF THE VIRGIN

"THEY HAVE NO WINE."
"WHATSOEVER HE SAITH UNTO YOU, DO IT."[1]

BRANTWOOD, *29th Oct.*, 1877.

1. THESE, the last recorded words of the Mother of Christ, and the only ones recorded during the period of His ministry (the "desiring to see thee"[2] being told Him by a stranger's lips), I will take, with due pardon asked of faithful Protestant readers, for the motto, since they are the sum, of all that I have been permitted to speak, in God's name, now these seven years.[3]

The first sentence of these two, contains the appeal of the workman's wife, to her son, for the help of the poor of all the earth.

The second, the command of the Lord's mother, to the people of all the earth, that they should serve the Lord.

2. This day last year, I was walking with a dear friend,[4] and resting long, laid on the dry leaves, in the sunset, under the vineyard-trellises of the little range of hills which, five miles west of Verona, look down on the Lago di Garda at about the distance from its shore that Cana is from the Lake of Galilee;—(the Madonna had walked to the bridal some four miles and a half). It was a Sunday evening, golden and calm; all the vine leaves quiet; and the soft clouds held at pause in the west, round the mountains that

[1] [John ii. 3, 5.]
[2] [Luke viii. 20.]
[3] [Since the commencement of *Fors*.]
[4] [Perhaps Mr. C. H. Moore (for whom, see Vol. XXIV. p. xli.), as on the envelope containing the MS. of this Letter Ruskin wrote, "MS. of last *Fors Clavigera* of the seven years, kept for Mr. C. Moore."]

Virgil knew so well, blue above the level reeds of Mincio.[1] But we had to get under the crest of the hill, and lie down under cover, as if avoiding an enemy's fire, to get out of hearing of the discordant practice in fanfaronade, of the military recruits of the village,—modern Italy, under the teaching of the Marsyas[2] of Mincio, delighting herself on the Lord's day in that, doubtless, much civilized, but far from mellifluous, manner; triumphing that her monasteries were now for the most part turned into barracks, and her chapels into stables. We, for our own part, in no wise exultant nor exhilarated, but shrinking down under the shelter of the hill, and shadows of its fruitful roofs, talked, as the sun went down.

8. We talked of the aspect of the village which had sent out its active life, marching to these new melodies; and whose declining life we had seen as we drove through it, half-an-hour before. An old, far-straggling village, its main street following the brow of the hill, with gardens at the backs of the houses, looking towards the sacred mountains and the uncounted towers of purple Verona.

If ever peace, and joy, and sweet life on earth might be possible for men, it is so here, and in such places,—few, on the wide earth, but many in the bosom of infinitely blessed, infinitely desolate Italy. Its people were sitting at their doors, quietly working—the women at least,—the old men at rest behind them. A worthy and gentle race; but utterly poor, utterly untaught the things that in *this* world make for their peace.[3] Taught anciently, other things, by the steel of Ezzelin;[4] taught anew the same lesson, by the victor of Arcola, and the vanquished of Solferino,[5]—and the supreme evil risen on the ruin of both.

There they sate—the true race of Northern Italy, mere

[1] [Compare Vol. XXIV. p. 456 and *n.*]
[2] [See above, p. 271.]
[3] [See Romans xiv. 19.]
[4] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 241.]
[5] [For Napoleon's victory at Arcola (1796), see Vol. XVI. p. 67 *n.*; for another mention of the defeat of the Austrians at Solferino (1859), Vol. XXVII. p. 320.]

prey for the vulture,—patient, silent, hopeless, careless: infinitude of accustomed and bewildered sorrow written in every line of their faces, unnerving every motion of their hands, slackening the spring in all their limbs. And their blood has been poured out like water, age after age, and risen round the wine-press, even to the horse-bridles.[1] And of the peace on earth, and the goodwill towards men,[2] which He who trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Him[3]—died to bring them, they have heard by the hearing of the ear,—their eyes have not seen.

"They have no wine."

4. But He Himself has been always with them,[4] though they saw Him not, and they have had the deepest of His blessings. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."[5] And in the faith of these, and such as these,—in the voiceless religion and uncomplaining duty of the peasant races, throughout Europe,—is now that Church on earth, against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail.[6] And on the part taken in ministry to them, or in oppressing them, depends now the judgment between the righteous and the wicked servant, which the Lord, who has so long delayed His coming, will assuredly now, at no far-off time, require.

"But and if that servant shall say in his heart, 'My Lord delayeth His coming'[7]—

. . . . . .

Shall I go on writing?—We have all read the passage so often that it falls on our thoughts unfelt, as if its words were dead leaves. We will write and read it more slowly to-day—so please you.

5. "Who then is a faithful and wise servant whom his

[1] [See Revelation xiv. 20.]
[2] [Luke ii. 14.]
[3] [Isaiah lxiii. 3.]
[4] [See Matthew xxviii. 20.]
[5] [John xx. 29.]
[6] [Compare Matthew xvi. 18.]
[7] [See Matthew xxiv. 48, though Ruskin here gives St. Luke's version (xii. 45).]

Lord hath made ruler over His household, to give them their meat in due season?"[1]

Over *His* household,—He probably having His eyes upon it, then, whether *you* have or not. But He has made you ruler over it, that you may give it meat, in due season. Meat—literally, first of all. And that seasonably, according to laws of duty, and not of chance. You are not to leave such giving to chance, still less to take advantage of chance, and buy the meat when meat is cheap, that you may "in due season" sell it when meat is dear. You don't see that in the parable? No, you cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond.[2] You will find something else is not in the bond too, presently.

But at least this is plain enough, that you are to give meat—when it is due. "Yes, spiritual meat—but not mutton"? Well, then—dine first on spiritual meat yourself. Whatever is on your own table, be it spiritual or fleshly, of *that* you are to distribute; and are made a ruler that you may distribute, and not live only to consume. You say I don't speak plain English, and you don't understand what I mean. It doesn't matter what I mean,—but if Christ hasn't put that plain enough for you—you had better go learn to read.

6. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing. Verily I say unto you, that He shall make him ruler over all His goods."[3]

A vague hope, you think, to act upon? Well, if you only act on such hope, you will never either know, or get, what it means. No one but Christ can tell what *all* His goods are; and you have no business to mind, yet; for it is not the getting of these, but the doing His work, that you must care for yet awhile. Nevertheless, at spare times, it is no harm that you wonder a little where He has gone to, and what He is doing; and He has given you at least some hint of that, in another place.

"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning,

[1] [Matthew xxiv. 45.]
[2] [*Merchant of Venice*, Act iv. sc. 1.]
[3] [Matthew xxiv. 46, 47.]

and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, *when He shall return* from the *wedding*."[1] Nor a hint of it merely, but you may even hear, at quiet times, some murmur and syllabling of its music in the distance—"The Spirit, and the Bride, say, Come."[2]

7. "But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, 'My Lord delayeth His coming,' and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken——"[3]

To "smite"—too fine a word: it is, quite simply, to "strike"—that same verb which every Eton boy used to have (and mercifully) smitten into him.—You smite nobody now—boy or man—for their good, and spare the rod of *correction*. But you smite *unto death* with a will. What is the ram of an ironclad for?

"To eat and drink *with* the drunken." Not drunk himself—the upper servant; too well bred, he; but countenancing the drink that does not overcome him,—a goodly public tapster; charging also the poor twenty-two shillings for half-a-crown's worth of the drink he draws for them;[4] boasting also of the prosperity of the house under his management.[5] So many bottles, at least, his chief butlerhood can show emptied out of his Lord's cellar,—"and shall be exalted to honour, and for ever give the cup into Pharaoh's hand," he thinks.[6] Not lascivious, he, but frank in fellowship with all lasciviousness—a goodly speaker after Manchester Banquet,* and cautious not to add, personally, drunkenness to Thirlmere thirst.[7]

* Compare description in *Fors*, October, 1871,[8] of the "Entire Clerkly or Learned Company," and the passage in *Munera Pulveris* there referred to [§ 159].

[1] [Luke xii. 35, 36.]
[2] [Revelation xxii. 17.]
[3] [Matthew xxiv. 48, 49.]
[4] [For other references to this calculation (in which Ruskin states the augmentation of price somewhat differently in different places), see Vol. XXVII. p. 498; Vol. XXVIII. p. 644; and above, p. 22.]
[5] [Compare Letter 12, § 24 (Vol. XXVII. p. 215).]
[6] [See Genesis xl.]
[7] [For the Manchester banquet, see above, p. 274 *n.* For other references to the Manchester Corporation's waterworks at Thirlmere, see Vol. XIII. p. 517 *n.*; Vol. XXII. p. 531; and in this volume, pp. 162, 224, 346, 374.]
[8] [Letter 10, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. p. 174).]

"The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for Him, and in an hour that he is not aware of. And shall cut him asunder, and shall appoint him his portion with the hypocrites; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."[1]

"*Cut him asunder.*"

8. Read now this—mighty among the foundational words of Human Law, showing forth the Divine Law:

"Tum Tullus, . . . Meti Suffeti, inquit, si ipse discere posses fidem ac fœdera servare, vivo tibi ea disciplina a me adhibita esset; nunc, quoniam tuum insanabile ingenium est, tu tuo supplicio doce humanum genus ea sancta credere quæ a te violata sunt. Ut igitur paulo ante, animum inter Fidenatem Romanamque rem ancipitem gessisti, ita jam corpus passim distrahendum dabis."[2]

9. And after, this:—

"But there brake off; for one had caught mine eye,
Fix'd to a cross with three stakes on the ground:
He, when He saw me, writhed Himself throughout
Distorted, ruffling with deep sighs His beard.
And Catalano, who thereof was 'ware,
Thus spake: 'That piercèd spirit, whom intent
Thou view'st, was He who gave the Pharisees
Counsel, that it were fitting for one man
To suffer for the people. He doth lie
Transverse; nor any passes, but Him first
Behoves make feeling trial how each weighs.
In straits like this along the foss are placed
The father of His consort, and the rest
Partakers in that counsel, seed of ill
And sorrow to the Jews.' I noted, then,
How Virgil gazed with wonder upon Him,
Thus abjectly extended on the cross
In banishment eternal."[3]

[1] [Matthew xxiv. 50, 51.]

[2] ["Then said Tullus (Hostilius, King of Rome, to the Alban dictator)—Metius Suffetius, if thou thyself couldst learn to keep faith and covenants, that teaching I should have given thee, and thou shouldst live. Now, since thy heart is incurably evil, do thou by thy punishment teach the world to hold sacred that which thou hast dishonoured. Whereas, therefore, a while since, thy mind was divided betwixt Fidena and Rome, so now shall thy body be divided and drawn asunder" (Livy, i. 23).—*Translation by W. G. Collingwood in the Small Edition of "Fors,"* vol. iv. p. 262.]

[3] [Cary's translation of Dante's *Inferno*, xxiii. 112–129.]

10. And after, this:—

"Who, e'en in words unfetter'd, might at full
Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,
Though he repeated oft the tale? No tongue
So vast a theme could equal, speech and thought
Both impotent alike. If, in one band
Collected, stood the people all, whoe'er
Pour'd on Apulia's fateful[1] soil their blood,
Slain by the Trojans; and in that long war
When of the rings the measured booty made
A pile so high, as Rome's historian writes
Who errs not; with the multitude, that felt
The girding force of Guiscard's Norman steel,
And those, the rest, whose bones are gathered yet
At Ceperano, there where treachery
Branded th' Apulian name, or where beyond
Thy walls, O Tagliacozzo, without arms
The old Alardo conquer'd:—and his limbs
One were to show transpierced, another his
Clean lopt away,—a spectacle like this
Were but a thing of nought, to the hideous sight
Of the ninth chasm.

. . . . . .

Without doubt,
I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,
A headless trunk, that even as the rest
Of the sad flock paced onward. By the hair
It bore the sever'd member, lantern-wise
Pendent in hand, which look'd at us, and said,
'Woe's me!' The spirit lighted thus himself;
And two there were in one, and one in two:
How that may be, he knows who ordereth so."[2]

11. I have no time to translate "him who errs not,"* nor to comment on the Dante,—whoso readeth, let him understand,[3]—only this much, that the hypocrisy of the priest who counselled that the King of the Jews should

* "Che non erra." I never till now, in reading this passage for my present purpose, noticed these wonderful words of Dante's, spoken of Livy. True, in the grandest sense.

[1] ["Fortunata terra." Here Ruskin alters Cary's "happy" to "fateful": see Cary's note on the passage.]
[2] [Cary's translation of Dante's *Inferno*, xxviii. 1–21, 113–121.]
[3] [Matthew xxiv. 15.]

die for the people,[1] and the division of heart in the evil statesman who raised up son against father in the earthly kingship of England,* are for ever types of the hypocrisy of the Pharisee and Scribe,—penetrating, through the Church of the nation, and the Scripture or Press of it, into the whole body politic of it; cutting it verily in sunder, as a house divided against itself; and appointing for it, with its rulers, its portion—where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.[2]

12. Now, therefore, if there be any God, and if there be any virtue, and if there be any truth, choose ye this day, rulers of men, whom you will serve.[3] Your hypocrisy is not in pretending to be what you are not; but in *being* in the uttermost nature of you—Nothing—but dead bodies in coffins suspended between Heaven and Earth, God and Mammon.

If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him.[4] You would fain be respectful to Baal, keep smooth with Belial, dine with Moloch, sup, with golden spoon of sufficient length, with Beelzebub;—and kiss the Master[5] to bid Him good-night. Nay, even my kind and honest friends make, all of them, answer to my message: "I have bought a piece of ground, and I must go and see it.—Suffer me first to bury my father.—I have married a wife—have not I to keep her and my children first of all? Behold, I cannot come."[6]

13. So after this seventh year,[7] I am going out into the highways and hedges:[8] but now no more with expostulation. I have wearied myself in the fire enough; and now, under

* Read the story of Henry II. in *Fors*, March 1871.[9]

[1] [John xi. 49, 50.]
[2] [Matthew xii. 25; xxiv. 51.]
[3] [Joshua xxiv. 15.]
[4] [1 Kings xviii. 21.]
[5] [See Matthew xxvi. 48, 49.]
[6] [See Luke xiv. 18, 20.]
[7] [Since the commencement of *Fors*.]
[8] [See Matthew xxii. 9.]
[9] [Letter 3, § 9 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 52–53).]

the wild roses and traveller's joy of the lane hedges, will take what rest may be, in my pilgrimage.

I thought to have finished my blameful work before now,[1] but Fors would not have it so;—now, I am well convinced she will let me follow the peaceful way towards the pleasant hills. Henceforth, the main work of *Fors* will be constructive only; and I shall allow in the text of it no syllable of complaint or scorn.[2] When notable public abuses or sins are brought to my knowledge, I will bear witness against them simply, laying the evidence of them open in my Correspondence, but sifted before it is printed; following up myself, the while, in plain directions, or happy studies, St. George's separate work, and lessoning.

Separate, I say once more, it must be;[3] and cannot become work at all until it is so. It is the work of a world-wide monastery; protesting, by patient, not violent, deed, and fearless, yet henceforward unpassionate, word, against the evil of this our day, till in its heart and force it be ended.

14. Of which evil I here resume the entire assertion made in *Fors*, up to this time, in few words.

All social evils and religious errors arise out of the pillage of the labourer by the idler: the idler leaving him only enough to live on (and even that miserably*), and taking all the rest of the produce of his work to spend in his own luxury, or in the toys with which he beguiles his idleness.

And this is done, and has from time immemorial been done, in all so-called civilized, but in reality corrupted, countries,—first by the landlords; then, under their direction, by the three chief so-called gentlemanly "professions,"

* "Maintain him—yes—but how?"—question asked of me by a working girl, long ago.[4]

[1] [See the Introduction, above, p. xxi.]
[2] [But see later, p. 361.]
[3] [Not by the formation of "separate institutions" (Vol. XXVIII. p. 643), but in separation from "the unfruitful works of darkness" (*ibid.*, p. 542).]
[4] [See *Unto this Last*, § 80 (Vol. XVII. p. 108).]

of soldier, lawyer, and priest; and, lastly, by the merchant and usurer. The landlord pillages by direct force, seizing the land, and saying to the labourer, You shall not live on this earth, but shall here die, unless you give me all the fruit of your labour but your bare living:—the soldier pillages by persuading the peasantry to fight, and then getting himself paid for skill in leading them to death:—the lawyer pillages by prolonging their personal quarrels with marketable ingenuity; and the priest by selling the Gospel, and getting paid for theatrical displays of it.* All this has to cease, inevitably and totally: Peace, Justice, and the Word of God must be *given* to the people, not sold. And these *can* only be given by a true Hierarchy and Royalty, beginning at the throne of God, and descending, by sacred stair let down from heaven,[1] to bless and keep all the Holy creatures of God, man and beast, and to condemn and destroy the unholy. And in this Hierarchy and Royalty all the servants of God have part, being made priests and kings to Him,[2] that they may feed His people with food of angels and food of men;[3] teaching the word of God with power, and breaking and pouring the Sacrament of Bread and Wine from house to house, in remembrance of Christ, and in gladness and singleness of heart;[4] the priest's function at the altar and in the tabernacle, at one end of the village, being only holy in the fulfilment of the deacon's function at the table and in the taberna, at the other.[5]

And so, out of the true earthly kingdom, in fulness of time, shall come the heavenly kingdom, when the tabernacle

* Compare *Unto this Last*, § 21.[6] The three professions said there to be "necessary" are the pastor's, physician's, and merchant's. The "pastor" is the Giver of Meat, whose office I now explain in its fulness.

[1] [See Genesis xxviii. 12.]
[2] [Revelation i. 6.]
[3] [Compare Letter 74 (above, p. 35).]
[4] [Acts ii. 46.]
[5] [Compare Letters 36, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 671); 83, § 15, and 93, § 9 (pp. 272, 474).]
[6] [Vol. XVII. p. 39.]

of God shall be with men;[1] no priest needed more for ministry, because all the earth will be Temple; nor bread nor wine needed more for mortal food, or fading memory, but the water of life given to him that is athirst,[2] and the fruits of the trees of healing.[3]

15. Into which kingdom that we may enter, let us read now the last words of the King when He left us for His Bridal, in which is the direct and practical warning of which the parable of the Servant was the shadow.

It was given, as you know, to Seven Churches, that live no more,—they having refused the word of His lips, and been consumed by the sword of His lips. Yet to all men the command remains—He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.[4]

They lie along the hills, and across the plain, of Lydia, sweeping in one wide curve like a flight of birds or a swirl of cloud—(if you draw them by themselves on the map you will see)—all of them either in Lydia itself, or on the frontier of it: in nature, Lydian all—richest in gold, delicatest in luxury, softest in music, tenderest in art, of the then world. They unite the capacities and felicities of the Asiatic and the Greek: had the last message of Christ been given to the Churches in Greece, it would have been to Europe in imperfect age; if to the Churches in Syria, to Asia in imperfect age:—written to Lydia, it is written to the world, and for ever.

16. It is written "to the Angels of the Seven Churches."[5] I have told you what "angels" meant to the Heathen.[6] What do you, a Christian, mean by them? What is meant by them here?

Commonly, the word is interpreted of the Bishops of

[1] [Revelation xxi. 3.]
[2] [See John iv. 14; Revelation xxi. 6.]
[3] [Revelation xxii. 2.]
[4] [Revelation ii. 7. The subject of this Letter from § 15 to the end is a commentary on Revelation ii. and iii.]
[5] [Revelation i. 20.]
[6] [See Letter 12, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 202).]

these Churches; and since, in every living Church, its Bishop, if it have any, must speak with the spirit and in the authority of its angel, there is indeed a lower and literal sense in which the interpretation is true (thus I have called the Archbishop of Canterbury an angel in *Fors* of October, 1876[1]); but, in the higher and absolutely true sense, each several charge is here given to the Guardian Spirit of each several Church, the one appointed of Heaven to guide it. Compare *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, vol. i., Preface, §§ 8–5, closing with the words of Plato which I repeat here: "For such cities as no angel, but only a mortal, governs, there is no possible avoidance of evil and pain."[2]

Modern Christians, in the beautiful simplicity of their selfishness, think—every mother of them—that it is quite natural and likely that their own baby should have an angel to take care of it, all to itself: but they cannot fancy such a thing as that an angel should take the liberty of interfering with the actions of a grown-up person,—how much less that one should meddle or make with a society of grown-up persons, or be present, and make any tacit suggestions, in a parliamentary debate. But the address here to the angel of the capital city, Sardis, marks the sense clearly: "These things saith He which hath the Seven Stars in His right hand, *and*" (that is to say) "the Seven Spirits of God."[3]

And the charge is from the Spirit of God to each of these seven angels, reigning over and in the hearts of the whole body of the believers in every Church; followed always by the dateless adjuration, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the *Spirit* saith unto the Churches."

17. The address to each consists of four parts:—

First. The assertion of some special attribute of the Lord of the Churches, in virtue of which, and respect

[1] [Letter 70, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 721); and see Letter 83, § 19, where Dr. Fraser is called "the Angel of the Church of Manchester" (above, p. 274).]

[2] [*Laws*, iv. 713.]

[3] [See Revelation i. 16; ii. 1; iii. 1. For the following Bible references, see *ibid.*, ii. 7, 11, 17, 29; iii. 6, 13, 22.]

to which, He specially addresses that particular body of believers.

Second. The laying bare of the Church's heart, as known to its Lord.

Third. The judgment on that state of the heart, and promise or threat of a future reward or punishment, assigned accordingly, in virtue of the Lord's special attribute, before alleged.

Fourth. The promise, also in virtue of such special attribute, to all Christians who overcome, as their Lord overcame, in the temptation with which the Church under judgment is contending.

18. That we may better understand this scheme, and its sequence, let us take first the four divisions of charge to the Churches in succession, and then read the charges in their detail.[1]

(I.) EPHESUS.

The Attribute.—That holdeth the seven stars, and walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks.

The Declaration.—Thou hast left thy first love.

The Judgment.—I will move thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent.

The Promise.—(Always, "to him that overcometh.") I will give to eat of the tree of life.

(II.) SMYRNA.

The Attribute.—The First and the Last, which was dead, and is alive.

The Declaration.—I know thy sorrow,—and thy patience.

The Judgment.—Be thou faithful to death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

The Promise.—He shall not be hurt of the second death.

[1] [There are notes, partly used in the following analysis, in Ruskin's diary of 1854.]

(III.) PERGAMOS.

The Attribute.—He which hath the sharp sword with two edges.
The Declaration.—Thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam.
The Judgment.—I will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth.
The Promise.—I will give him to eat of the hidden manna.

(IV.) THYATIRA.

The Attribute.—That hath His eyes like a flame of fire.
The Declaration.—Thou sufferest that woman Jezebel.
The Judgment.—I will kill her children with death.
The Promise.—I will give him the morning star.

(V.) SARDIS.

The Attribute.—That hath the seven Spirits of God.
The Declaration.—Thou hast a few names, even in Sardis.
The Judgment.—They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.
The Promise.—I will confess his name before my Father and His angels.

(VI.) PHILADELPHIA.

The Attribute.—He that hath the key of David.
The Declaration.—I have set before thee an open door.
The Judgment.—I will keep thee from the hour of temptation.
The Promise.—He shall go out of my temple no more.

(VII.) LAODICEA.

The Attribute.—The Beginning of the Creation of God.

The Declaration.—Thou art poor and miserable.

The Judgment.—Behold, I stand at the door and knock.

The Promise.—I will grant him to sit with Me in My throne.

19. Let us now read the charges in their detail, that we may understand them as they are given to ourselves.

Observe, first, they all begin with the same words, "I know thy *works*."[1]

Not even the maddest and blindest of Antinomian teachers could have eluded the weight of this fact, but that, in the following address to each Church, its "work" is spoken of as the state of its heart.

Of which the interpretation is nevertheless quite simple; namely, that the thing looked at by God first, in every Christian man, is his work;—without that, there is no more talk or thought of him. "Cut him down—why cumbereth he the ground?"[2] But, the work being shown, has next to be tested. In what spirit was this done,—in faith and charity, or in disobedient pride? "You have fed the poor? yes; but did you do it to get a commission on the dishes, or because you loved the poor? You lent to the poor,—was it in true faith that you lent to *me*, or to get money out of my poor by usury in defiance of me? You thought it a good work—did you? Had you never heard then—"This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent"?[3]

20. And now we take the separate charges, one by one, in their fulness:—

(I.) Ephesus.—The attribute is essentially the spiritual

[1] [Revelation ii. 2, 9, 13, 19; iii. 1, 8, 15.]
[2] [See Luke xiii. 7.]
[3] [John vi. 29.]

power of Christ, in His people,—the "lamp" of the virgins,[1] the "light of the world"[2] of the Sermon on the Mount.

The Declaration praises the intensity of this in the Church, and—which is the notablest thing for *us* in the whole series of the charges—it asserts the burning of the Spirit of Christ in the Church to be especially shown because it "cannot bear them which are evil."[3] This fierceness against sin, which we are so proud of being well quit of, is the very life of a Church;—the toleration of sin is the dying of its lamp. How indeed should it shine before men,[4] if it mixed itself in the soot and fog of sin?

So again, although the Spirit is beginning to burn dim, and thou hast left thy first love, yet, *this* "thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes."[5] (See note below on Pergamos.)

The promise is of fullest life in the midst of the Paradise and garden of God. Compare all the prophetic descriptions of living persons, or states, as the trees in the garden of God;[6] and the blessing of the first Psalm.

21. (II.) Smyrna.—The attribute is that of Christ's endurance of death. The declaration, that the faithful Church is now dying, with Him, the noble death of the righteous, and shall live for evermore. The promise, that over those who so endure the slow pain of death in grief, for Christ's sake, the second death hath no power.

22. (III.) Pergamos.—The attribute is of Christ the Judge, visiting for sin; the declaration, that the Church has in it the sin of the Nicolaitanes, or of Balaam,—using its grace and inspiration to forward its worldly interest, and grieved at heart because it *has* the Holy Ghost;—the darkest of blasphemies. Against this, "Behold, I come quickly, and will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth."[7]

[1] [Matthew xxv. 1.]
[2] [Matthew v. 14.]
[3] [Revelation ii. 2.]
[4] [Matthew v. 16.]
[5] [Revelation ii. 6. Compare Vol. XIV. p. 415.]
[6] [Revelation ii. 7.]
[7] [Revelation ii. 16.]

The promise, that he who has kept his lips from blasphemy shall eat of the hidden manna: the word, not the sword, of the lips of Christ. "How sweet is Thy word unto my lips."[1]

The metaphor of the stone,[2] and the new name, I do not yet securely understand.

28. (IV.) Thyatira.—The attribute: "That hath his eyes like a flame of fire" (searching the heart), "his feet like fine brass"[3] (treading the earth, yet in purity, the type of all Christian practical life, unsoiled, whatever it treads on); but remember, lest you should think this in any wise opposed to the sense of the charge to Ephesus, that you may *tread* on foulness, yet remain undefiled; but not lie down in it and remain so.

The praise is for charity and active labour,—and the labour more than the charity.

The woman Jezebel, who calls herself a prophetess,[4] is, I believe, the teacher of labour for lascivious purpose, beginning by the adornment of sacred things, not verily for the honour of God, but for our own delight (as more or less in all modern Ritualism). It is of all manner of sins the most difficult to search out, and detect the absolute root or secret danger of. It is the "depth of Satan"[5]—the most secret of his temptations, and the punishment of it, death in torture. For if our *charity* and *labour* are poisoned, what is there more to save us?

The reward of resistance is, to rule the nations with a rod of iron—(true work, against painted clay); and I will

[1] [Psalms cxix. 103.]

[2] ["To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it" (Revelation ii. 17). In his notes of 1854 Ruskin says:—

"This holding the name in the white stone is very suggestive as well as mysterious. In one sense the White Stone may be the Heart—always a stone, compared to what it ought to be; yet a white one when it holds Christ ('Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God')."]

[3] [Revelation ii. 18.]

[4] [Revelation ii. 20.]

[5] [Revelation ii. 24.]

give him the morning star (light of heaven, and morning-time for labour).[1]

24. (V.) Sardis.—The attribute: "That hath the seven Spirits of God, and the seven stars."[2]

Again, the Lord of Life itself—the Giver of the Holy Ghost. ("Having said thus, he breathed on them.") He questions, not of the poison or misuse of life, but of its *existence*. Strengthen the things that are left—that are ready to *die*. The white raiment is the transfiguration of the earthly frame by the inner life, even to the robe of it, "so as no fuller on earth can white them."

The judgment: I will come unto thee as a thief (in thy darkness, to take away even that thou hast).

The promise: I will not blot his name out of the Book of Life.

25. (VI.) Philadelphia.—The attribute: He that is holy (separate from sin)—He that is true (separate from falsehood)—that hath the key of David (of the city of David which is Zion, renewed and pure; conf. verse 12); that openeth, and no man shutteth (by *me* if any man enter in[3]); and shutteth, and no man openeth,[4]—(for without, are fornicators, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie[5]).

The praise, for faithfulness with a little strength, as of a soldier holding a little fortress in the midst of assaulting armies. Therefore the blessing, after that captivity of the strait siege—the lifting up of the heads of the gates, and setting wide of the everlasting doors by the Lord, mighty in battle.[6]

The promise: Him that overcometh will I make, not merely safe within my fortress temple, but a pillar of it—built on its rock, and bearing its vaults for ever.[7]

[1] [Revelation ii. 27, 28.]
[2] [Revelation iii. 1. The other Bible references in § 24 are John xx. 22; Revelation iii. 2, 5; Mark ix. 3; Revelation iii. 3; Mark iv. 25; and Revelation iii. 5.]
[3] [John x. 9.]
[4] [Revelation iii. 7.]
[5] [Revelation xxii. 15.]
[6] [See Psalms xxiv. 7, 8.]
[7] [Revelation iii. 12.]

26. (VII.) Laodicea.—The attribute: the Faithful witness —the Word—the Beginning of Creation.[1]

The sin, chaos of heart,—useless disorder of half-shaped life. Darkness on the face of the deep,[2] and rejoicing in darkness,—as in these days of ours to the uttermost. Chaos in all things—dross for gold—slime for mortar[3]—nakedness for glory—pathless morass for path—and the proud blind for guides.

The command, to try the gold, and purge the raiment, and anoint the eyes,—this order given as to the almost helpless—as men waked in the night, not girding their loins for journey, but in vague wonder at uncertain noise, who may turn again to their slumber, or, in wistful listening, hear the voice calling—"Behold, I stand at the door!"[4]

It is the last of the temptations, bringing back the throne of Annihilation; and the victory over it is the final victory, giving rule, with the Son of God, over the recreate and never to be dissolved order of the perfect earth.

In which there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, "for the former things are passed away."[5]

"Now, unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you, faultless, before the Presence of His glory with exceeding joy;

"To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."[6]

The first seven years' Letters of Fors Clavigera were ended in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 21st Nov., 1877.

[1] [Revelation iii. 14.]
[2] [Genesis i. 2.]
[3] [Genesis xi. 3.]
[4] [Revelation iii. 17–20.]
[5] [Revelation xxi. 4.]
[6] [Jude 24, 25.]

FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTERS

TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY

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VOL. VIII.

GEORGE ALLEN,
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CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII

(1878–1884)

LETTER 85 (*January* 1878)

PAGE

UNIQUE DOGMATISM 315

1. Plan and style of future Letters of *Fors Clavigera*. 2. Extension of the author's appeal. 3. How his immediate plans for the help of the peasantry have been obscured and hindered. The aim of all his writings, to teach or to praise, and hence they are often unintelligible in the present day. 4. Article in the *Spectator* on "Mr. Ruskin's Unique Dogmatism": with the author's reply. 5. Future numbers of *Fors* to be an arrangement for use of the scattered contents of previous ones. 6. The management of floods: letter from Mr. Henry Willett.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—7. Affairs of the Company. 8. Affairs of the Master. 9. Letters concerning St. George's Land. 10. Letters on the Return of their incomes by the Bishops (see Letter 83, § 19). 11. Letter on the stoppage of the Cyfarthfa Iron Works. 12. Causes of the Depression in the Iron Trade. 13. Extract from an American paper: the choking power of interest compared to the growth of a Canada thistle. 14. Extracts from Viollet-le-Duc's book on Mont Blanc. Inundations and Avalanches. The regulation of streams advocated. The ill-advised destruction of forests in favour of pasturage.

LETTER 86 (*February* 1878)

LET US (ALL) EAT AND DRINK 335

1. Change in the author's standpoint in addressing his readers since 1875. But his earlier assertion that human probity is independent of any hope in futurity remains. 2. And is not retracted, though henceforth the author appeals as a Christian to Christians. The confession of Christ quite distinct from church-going. 3. The temporal lesson of history: worldly prosperity attendant on sincerity of Christian life. Sincerity, not form of belief, the essential thing. 4. The spiritual lesson: conditions of immortal art and literature exist in ages of faith. The

PAGE

arguments of masters and men on strikes. Are strikes ungrateful and unwise? 5. The only solution, the laws of Grace and Wisdom. Masters must be Masters in fact. 6. St. George's word to masters who are but wolf-shepherds. 7. Guilds and fixed wages. 8. Wages to be in kind, not money; or in money, based on a standard fixed in the necessities of life. 9. The Deacon's service: breaking bread and pouring wine. Extract from a sermon by Charles Kingsley on the Miracle of Cana. 10, 11. The author's schemes for preventing inundations in Italy. His experiments at Brantwood. 12. Letter by Mr. Willett on the storage of rain-water.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—13. Affairs of the Guild. Articles of Association approved by the Board of Trade. Subscriptions. 14. Affairs of the Master. 15. Letter on the projected sewage farm in the Itchen valley at Winchester. 16. Letter from Mr. Willett on waste of sewage. 17. Letter on the stoppage of the Cyfarthfa Iron Works. 18–25. Author's correspondence with Miss Octavia Hill, arising out of her statement that the author was "incapable for management of great practical work."

LETTER 87 (*March* 1878)

THE SNOW MANGER 361

1. The author's promise to abstain from blame (Letter 84, § 13), to be honoured sometimes in the breach: a warning against Miss Martineau's books. 2. A recommendation of *Castle Blair* and William Black's *Adventures of a Phaeton*. 3. A passage on children quoted with approval from Miss Martineau's *Deerbrook*. 4. The author's apology for his misunderstanding of Mr. Gladstone. The Eastern Question. 5. Discussions of it in the press. 6. The result of them summed up in the Second Psalm. 7. Author's criticism of the translation in the English Bible. Meaning of "He shall vex them in His sore displeasure": an illustration of it, a mother who leaves her child in the snow. 8. The conditions of rightly understanding the Psalm. 9. Articles in the current magazines, recommended for reading. A passage from a notice by R. W. Dale of George Dawson. 10. Other passages in which Dale insists on the constancy of the laws governing human life. 11. Further passage on the fixity of the laws of the spiritual universe. 12. The author accepts this latter passage, but declares the preceding passages to be inconsistent with the teaching of Christ. 13. Faith and Miracles. 14. Froude's account of the execution of the brethren of the Charterhouse (1535). (*February* 15.) 15. The First Chapter of Proverbs: with modern instances. 16. "The ways of every one that is greedy of gain:" closing of the Tredegar Iron Works.

LETTER 88 (*March* 1880)

PAGE
THE CONVENTS OF ST. QUENTIN 381

1. The sixty-third Orphic Hymn. The author's recovery from illness: future plans for *Fors*. 2. Distinction between morbid inflammation of the brain, and excited temper and quickened thought leading up to it. 3. A consistent purpose, and perfectly conceived system, throughout *Fors*. 4. But the system is not the author's. For in teaching what is visibly salutary it does but follow the dictates of common sense, common equity, common humanity, and common sunshine. 5. *Fors* teaches also what is invisibly salutary; wherein its system is that of the wise of all the earth. 6. *Fors* contains, thirdly, trivial and desultory talk by the way, with expression of the author's personal feelings. (*Sheffield, February* 12.) 7. His "messages from St. Ursula" not inconsistent with common sense. 8. His illness the result, not of over-work, but of nothing coming of his work. 9. "Wounded in the house of my friends;" the author received no help from them in his social work. His disappointment at the recent work of Froude, contrasted with his earlier insight into past conditions of England. 10. Froude's indecision as to whether he ought finally to praise the former, or the latter, days. 11. His disadvantages: (i.) he has come to regard Protestantism and the love of truth as synonymous; (ii.) he has no knowledge of art. His description of the corruption of the monasteries. 12–14. Beside which, the author sets descriptions of modern cells: passages from Jules Simon's *L'Ouvrière*. 15. Affairs of St. George's Guild. 16. The Master declines to remove the stockade which requires members of the Guild to give a tithe of their incomes. 17. He invites subscriptions for extending St. George's Museum.

LETTER 89 (*September* 1880)

WHOSE FAULT IS IT? TO THE TRADES UNIONS OF ENGLAND . . . 398

(*Beauvais, August* 31.) 1. Why this Letter is so addressed. 2. And why earlier Letters were not: the author never speaks opinions, but only what he knows; and he knew more of his own class, than of that of the workmen. 3. He foresaw political changes, but as Professor at Oxford did not deem it right to discuss them. His message to the learned and rich, now given and ended. 4. The Trade Unions right in their self-assertion against Capital. The power of French fashions in dress over trade. 5. Do not the Trade Armies of Christendom claim a Birth Right as well as a Death Right? 6. Considerations on the Land Question. Land, by whomsoever held, to be made the

PAGE

most of. No man to possess more than he can use, but all men to possess so much. Law of primogeniture. 7. Questions about the best forms of practical administration difficult to decide, but "opinions" about them lightly given: extract from Hartwig's *Polar World* on the Norwegian peasantry. 8. Value of political experiment. 9. Why "Trade" Guilds, when production, not selling, is their main concern? 10. If the workmen are robbed or beguiled, it is their own fault. 11. "Trade" Unions should be "Labourers' Unions." The twenty-one essential and eternal divisions of the Labour of Man. 12. Possession of land essential, but it must be got by the law of labour, not of force. 13. This *Fors* to be supplied free to Trade Unions. No pleasures to be had without looking, thinking, doing.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.—14. Letter on a movement for Land Reform under Secularist auspices: "where are the clergy?" 15. Letter in reply to one from the author on Co-operation and bad workmanship. 16. Letter from a village shopkeeper, a reader of *Fors*.

APPENDIX.—(I.) 17. Mr. Fowler's report on the condition of the Calder (1866). (II.) 18. The evils of gold-mining.

LETTER 90 (*May* 1883)

LOST JEWELS 423

1. Titles given to the several Letters in *Fors*. Relation of *Fors* to the author's other books. The First Principles of his Political Economy, as stated in *Unto this Last* and *Munera Pulveris:* the wealth of a country is not in its extent of territory, but in its good men and women. 2. Among whom, women are the guiding and purifying power (*Sesame and Lilies*). The early death of good girls. 3. The tragedy of girls' lives. The story of Sybilla Dowie. 4. A girl's proper confidant is her father. 5. Courtship and Probation. 6. The annual loss of a nation's girl-wealth. 7, 8. Miss Laffan's *Baubie Clarke*. 9. An implied moral of the story, that theatres are wicked places. Quotation from Helps' *Social Pressure* on opera-boxes for the poor. 10. Letter from an Edinburgh correspondent on Vegetarianism. 11. Orpheus' Hymn to the Earth. 12. Letter on behalf of the Dean and Chapter of Chester (see Letter 89, § 14).

LETTER 91 (*September* 1883)

DUST OF GOLD 438

1, 2. "What are plain girls to do?" Plainness of mind, and of face. Examples from the author's travelling experiences. 3, 4. Beauty dependent on joy and peace and virtue. 5. Further

PAGE

remarks on Courtship as Probation. 6. References to courtship in Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Richardson, and Shakespeare (Salvini's Othello condemned). 7. References to other passages in *Fors* on the subject of womanhood. *Romeo and Juliet*, a play in honour of the beauty of pure youth. 8. "Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love:" the solution of all the wonderfulness of sorrow. 9. "For I will raise her statue in pure gold:" can men have their boys' and girls' worth in gold? 10. The loss of souls by helpless, reckless, needless death.

LETTER 92 (*November* 1883)

ASHESTIEL 449

(*Abbotsford, September* 26.) 1. The barefooted lassies of Scotland. 2. The burial-places of Bruce's heart and Michael Scott, at Melrose. (*Whithorn, October* 3.) 3. Types of children at Whithorn and Dumfries. (*Brantwood, October* 10.) 4. Author's recent visit to the Border country. 5. Mungo Park's last days in Scotland: motives for his return to Africa. 6. "Freits follow those who look to them." 7. The supernatural element in Scott's novels. In what sense the *Heart of Midlothian* is his greatest work. Scott most himself in works in which the sense of the supernatural is most distinct, as in *Waverley* and the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. 8. The inspiration of childhood. 9. The stages between Fancy and Faith. 10. The effect upon Scott of the natural scenery of his native land. His three dominant homes—Rosebank, Ashestiel, and Abbotsford. 11. Rosebank: the glens of Ettrick, Yarrow, and Liddelwater. 12. Ashestiel: the junction of Tweed and Ettrick. Scott's workroom at Ashestiel. 13. A small chamber with a fair world outside: the conditions of the greatest work. The best books: books written in the country, and books that have good music in them. Influence of natural scenery on Scott, Burns, and Byron. 14. Scott's stanzas on the sources of the Tweed.

LETTER 93 (*Christmas* 1883)

INVOCATION 466

1. State of St. George's Guild: secessions and accessions. 2. Account of its possessions. 3. The author's invocation to other people to join the Guild. 4. The agitation on the Dwellings of the Poor long since anticipated by the author. The author's constant passages on the matter. Instances of such misery given in *Fors*. 5. The militia of base littérateurs enlisted to maintain the existing system. The age of sham. 6. The pestilential lie that you are not to give alms, but to benefit the poor by your own eating and drinking. 7. Companions of St. George's Guild to be givers, not receivers; and, so far as possible, to work with

PAGE

their own hands. 8. The dignity and peace of labour. 9. Quiet doers of happy service. Holy Taverns. 10. When the meek inherit the world. 11. (*Christmas Postscript.*) List of members of the Guild.

LETTER 94 (*March* 1884)

RETROSPECT 478

(*Brantwood, December* 13, 1883.) 1. "Retrospect" and "retrospective." 2. Reference to Letter 17, on education. Reasons why the author does not propose to teach the three R's in St. George's Schools. (i.) Parents should teach the rudiments. (ii.) Few people get any good by reading or writing. The waste of time in reading newspapers. The pestilence of popular literature. Abridgments of Scott and Dickens. 3. (iii.) The futility of arithmetic lessons. The author's incursion into Coniston School and his lesson on a sovereign. The arms of England as seen upon it. 4. (iv.) Literature and arithmetic hinder children in the acquisition of ideas, and encumber the memory of them. Plato's parable of Theuth. Memoranda destructive of memory. (v.) Reading and writing cause disdain of manual labour. 5. Summary of the author's plan of schooling, in avoidance of these evils. Schools to have gardens, laboratories, and workshops. Music, geometry, astronomy, botany, and zoology to be general subjects; drawing and history to be taught to some pupils; laws of honour, habit of truth, virtue of humility, and happiness of love to all. 6. How to teach humility. 7. What sort of writing is to be taught in St. George's Schools. Character in handwriting. 8. A cottage lesson. How a child died singing. 9. Value of what is learnt by heart. Children should read less, and remember more. 10. Letter from a schoolmistress Companion of St. George. 11, 12. What women's work is, in the opinion of the author, and in the time of Scott.

LETTER 95 (*October* 1884)

FORS INFANTIÆ 493

1. The author's experiments in school education for infants. 2. Summary of the teaching of *Fors* on the Land Question. Hereditary possession of land assumed. Nonsense of land nationalisation. 3. Possession of land implies the duties of living on it, and making it fruitful and beautiful for others. 4. Public lands to be available as schools of natural history. 5. Schools to be adjusted to local conditions. Things which all must learn, and things which many need not learn. Doubtful value of grammar in education. 6. Exclusion of competition essential. 7. "You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear," nor disguise the flap

PAGE

of it by giving it a diamond earring. The wholesome indisposition of the average mind for intellectual labour provides for "stubbing Thornaby Waste." 8. Opportunities of intellectual education to be given to all, but it is not to be enforced on the unfit. Moral education alone to be universal. 9. Importance of a sound system in elementary music. Author's experiments in the construction of a lyre. The bell the most sacred instrument. 10. Elocution. The essentials of fine speaking. 11. Only story-books, poetry or prose, to be used for reading lessons. Shakespeare not to be used as a school-book. 12. The reading-room and the library: how they should be arranged. 13. Narration. Importance of teaching children to give accurate account of what they have done and seen. 14. Arithmetic. Importance commonly attached to this a filthy folly. 15. Geography. Futility of ordinary maps. 16. Physical and historical maps should be substituted. How the study of them should be associated with geology and drawing. 17. Astronomy. How the study should be associated with geometry and writing. 18. Writing and drawing: "Theuth's first lesson;" how clever children teach themselves. 19. Zoology. The author's schemes for plates and explanatory text. 20. Botany. Need for a simple handbook with hand-coloured plates. 21. Needlework. Author's vision of what a needlework-room in St. George's Museum was meant to contain. 22. Mr. Albert Fleming's revival of the old spinning-wheel; Miss Stanley's book on useful sewing. 23. Letter from Francesca's mother on education without compulsion. 24. Letter from T. Craig-Brown enclosing letters by Mungo Park and Scott, and giving an anecdote of the former. 25. Letter of Mungo Park to his sister. Letter of Scott, sending help to a brother of Park. Letter of Scott to Park. 26. The author's further remarks on Mungo Park's character. 27. Comments on a letter in the *Scotsman* about Ashestiel.

LETTER 96 (*Terminal*) (*Christmas* 1884)

ROSY VALE 517

1. Extract from Dugdale's *Monasticon*, describing St. David's Monastery in the Rosy Valley. 2. Letter describing the Rosière of Nanterre. 3. Letter from "Francesca" describing her servant's home, "La Rose." 4. Account by Francesca of "a Rosy Vale in Italy, rejoicing round its Living Rose": story of "The Mother of the Orphans." 5. "Go and do thou likewise." 6. "Great shall be the peace of thy children." "The story of Rosy Vale is not ended."

FORS CLAVIGERA

"YEA, THE WORK OF OUR HANDS, ESTABLISH THOU IT"[1]

LETTER 85

UNIQUE DOGMATISM[2]

1. THE series of letters which closed last year were always written, as from the first they were intended to be, on any matter which *chanced* to interest me, and in any humour which *chance* threw me into. By the adoption of the title "Fors," I meant (among other meanings) to indicate this desultory and accidental character of the work; and to imply, besides, my feeling, that, since I wrote wholly in the interests of others, it might justifiably be hoped that the chance to which I thus submitted myself would direct me better than any choice or method of my own.

So far as regards the subjects of this second series of letters, I shall retain my unfettered method, in reliance on the direction of better wisdom than mine. But in my former letters, I also allowed myself to write on each subject, whatever came into my mind, wishing the reader, like a friend, to know exactly what my mind was. But as no candour will explain this to persons who have no feelings in common with me,—and as I think, by this time, enough has been shown to serve all purposes of such frankness, to

[1] [Psalms xc. 17.]
[2] [See below, § 4.]

those who can receive it,—henceforward, I shall endeavour to write, so far as I can judge, what may be serviceable to the reader, or acceptable by him; and only in some occasional and minor way, what may explain, or indulge, my own feelings.

2. Such change in my method of address is farther rendered necessary, because I perceive the address must be made to a wider circle of readers.

This book was begun in the limited effort to gather a society together for the cultivation of ground in a particular way;—a society having this special business, and no concern with the other work of the world. But the book has now become a call to all whom it can reach, to choose between being honest or dishonest; and if they choose to be honest, also to join together in a brotherhood separated, visibly and distinctly, from cheats and liars. And as I felt more and more led into this wider appeal, it has also been shown to me that, in this country of England, it must be made under obedience to the Angel of England;—the Spirit which taught our fathers their Faith, and which is still striving with us in our Atheism. And since this was shown to me, I have taken all that I understand of the Book which our fathers believed to be divine, not, as in former times, only to enforce, on those who still believed it, obedience to its orders; but indeed for help and guidance to the whole body of our society.

The exposition of this broader law mingling more and more frequently in my past letters with that of the narrow action of St. George's Guild for the present help of our British peasantry, has much obscured the simplicity of that present aim, and raised up crowds of collateral questions, in debate of which the reader becomes doubtful of the rightness of even what might otherwise have been willingly approved by him: while, to retard his consent yet farther, I am compelled, by the accidents of the time, to allege certain principles of work which only my own long study of the results of the Art of Man upon his mind enable

me to know for surety; and these are peculiarly offensive in an epoch which has long made—not only all its Arts mercenary, but even those mercenary forms of them subordinate to yet more servile occupations.

8. For example; I might perhaps, with some success, have urged the purchase and cultivation of waste land, and the orderly and kindly distribution of the food produced upon it, had not this advice been coupled with the discussion of the nature of Rent, and the assertion of the God-forbidden guilt of that Usury, of which Rent is the fatallest form. And even if, in subtlety, I had withheld, or disguised, these deeper underlying laws, I should still have alienated the greater number of my possible adherents by the refusal to employ steam machinery, which may well bear, to the minds of persons educated in the midst of such mechanism, the aspect of an artist's idle and unrealizable prejudice. And this all the more, because the greater number of business-men, finding that their own opinions have been adopted without reflection, yet being perfectly content with the opinions so acquired, naturally suppose that mine have been as confidently collected where they could be found with least pains:—with the farther equally rational conclusion, that the opinions they have thus accidentally picked up themselves are more valuable and better selected than the by no means obviously preferable faggot of mine.

And, indeed, the thoughts of a man who from his youth up, and during a life persistently literary, has never written a word either for money or for vanity,[1] nor even in the careless incontinence of the instinct for self-expression, but resolutely spoken only to teach or to praise others, must necessarily be incomprehensible in an age when Christian preaching itself has become merely a polite and convenient profession,—when the most noble and living literary faculties, like those of Scott and Dickens, are perverted by the will

[1] [Compare the Preface to the fifth volume of *Modern Painters* (Vol. VII. pp. 9–10).]

of the multitude, and perish in the struggle for its gold; and when the conceit even of the gravest men of science provokes them to the competitive exhibition of their conjectural ingenuity,[1] in fields where argument is impossible, and respecting matters on which even certainty would be profitless.

4. I believe, therefore, that it will be satisfactory to not a few of my readers, and generally serviceable, if I reproduce, and reply to, a portion of a not unfriendly critique which, appearing in the *Spectator* for 22nd September, 1877, sufficiently expressed this general notion of my work, necessarily held by men who are themselves writing and talking merely for profit or amusement, and have never taken the slightest pains to ascertain whether any single thing they say is true: nor are under any concern to know whether, after it has been sold in the permanent form of print, it will do harm or good to the buyer of it.

"MR. RUSKIN'S UNIQUE DOGMATISM[2]

"As we have often had occasion, if not exactly to remark, yet to imply, in what we have said of him, Mr. Ruskin is a very curious study. For simplicity, quaintness, and candour, his confidences to 'the workmen and labourers of Great Britain' in *Fors Clavigera* are quite without example. For delicate irony of style, when he gets a subject that he fully understands, and intends to expose the ignorance, or, what is much worse, the affectation of knowledge which is not knowledge, of others, no man is his equal. But then as curious as anything else, in that strange medley of sparkling jewels, delicate spider-webs, and tangles of exquisite fronds which makes" (the writer should be on his guard against the letter *s* in future passages of this descriptive character) "up Mr. Ruskin's mind, is the high-handed arrogance which is so strangely blended with his imperious modesty, and that, too, often when it is most grotesque. It is not, indeed, his arrogance, but his modest self-knowledge which speaks, when he says in this new number of the *Fors* that though there are thousands of men in England able to conduct the business affairs of his Society better than he can, 'I do not believe there is another man in England able to organize our elementary lessons in Natural History and Art. And I am therefore wholly occupied in examining the growth of Anagallis tenella, and completing some notes on St. George's Chapel at Venice.'[3] And no doubt he is quite right.

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVII. pp. 124, 642.]
[2] [On the charge of dogmatism, compare Vol. XIX. p. 60.]
[3] [See Letter 81, § 15 (above, p. 208).]

Probably no one could watch the growth of Anagallis tenella to equal purpose, and no one else could complete his notes on St. George's Chapel without spoiling them. We are equally sure that he is wise, when he tells his readers that he must entirely decline any manner of political action which might hinder him 'from drawing leaves and flowers.' But what does astonish us is the supreme confidence,—or say, rather, hurricane of dictatorial passion,—though we do not use the word 'passion' in the sense of anger or irritation, but in the higher sense of mental white-heat, which has no vexation in it, (*a*)—with which this humble student of leaves and flowers, of the Anagallis tenella and the beauties of St. George's Chapel at Venice, passes judgment on the whole structure of human society, from its earliest to its latest convolutions, and not only judgment, but the sweeping judgment of one who knows all its laws of structure and all its misshapen growths with a sort of assurance which Mr. Ruskin would certainly never feel in relation to the true form, or the distortions of the true form, of the most minute fibre of one of his favourite leaves or flowers. Curiously enough, the humble learner of Nature speaking through plants and trees, is the most absolute scorner of Nature speaking through the organization of great societies and centuries of social experience. (*b*) We know well what Mr. Ruskin would say,—that the difference is great between the growth that is without moral freedom and the growth which has been for century after century distorted by the reckless abuse of moral freedom. And we quite admit the radical difference. But what strikes us as so strange is that this central difficulty of all,—how much is really due to the structural growth of a great society, and quite independent of any voluntary abuse which might be amended by voluntary effort, and how much is due to the false direction of individual wills,—*never strikes Mr. Ruskin as a difficulty at all.* (*c*) On the contrary, he generalizes in his sweeping way, on social tendencies which appear to be (*d*) far more deeply ingrained in the very structure of human life than the veins of a leaf in the structure of a plant, with a confidence with which he would never for a moment dream of generalizing as to the true and normal growth of a favourite plant. Thus he tells us in the last number of *Fors* that '*Fors Clavigera* is not in any way intended as counsel adapted to the present state of the public mind, but it is the assertor of the code of eternal laws which the public mind *must* eventually submit itself to, or die; and I have really no more to do with the manners, customs, feelings, or modified conditions of piety in the

(*a*) I don't understand. Probably there is not another so much vexed person as I at present extant of his grave.

(*b*) It *would* be curious, and much more, if it only *were* so.

(*c*—Italics mine.) On what grounds did the writer suppose this? When Dr. Christison[1] analyzes a poison, and simply states his result, is it to be concluded he was struck by no difficulties in arriving at it, because he does not advise the public of his embarrassments?

(*d*) What does it matter what they *appear* to be?

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[1] [Sir Robert Christison, M.D. (1797–1882); medical adviser to the Crown, 1829–1866; author of a *Treatise on Poisons*.]

modern England, which I have to warn of the accelerated approach either of Revolution or Destruction, than poor Jonah had with the qualifying amiabilities which might have been found in the Nineveh whose overthrow he was ordered to foretell in forty days.'[1] But the curious part of the matter is that Mr. Ruskin, far from keeping to simple moral laws, denounces in the most vehement manner social arrangements which seem to most men (*e*) as little connected with them as they would have seemed to 'poor Jonah.' We are not aware, for instance, that Jonah denounced the use of machinery in Nineveh. Indeed, he seems to have availed himself of a ship, which is a great complication of machines, and to have 'paid his fare' from Joppa to Tyre, without supposing himself to have been accessory to anything evil in so doing. We are not aware, too, that Jonah held it to be wrong, as Mr. Ruskin holds it to be wrong, to charge for the use of a thing when you do not want to part with it altogether. These are practices which are so essentially interwoven alike with the most fundamental as also with the most superficial principles of social growth, that any one who assumes that they are rooted in moral evil is bound to be very careful to discriminate where the evil begins, and show that it can be avoided,—just as a naturalist who should reproach the trees on a hill-side for sloping away from the blast they have to meet, should certainly first ask himself how the trees are to avoid the blast, or how, if they cannot avoid it, they are to help so altering their growth as to accommodate themselves to it. But Mr. Ruskin, though in relation to nature he is a true naturalist, in relation to human nature has in him nothing at all of the human naturalist. It never occurs to him apparently that here, too, are innumerable principles of growth which are quite independent of the will of man, and that it becomes the highest moralist to study humbly where the influence of the human will begins and where it ends, instead of rashly and sweepingly condemning, as due to a perverted morality, what is in innumerable cases a mere inevitable result of social structure. (*f*)

"Consider only how curiously different in spirit is the humility with which the great student of the laws of beauty watches the growth of the Anagallis tenella, and that with which he watches the growth of the formation of human opinion. A correspondent had objected to him that he speaks so contemptuously of some of the most trusted leaders of English workmen, of Goldwin Smith, for instance, and of John Stuart Mill. Disciples of such leaders, the writer had said, 'are hurt and made angry, when

(*e*) What does it matter what they "seem to most men"?

(*f*) To this somewhat lengthily metaphorical paragraph, the needful answer may be brief, and without metaphor. To every "social structure" which has rendered either wide national crime or wide national folly "inevitable"—ruin is also "inevitable." Which is all I have necessarily to say; and which has been by me, now, very sorrowfully,—enough said. Nevertheless, somewhat more may be observed of England at this time,—namely, that she has no "social structure" whatsoever; but is a mere heap of agonizing human maggots, scrambling and sprawling over each other for any manner of rotten eatable thing they can get a bite of.

[1] [See Letter 81, § 7 (above, p. 198).]

names which they do not like are used of their leaders.' Mr. Ruskin's reply is quite a study in its way:—

'Well, my dear sir, I solemnly declare,' etc., down to 'ditches for ever.' —See *Fors*, September, 1877.[1]

Now observe that here Mr. Ruskin, who would follow the lines of a gossamer thread sparkling in the morning dew with reverent wonder and conscientious accuracy, arraigns, first, the tendency of man to express immature and tentative views of passing events, (*g*) as if that were wholly due, not to a law of human nature, ! ! (*h*) but to those voluntary abuses of human freedom which might as effectually be arrested as murder or theft could be arrested by moral effort; next arraigns, if not the discovery of the printing-press (of which any one would suppose that he entertained a stern disapprobation), at least the inevitable (*i*) results of that discovery, precisely as he would arraign a general prevalence of positive vice; and last of all, that he actually claims the power, as an old littérateur, to discern at sight 'what is eternally good and vital, and to strike away from it pitilessly what is worthless and venomous.' On the first two heads, as it seems to us, Mr. Ruskin arraigns laws of nature as practically unchangeable as any by which the sap rises in the tree and the blossom forms upon the flower. On the last head, he assumes a tremendous power in relation to subjects very far removed from these which he has made his own,——"

——I have lost the next leaf of the article, and may as well, it seems to me, close my extract here, for I do not know what subject the writer conceives me to have made my own, if *not* the quality of literature! If I am ever allowed, by public estimate, to know anything whatever,

(*g*) I have never recognized any such tendency in persons moderately well educated. What is their education for—if it cannot prevent their expressing immature views about *any*thing?

(*h*) I insert two notes of admiration. What "law of human nature" shall we hear of next? If it cannot keep its thoughts in its mind, till they are digested,—I suppose we shall next hear it cannot keep its dinner in its stomach.

(*i*) There is nothing whatever of inevitable in the "universal gabble of fools," which is the lamentable fact I have alleged of the present times, whether they gabble with or without the help of printing-press. The power of saying a very foolish thing to a very large number of people at once, is of course a greater temptation to a foolish person than he was formerly liable to; but when the national mind, such as it is, becomes once aware of the mischief of all this, it is evitable enough—else there were an end to popular intelligence in the world.

[1] [Letter 81, § 12 (p. 205).]

it is—how to write.[1] My knowledge of painting is entirely denied by ninety-nine out of a hundred painters of the day; but the literary men are great hypocrites if they don't really think me, as they profess to do, fairly up to my work in that line. And what would an old littérateur be good for, if he did not know good writing from bad, and that without tasting more than a half page? And for the moral tendency of books—no such practised sagacity is needed to determine that. The sense, to a healthy mind, of being strengthened or enervated by reading, is just as definite and unmistakable as the sense, to a healthy body, of being in fresh or foul air: and no more arrogance is involved in perceiving the stench, and forbidding the reading of an unwholesome book, than in a physician's ordering the windows to be opened in a sick room. There is no question whatever concerning these matters, with any person who honestly desires to be informed about them;—the real arrogance is only in expressing judgments, either of books or anything else, respecting which we have taken no trouble to be informed. Here is my friend of the *Spectator*, for instance, commenting complacently on the vulgar gossip about my opinions of machinery, without even taking the trouble to look at what I said, else he would have found that, instead of condemning machinery, there is the widest and most daring plan in *Fors* for the adaptation of tide-mills to the British coasts that has yet been dreamt of in engineering;[2] and that, so far from condemning ships, half the physical education of British youth is proposed by *Fors* to be conducted in them.[3]

5. What the contents of *Fors* really are, however, it is little wonder that even my most studious friends do not at present know, broken up as these materials have been into a mere moraine of separate and seemingly jointless stones, out of which I must now build such Cyclopean

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVII. pp. 400, 616; and Vol. XXVIII. p. 425.]
[2] [See Letter 51, § 26 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 293).]
[3] [See Letter 8, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 143).]

wall as I shall have time and strength for. Therefore, during some time at least, the main business of this second series of letters will be only the arrangement for use, and clearer illustration, of the scattered contents of the first.

And I cannot begin with a more important subject, or one of closer immediate interest, than that of the collection of rain, and management of streams. On this subject, I expect a series of papers from my friend Mr. Henry Willett,[1] containing absolutely verified data: in the meantime I beg the reader to give his closest attention to the admirable statements by M. Viollet-le-Duc, given from the new English translation of his book on Mont Blanc, in the seventh article of our Correspondence. I have before had occasion to speak with extreme sorrow of the errors in the theoretical parts of this work:[2] but its practical intelligence is admirable.

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6. Just in time, I get Mr. Willett's first sheet. His preface is too valuable to be given without some farther comment,[3] but this following bit may serve us for this month:—

"The increased frequency in modern days of upland floods appears to be due mainly to the increased want of the retention of the rainfall. Now it is true of all drainage matters that man has complete power over them at the beginning, where they are widely disseminated, and it is only when by the uniting ramifications over large areas a great accumulation is produced, that man becomes powerless to deal satisfactorily with it. Nothing ever is more senseless than the direct contravention of Nature's laws by the modern system of gathering together into one huge polluted stream the sewage of large towns. The waste and expense incurred, first in collecting, and then in attempting to separate and to apply to the land the drainage of large towns, seems a standing instance of the folly and perversity of human arrangements, and *it can only be accounted for by the interest which attaches to the spending of large sums of money.*" (Italics mine.)

[1] [For Mr. Willett, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 576; the series of papers, suggested by Mr. Willett, were however not given (see below, p. 349).]
[2] [See *Deucalion*, i. ch. x. §§ 13, 18, Vol. XXVI. pp. 228, 230.]
[3] [See below, pp. 345, 347–349.]

"It may be desirable at some future time to revert to this part of the subject, and to suggest the natural, simple, and inexpensive alternative plan.

"To return to the question of floods caused by rainfall only. The first and completely remunerating expenditure should be for providing tanks of filtered water for human drinking, etc., and reservoirs for cattle and manufacturing purposes, in the upland valleys and moorland glens which form the great collecting grounds of all the water which is now wastefully permitted to flow either into underground crevices and natural reservoirs, that it may be pumped up again at an enormous waste of time, labour, and money, or neglectfully permitted to deluge the habitations of which the improper erection on sites liable to flooding has been allowed.

"To turn for a moment to the distress and incurred expense in summer from want of the very same water which has been wasted in winter, I will give three or four instances which have come under my own knowledge. In the summer of 1876 I was put on shore from a yacht a few miles west of Swanage Bay, in Dorsetshire, and then, walking to the nearest village, I wanted to hire a pony-chaise from the landlady of the only inn, but she was obliged absolutely to refuse me because the pony was already overworked by having to drag water for the cows a perpendicular distance of from two hundred to three hundred feet from the valley beneath. Hardly a rain-shoot, and no reservoir, could be seen. A highly intelligent gentleman in Sussex, the year before, remarked, 'I should not regret the rain coming and spoiling the remainder of my harvest, as it would thereby put an end to the great expense I am at in drawing water from the river for my flock of sheep.' In the village of Farnborough, Kent, there are two wells: one at the Hall, 160 feet deep, and a public one at the north-west of the village. In summer a man gets a good living by carting the water for the poor people, charging 1d. for six gallons, and earning from 2s. 6d. to 3s. a day. One agricultural labourer pays 5d. a week for his family supply in summer. 'He could catch more off his own cottage, but the spouts are out of order, and the landlord won't put them right.' I know a farmer in Sussex who, having a seven-years' lease of some down-land, at his own expense built a small tank which cost him £30. He told me at the end of his lease the farm would be worth £30 per annum more, because of the tank. The Earl of Chichester, who has most wisely and successfully grappled with the subject, says that £100 per annum is not an unfrequent expenditure by individual farmers for the carting of water in summer-time.

"In my next I will give, by his lordship's kind permission, a detailed account and plan of his admirable method of water supply, superseding wells and pumping."

7. (I.) AFFAIRS of the Company.

I never was less able to give any account of these, for the last month has been entirely occupied with work in Oxford;[1] the Bank accounts cannot be in my hands till the year's end; the business at Abbeydale[2] can in no wise be put on clear footing till our Guild is registered;[3] and I have just been warned of some farther modifications needful in our memorandum for registry.

But I was completely convinced last year that, fit or unfit, I must take all these things in hand myself; and I do not think the leading article of our Correspondence will remain, after the present month, so wholly unsatisfactory.

8. (II.) Affairs of the Master. (12th December, 1877.)

Since I last gave definite statements of these,[4] showing that in cash I had only some twelve thousand pounds left, the sale of Turner's drawings, out of the former collection of Mr. Munro, of Novar, took place; and I considered it my duty, for various reasons, to possess myself of Caernarvon Castle, Leicester Abbey, and the Bridge of Narni;[5] the purchase of which, with a minor acquisition or two besides, reduced my available cash, by my banker's account yesterday, to £10,223, that being the market value of my remaining £4000 Bank Stock. I have directed them to sell this stock, and buy me £9000 New Threes instead; by which operation I at once lose about sixty pounds a year of interest (in conformity with my views already enough expressed on that subject[6]), and I put a balance of something over £1500 in the Bank, to serve St. George and me till we can look about us a little.

Both the St. George's and my private account will henceforward be rendered by myself, with all clearness possible to me; but they will no longer be allowed to waste the space of *Fors*. They will be forwarded on separate sheets to the Companions, and be annually purchasable by the public.[7]

[1] [Ruskin is writing in December 1877. During preceding weeks he had been delivering the course of lectures entitled "Readings in *Modern Painters*" (Vol. XXII. pp. 508 *seq.*).]

[2] [See above, p. 273.]

[3] [This was ultimately done in October 1878: see Vol. XXX.]

[4] [See above, pp. 96–104.]

[5] [For these purchases, see Vol. XXV. p. xix.; and for the drawings themselves, Vol. XIII. pp. 442, 444, 424.]

[6] [See Letters 76, § 20; 80, §§ 15–17 (above, pp. 103, 185–187).]

[7] [See Vol. XXX.]

I further stated, in last year's letters, that at the close of 1877 I should present my Marylebone property to St. George for a Christmas gift, without interfering with Miss Octavia Hill's management of it.[1] But this piece of business, like everything else I try to do just now, has its own hitches; the nature of which will be partly understood on reading some recent correspondence between Miss Hill and myself, which I trust may be closed, and in form presentable, next month.[2] The transference of the property will take place all the same; but it will be seen to have become questionable how far Miss Hill may now consent to retain her control over the tenants.

9. (III.) We cannot begin the New Year under better auspices than are implied in the two following letters.

To MR. JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.

"HONOURED SIR,—I send ten shillings, which I beg you to accept as a gift for your St. George's Fund. The sum is small, but I have been thinking that as you are now bringing some plots of land into cultivation, that even so small a sum, if spent in the purchase of two or three apple or other fruit trees suitable to the locality, they might be pointed to, in a few years' time, to show what had been the result of a small sum, when wisely deposited in the Bank of Nature.

"Yours very Respectfully,

"A Garden Workman,

"This day 80 years old,

"JOSEPH STAPLETON.

"*November 28th*, 1877."

(The apple-trees will be planted in Worcestershire,[3] and kept separate note of.)

"CLOUGHTON MOOR, NEAR SCARBOROUGH,
"*November* 15, 1877.

"DEAR MASTER,—We have delayed answering your very kind letter, for which we were very grateful, thinking that soon we should be hearing again from Mr. Bagshawe, because we had a letter from him the same day that we got yours, asking for particulars of the agreement between myself and Dr. Rooke. I answered him by return of post, requesting him likewise to get the affair settled as soon as convenient; but we have not heard anything since. But we keep working away, and have got the house and some of the land a bit shapely. We are clearing, and intend closing, about sixteen hundred yards of what we think the most suitable and best land for a garden, and shall plant a few currant and gooseberry bushes in, I hope directly, if the weather keeps favourable. In wet weather we repair the cottage indoors, and all seems to go on very nicely. The children enjoy it very much, and so do we too, for you see we are all together—'father's always at home.' I shall never be afraid of being out of work again, there is so much to do; and I think it will pay, too. Of course it will be some time before it returns anything, excepting tired limbs, and the satisfaction that it is, and looks,

[1] [See Letter 76, § 20 (p. 102).]
[2] [See below, pp. 354–360.]
[3] [This, however, was not done.]

better. We intend rearing poultry and have a cow, perhaps, when we get something to grow to feed them with; and to that intent I purpose preparing stone this winter to build an outbuilding for them in the spring-time. I can do it all myself—the working part; but should require help to purchase lime and timber, but not yet. We shall try our best to work and make our arrangements suit your views as far as we understand them, and anything you could like us to do, we shall be glad to perform.

"Yours truly,
"JOHN GUY.

"Our gross earnings for the year is £54, 18s. 3½d. Our expenses this year have been heavy, with two removals, but we have a balance of £11 after paying tenth, for which we enclose Post Office order for £5, 9s. 10d. We have plenty of clothing and shoes and fuel to serve us the winter through; so Mary says we can do very well until spring."[1]

10. (IV.) The following important letters set the question raised about the Bishops' returns of income at rest. I need scarcely point out how desirable it would be for these matters to be put on so simple footing as to leave no ground for misapprehension by the common people. "Disingenuousness" which the writer suspects in the "Humanitarian" is not usually a fault of the lower orders; nor do they ever fail in respect to a good and active clergyman.

"*November* 28, 1877.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I see from the November *Fors*[2] that you ask for further explanation of some figures published by a 'Humanitarian,' of Bishopwearmouth, touching the Bishops' incomes of thirty-nine years ago. 'The apparent discrepancy between the actual and alleged incomes' is very easily explained. The larger figures are not, and are not said to be, the incomes *of the Bishops* at all. The estates were then let on 'beneficial' leases; and the people who held these leases, generally country squires, were the real owners of the lands, paying to the Bishops ancient nominal rents, and occasional lump sums ('fines'), when the leases were renewed. The big sums, therefore, are the estimated rental *of the lands*—that is, *e.g.*, in the case of York the £41,030 represent the rents paid *to the country gentlemen* by their tenants, and the £13,798 is the average, one year with another, of what the squires paid to the Archbishop in rents and fines. The difference, of course, represents the value of the lands to the squires. What the figures really show, therefore, is the amount of Church property which, little by little, in the course of centuries, through a bad system of tenure, had got into the hands of laymen. This bad system has been long abolished, under the operation of divers laws passed in 1841, and later; and the Bishops have now, as your other table shows, much-reduced and unvarying income."

"It may help you to see how the proportions (in the case of different Bishops) of the Bishops' receipts to value of lands, vary so much, when I explain that the average episcopal income was required, in the forms issued by the Royal Commission, to be made out from the actual receipts of a specified period—seven years, I think.*

* The term had necessarily to be moderate, as it would have been useless to ask a Bishop as to the receipts of his predecessor.

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[1] [For a previous letter from John Guy, see Letter 78, § 23 (p. 144).]
[2] [Letter 83, § 19 (p. 275).]

Now the separate leaseholds were of very various values, some big and some little, and it would often happen that several years elapsed without any big 'fine' falling in; and then there might come, in quick succession, the renewals of three or four very valuable estates, thus raising immensely the average for those particular years. Hence every Bishop's return, though accurately given as required, was a very rough average, though the return, taken as a whole—that is, as regards all the sees together—gave a fair view of the facts. The ins and outs of the affair, you see, can only be understood by people familiar with the working of the now obsolete system. I therefore in my last note abstained from saying more than was just sufficient to indicate the blunder, or disingenuousness, of the pamphleteer, knowing that it would be useless to burden your pages with farther details. To any one who knows the facts, the large figures given as the *apparent* incomes of Bishops are simply ludicrous. No Bishop ever had any income approaching to £50,000. That of the late Bishop Sumner, of Winchester, was always quoted as exorbitantly vast, and it was about £19,000. I know privately that the late Archbishop of Canterbury, with his £15,000 a year, left his family the noble fortune of £600 per annum!"

11. (V.) "THE FATE OF CYFARTHFA.—Mr. Crawshay has put a summary end to all rumours as to the possibility of a start at Cyfarthfa. One of his old servants, says the *Western Mail*, wrote to him lately on matters apart from the iron-works; but in the course of his letter he asked his old master whether there were any hopes of the works being again started. The reply from Mr. Crawshay was as follows: 'Trade is worse than ever it was, and I see not the slightest chance of Cyfarthfa starting again; and I believe if it ever does start it will be under different circumstances to the present, as it will require a large sum to be laid out in improvements, such as making steel-works, etc. I am too near my grave to think of doing anything of the sort; and I think so badly of trade altogether that I have no wish to see my sons remain in it. I am feeling very poorly, and do not think I can possibly live very long, and if I am able I shall sell the works before I die. There is nothing now to bind me to them, for I have been estranged from them by the conduct of the men. I always hoped and expected to die with the works going, and the same feeling among the men for their employers; but things have changed, and all is different, and I go to my grave feeling I am a perfect stranger, as all my old men are gone, or nearly so.'"[1]

"9, STEVENSON SQUARE, MANCHESTER,
"*9th October*, 1877.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Could you have thought, did you expect, that such an utter vindication of your words would embody itself in this form?

"T. W. P.

"J. RUSKIN, ESQ."

12. Yes, my friend, I not only expected, but knew positively that such vindication, not of my words only, but of the words of all the servants of God, from the beginning of days, would assuredly come, alike in this, and in other yet more terrible, forms. But it is to be noted that there are four quite distinct causes operating in the depression of English,—especially iron,—trade, of which two are our own fault; and the other two, being inevitable, should have been foreseen long since, by even the vulgar sagacity of self-interest.

The first great cause is the separation between masters and men, which is wholly the masters' fault, and the necessary result of the defiance of every moral law of human relation by modern political economy.

[1] [For further correspondence on this subject, see Letter 86, § 17 (p. 353).]

The second is the loss of custom, in consequence of bad work—also a result of the teaching of modern political economy.

The third, affecting especially the iron trade, is that the funds which the fools of Europe had at their disposal, with which to build iron bridges instead of wooden ones, put up spike railings instead of palings, and make machines in substitution for their arms and legs, are now in a great degree exhausted; and by the time the rails are all rusty, the bridges snapped, and the machines found to reap and thresh no more corn than arms did, the fools of Europe will have learned a lesson or two which will not be soon forgotten, even by *them;* and the iron trade will be slack enough, thereafter.

The fourth cause of trade depression, — bitter to the hearts of the persons whom Mr. Herbert Spencer calls patriots,[1]—is, that the inhabitants of other countries have begun to perceive that they have got hands as well as we—and, possibly, in some businesses, even better hands; and that they may just as well make their own wares as buy them of us. Which wholesome discovery of theirs will in due time mercifully put an end to the British ideal of life in the National Shop; and make it at last plain to the British mind that the cliffs of Dover were not constructed by Providence merely to be made a large counter.

13. (VI.) The following paper by Professor W. J. Beal is sent me by a correspondent from a New York journal. The reader is free to attach such weight to it as he thinks proper. The passage about the Canada thistle is very grand.

"Interest money is a heavy tax on many people of the United States. There is no other burden in the shape of money which weighs down like interest, unless it be money spent for intoxicating liquors. Men complain of high State taxes, of school-taxes, and taxes for bridges, sewers (? grading), and for building churches. For some of these they are able to see an equivalent, but for money paid as interest—for the use of money, few realize or gain (? guess) what it costs. It is an expensive luxury to pay for the mere privilege of handling what does not belong to you. People are likely to overestimate your wealth, and (make you ?) pay more taxes than you ought to.

"In most parts of our new country, ten per cent. per annum, or more, is paid for the use of money. A shrewd business man may reasonably make it pay to live at this rate for a short time, but even such men often fail to make it profitable. It is an uncommon thing for any business to pay a sure and safe return of ten per cent. for any length of time. The profits of great enterprises, like railroads, manufactories of iron, cloth, farm-implements, etc., etc., are so variable, so fluctuating, that it is difficult to tell their average profit, or the average profit of any one of them. We know it is not uncommon for railroads to go into the hands of a receiver, because they cannot pay the interest on their debts. Factories stop, and often go to decay, because they cannot pay running expenses. Often they cannot continue without losing money, to say nothing about the interest on the capital. Merchants seldom can pay ten per cent. on large amounts for any length of time. Even six per cent. is a heavy tax on any kind of business.

"But it was not of these classes that I intended to speak at this time. The writer has been most of his life among farmers, and has had unusual opportunities for studying their management of finances. It may be worse in a new country

[1] [See Vol. XVII. p. 556.]

than in an old one, but so far as my knowledge extends, a large majority of the farms of Michigan are covered by a mortgage. The farmer needs capital to buy sheep, cattle, tools; to build houses and barns, and to clear and prepare land for crops. He is very likely to underestimate the cost of a farm, and what it takes to stock it properly. He invests all his money, and perhaps runs in debt, for his land alone, leaving nothing with which to furnish it. Quite often he buys more land before he has money to pay for it, or even before he has paid off the mortgage on his present farm. Times may be easy; crops may be good, and high in price, for a few years. He overestimates his ability to make money, and runs in debt. Fortune changes. He has 'bad luck,' and the debt grows larger instead of smaller.

"Farming is a safe business, but even this has its dark side. Good crops are by no means sure, even with good culture. Blight, drought, insects, fire, sickness, and other calamities may come when least expected, and with a large debt overwhelm the hopeful farmer.

"I have never seen a farm that for several years together paid ten per cent. interest on the capital invested. In an old scrap-book I find the following: 'No blister draws sharper than does the interest. Of all industries, none is comparable to that of interest. It works all day and night, in fair weather and in foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound in the spider's web. Debt rolls a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him. There is but one thing on a farm like it, and that is the Canada thistle, which swarms with new plants every time you break its roots, whose blossoms are prolific, and every flower the father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every plant like a platoon of bayonets, and a field of them like an armed host. The whole plant is a torment and a vegetable curse. And yet, a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles than to be at ease upon interest.'

"There are some exceptions to the general rule, that no man should run in debt. It may be better for one to owe something on a house and lot than to move from house to house every year or so and pay a high rent. It may do for a farmer to incur a small debt on a new piece of land, or on some improvement, but be cautious. A small debt will sometimes stimulate to industry and economy, but a large one will often weary, and finally come off victorious.

"A farmer wishes to save his extra lot for his son, and so pays ten per cent. His sons and daughters cannot go to a good school or college because of that mortgage. The son sees the privations of a farmer's life under unfavourable circumstances. The father dies, and leaves the farm to his son with a heavy debt on it, which he in vain attempts to remove, or he sells the farm and leaves that kind of drudgery. Very often a farmer is keeping more land than he is able to work or manage well. He does not know how to get value received, and more, out of his hired help. Such a one is unwise not to sell a part, clear the debt, and work the remainder better."

14. (VII.) The passage referred to in the text,[1] from Mr. Bucknall's translation of M. Viollet-le-Duc's essay on Mont Blanc:—

"But what is man in presence of the great phenomena which geology reveals? What can he do to utilize or to counteract their consequences? How can such diminutive beings, whose most numerous army would be barely noticed on the slopes of these mountains, in any degree modify the laws which govern the distribution of watercourses, alluvial deposits, denudations, and the accumulation

[1] [See above, § 5. For particulars of the book, see Vol. XXVI. p. 221. Ruskin's extracts are from its last chapter ("Influence of the Labours of Man in the Distribution of Watercourses"), pp. 337-340, 353-356, 375-378.]

and melting of snows on such vast mountain masses? Is not their impotence manifest?

"No; the most terrible and powerful phenomena of Nature are only the result of the multiplication of infinitesimal appliances or forces. The blade of grass or the fibre of moss performs a scarcely appreciable function, but which, when multiplied, conducts to a result of considerable importance. The drop of water which penetrates by degrees into the fissures of the hardest rocks, when crystallized as the result of a lowering of the temperature, ultimately causes mountains to crumble. In Nature there are no insignificant appliances, or, rather, the action of Nature is only the result of insignificant appliances. Man, therefore, can act in his turn, since these small means are not beyond the reach of his influence, and his intelligence enables him to calculate their effects. Yet owing to his neglect of the study of Nature—his parent and great nurturer, and thus ignorant of her procedure, man is suddenly surprised by one of the phases of her incessant work, and sees his crops and habitations swept away by an inundation. Does he proceed to examine the cause of what he calls a cataclysm, but which is only the consequence of an accumulation of phenomena? No; he attributes it to Providence, restores his dykes, sows his fields, and rebuilds his dwellings; and then . . . waits for the disaster—which is a consequence of laws he has neglected to study—to occur again. Is it not thus that things have been taking place for centuries?—while Nature, subject to her own laws, is incessantly pursuing her work with an inflexible logical persistency. The periodical inundations which lay waste vast districts are only a consequence of the action of these laws; it is for us, therefore, to become acquainted with them, and to direct them to our advantage.

"We have seen in the preceding investigations that Nature had, at the epoch of the great glacial débacles, contrived reservoirs at successive stages, in which the torrent waters deposited the materials of all dimensions that were brought down—first in the form of drift, whence sifting them, they caused them to descend lower down; the most bulky being deposited first, and the lightest, in the form of silt, being carried as far as the low plains. We have seen that, in filling up most of these reservoirs by the deposit of material, the torrents tended to make their course more and more sinuous—to lengthen it, and thus to diminish the slopes, and consequently render their flow less rapid. We have seen that in the higher regions the torrents found points of rest—levels prepared by the disintegration of the slopes; and that from these levels they incessantly cause *débris* to be precipitated, which ultimately formed cones of dejection, often permeable, and at the base of which the waters, retarded in their course and filtered, spread in rivulets through the valleys.

"Not only have men misunderstood the laws of which we mention here only certain salient points, but they have for the most part run counter to them, and have thus been paving the way for the most formidable disasters. Ascending the valleys, man has endeavoured to make the great laboratories of the mountains subservient to his requirements. To obtain pastures on the slopes, he has destroyed vast forests; to obtain fields suitable for agriculture in the valleys, he has embanked the torrents, or has obliterated their sinuosities, thus precipitating their course towards the lower regions; or, again, bringing the mud-charged waters into the marshes, he has dried up the latter by suppressing a great many accidental reserves. The mountaineer has had but one object in view—to get rid as quickly as possible of the waters with which he is too abundantly supplied, without concerning himself with what may happen in the lower grounds. Soon, however, he becomes himself the first victim of his imprudence or ignorance. The forests having been destroyed, avalanches have rolled down in enormous masses along the slopes. These periodical avalanches have swept down in their course the humus produced by large vegetable growths; and in place of the pastures which the mountaineer thought he was providing for his flocks, he has found nothing more than the denuded rock, allowing the water produced by rain or thawing to flow in a few moments down to the lower parts, which are then rapidly submerged and desolated. To obtain a few acres by drying up a marsh or a small lake, he has often lost

double the space lower down in consequence of the more rapid discharge of pebbles and sand. As soon as vegetation has attempted to grow on the cones of dejection—the products of avalanches, and which consist entirely of *débris*—he will send his herds of goats there, which will destroy in a few hours the work of several years. At the terminal point of the elevated combes—where the winter causes the snows to accumulate—far from encouraging the larger vegetable growths, which would mitigate the destructive effects of the avalanches, he has been in the habit of cutting down the trees, the approach to such points being easy, and the cones of dejection favouring the sliding down of the trunks into the valley.

"This destruction of the forests appears to entail consequences vastly more disastrous than are generally supposed. Forests protect forests, and the more the work of destruction advances, the more do they incline to abandon the altitudes in which they once flourished. At the present day, around the *massif* of Mont Blanc, the larch, which formerly grew vigorously at an elevation of six thousand feet, and marked the limit of the larger vegetable growths, is quitting those heights, leaving isolated witnesses in the shape of venerable trunks which are not replaced by young trees.

. . . . . .

"Having frequently entered into conversation with mountaineers on those elevated plateaux, I have taken occasion to explain to them these simple problems, to point out to them the foresight of Nature and the improvidence of man, and to show how by trifling efforts it was easy to restore a small lake, to render a stream less rapid, and to stop the fall of materials in those terrible couloirs. They would listen attentively, and the next day would anticipate me in remarking, 'Here is a good place to make a reservoir. By moving a few large stones here, an avalanche might be arrested.'

"The herdsmen are the enemies of the forests; what they want is pasturage. As far as they can, therefore, they destroy the forests, without suspecting that their destruction is sure to entail that of the greater part of the pastures.

"We saw in the last chapter that the lowering* of the limit of the woods appears to be directly proportioned to the diminution of the glaciers; in fact, that the smaller the volume of the glaciers, the more do the forests approach the lower (? higher[1]) regions. We have found stumps of enormous larches on the beds of the ancient glaciers that surmounted La Flégère, beneath the Aiguilles Pourries and the Aiguilles Rouges—*i.e.*, more than three hundred feet above the level of the modern Châlet de La Flégère, whereas at present the last trees are some yards below this hotel, and maintain but a feeble existence. These deserts are now covered only with stone *débris*, rhododendrons, and scanty pasturage. Even in summer, water is absent at many points, so that to supply their cattle the herdsmen of La Flégère have been obliged to conduct the waters of the Lacs Blancs into reservoirs by means of a small dyke which follows the slopes of the ancient moraines. Yet the bottoms of the trough-shaped hollows are sheltered, and contain a thick layer of humus, so that it would appear easy, in spite of the altitude (6600 feet), to raise larches there. But the larch is favoured by the neighbourhood of snows or ice. And on this plateau, whose summits reach an average of 8500 feet, scarcely a few patches of snow are now to be seen in August.

"Formerly these ancient glacier beds were dotted with small tarns, which have been drained off for the most part by the herdsmen themselves, who hoped thus to gain a few square yards of pasture. Such tarns, frozen from October to May, preserve the snow and form small glaciers, while their number caused

* "Raising," I think the author must have meant.[1]

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[1] [But see Letter 86, § 12, note by Mr. Willett (p. 348).]

these solitudes to preserve permanent névés, which, covering the rocky beds, retarded their disintegration. It was then also that the larches, whose stumps still remain, covered the hollows and sheltered parts of the combes. The area of pasturage was evidently limited; but the pasturage itself was good, well watered, and could not be encroached upon. Now both tarns and névés have disappeared, and larches likewise, while we see inroads constantly made on the meadows by stony *débris* and sand.

"If care be not taken, the valley from Nant-Borant to Bonhomme, which still enjoys such fine pastures, protected by some remains of forests, will be invaded by *débris;* for these forests are already being cleared in consequence of a complete misunderstanding of the conditions imposed by the nature of the locality.

"Conifers would seem to have been created with a view to the purpose they serve on the slopes of the mountains. Their branches, which exhibit a constant verdure, arrest the snows, and are strongly enough attached to their trunk to enable them to support the load they have to carry. In winter we may see layers of snow eight inches or a foot thick on the palmated branches of the firs, yet which scarcely make them bend. Thus every fir is a shelf which receives the snow and hinders it from accumulating as a compact mass on the slopes. Under these conditions avalanches are impossible. When the thaws come, these small separate stores crumble successively into powder. The trunk of the conifer clings to the rocks by the help of its roots, which, like wide-spread talons, go far to seek their nourishment, binding together among them all the rolling stones. In fact, the conifer prefers a rock, settles on it, and envelops it with its strong roots as with a net, which, stretching far and wide, go in search of neighbouring stones, and attach them to the first as if to prevent all chance of their slipping down.* In the interstices *débris* of leaves and branches accumulate, and a humus is formed which retains the waters and promotes the growth of herbaceous vegetation.

"It is wonderful to see how, in a few years, slopes, composed of materials of all shapes, without any appearance of vegetation, become covered with thick and vigorous fir plantations—*i.e.*, if the goats do not tear off the young shoots, and if a little rest is left to the heaps on which they grow. Then the sterile ground is clothed, and if an avalanche occurs, it may prostrate some of the young trees and make itself a passage, but vegetation is eager to repair the damage. Does man ever aid in this work? No; he is its most dangerous enemy. Among these young conifers he sends his herds of goats, which in a few days make sad havoc, tear off the shoots, or hinder them from growing; moreover, he will cut down the slender trunks for firewood, whereas the great neighbouring forest would furnish him, in the shape of dead wood and fallen branches, with abundance of fuel.

"We have observed this struggle between man and vegetation for several years in succession. Sometimes, but rarely, the rising forest gains the victory, and, having reached a certain development, can defend itself. But most frequently it is atrophied, and presents a mass of stunted trunks, which an avalanche crushes and buries in a few moments.

. . . . . .

"Reservoirs in steps at successive heights are the only means for preventing the destructive effects of floods, for regulating the streams, and supplying the plains during the dry seasons. If, when Nature is left to herself, she gradually fills up those she had formed, she is incessantly forming fresh ones; but here man interferes and prevents the work. He is the first to suffer from his ignorance and cupidity; and what he considers his right to the possession of the soil is too often the cause of injury to his neighbours and to himself.

* Compare the chapter on the offices of the Root, in *Proserpina*.[1]

[1] [Vol. XXV. p. 221.]

"Civilized nations are aware that in the towns they build it is necessary to institute sanitary regulations—that is, regulations for the public welfare, which are a restriction imposed on the absolute rights of property. These civilized nations have also established analogous regulations respecting highways, the watercourses in the plains, the chase, and fishing; but they have scarcely troubled themselves about mountain districts, *which are the sources of all the wealth of the country* (Italics mine; but the statement needs qualification.—J. R.); for where there are no mountains there are no rivers, consequently no cultivated lands; nothing but *steppes*, furnishing, at best, pasturage for a few cattle distributed over immense areas.

"On the pretext that mountain regions are difficult of access, those among us who are entrusted by destiny, ambition, or ability, with the management of the national interests, find it easier to concern themselves with the plains than with the heights. (I don't find any governments, nowadays, concerning themselves even with the *plains*, except as convenient fields for massacre.—J. R.)

"We allow that in those elevated solitudes Nature is inclement, and is stronger than we are; but it so happens that an inconsiderable number of shepherds and poor ignorant mountaineers are free to do in those altitudes what their immediate interests suggest to them. What do those good people care about that which happens in the plains? They have timber, for which the sawmill is ready, and they fell it where the transport to that sawmill is least laborious. Is not the incline of the couloir formed expressly for sliding the trunks directly to the mill?

"They have water in too great abundance, and they get rid of it as fast as they can. They have young fir-plants, of which the goats are fond; and to make a cheese which they sell for fifty centimes, they destroy a hundred francs' worth of timber, thereby exposing their slopes to be denuded of soil, and their own fields to be destroyed. They have infertile marshes, and they drain them by digging a ditch requiring two days' work. These marshes were filled with accumulations of peat, which, like a sponge, retained a considerable quantity of water at the time of the melting of the snows. They dry up the turf for fuel, and the rock, being denuded, sends in a few minutes into the torrents the water which that turf held in reserve for several weeks. Now and then an observer raises a cry of alarm, and calls attention to the reckless waste of territorial wealth. Who listens to what he says? who reads what he writes? (*Punch* read my notes on the inundations at Rome, and did his best to render them useless.—J. R.[1])

"Rigorously faithful to her laws, Nature does not carry up again the pebble which a traveller's foot has rolled down the slope—does not replant the forests which your thoughtless hands have cut down, when the naked rock appears, and the soil has been carried away by the melted snows and the rain—does not restore the meadow to the disappearance of whose soil our want of precaution has contributed. Far from comprehending the marvellous logic of these laws, you contravene their beneficent control, or at least impede their action. So much the worse for you, poor mortal! Do not, however, complain if your lowlands are devastated, and your habitations swept away; and do not vainly impute these disasters to a vengeance or a warning on the part of Providence. For these disasters are mainly owing to your ignorance, your prejudices, and your cupidity."

[1] [See *Punch*, February 4, 1871, vol. 60, p. 52: "Ruskin's Remedy for Inundation." For his reply to *Punch*, see below, Letter 86, § 10 (p. 345); for the Letters on Roman Inundations, see Letter 33, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 622), and Vol. XVII. pp. 547 *seq.* The article in *Punch*—a serio-comic criticism of Ruskin's schemes—was founded more particularly on the second of the letters given in Vol. XVII.]

LETTER 86

LET US (ALL) EAT AND DRINK[1]

1. In assuming that the English Bible may yet be made the rule of faith and conduct to the English people; and in placing in the Sheffield Library, for its first volume, a MS. of that Bible in its perfect form,[2] much more is of course accepted as the basis of our future education than the reader will find taken for the ground either of argument or appeal, in any of my writings on political economy previous to the year 1875. It may partly account for the want of success of those writings, that they pleaded for honesty without praise, and for charity without reward;—that they entirely rejected, as any motive of moral action, the fear of future judgment; and—taking St. Paul in his irony at his bitterest word,—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,"—they merely expanded that worldly resolution into its just terms: "Yes, let us eat and drink"—what else?—but let us *all* eat and drink, and not a few only, enjoining fast to the rest.

Nor do I, in the least item, now retract the assertion, so often made in my former works,* that human probity and virtue are indeed entirely independent of any hope in

* Most carefully wrought out in the preface to the *Crown of Wild Olive* [Vol. XVIII. pp. 392–399.]

[1] [1 Corinthians xv. 32.]

[2] [See Letters 69, § 18 n., and 70, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 703, 727).]

futurity; and that it is precisely in accepting death as the end of all, and in laying down, on that sorrowful condition, his life for his friends, that the hero and patriot of all time has become the glory and safety of his country. The highest ideals of manhood given for types of conduct in *Unto this Last*,[1] and the assertions that the merchant and common labourer must be ready, in the discharge of their duty, to die rather than fail, assume nothing more than this; and all the proper laws of human society may be perfectly developed and obeyed, and must be so wherever such society is constituted with prudence, though none of them be sanctioned by any other Divinity than that of our own souls, nor their violation punished by any other penalty than perfect death. There is no reason that we should drink foul water in London, because we never hope to drink of the stream of the City of God;[2] nor that we should spend most of our income in making machines for the slaughter of innocent nations, because we never expect to gather the leaves of the tree for their healing.[3]

2. Without, therefore, ceasing to press the works of prudence even on Infidelity, and expect deeds and thoughts of honour even from Mortality, I yet take henceforward happier, if not nobler, ground of appeal, and write as a Christian to Christians; that is to say, to persons who rejoice in the hope of a literal, personal, perpetual life, with a literal, personal, and eternal God.

To all readers holding such faith, I now appeal, urging them to confess Christ before men; which they will find, on self-examination, they are most of them afraid to do.

For going to church is only a compliance with the fashion of the day; not in the least a confession of Christ, but only the expression of a desire to be thought as respectable as other people. Staying to sacrament is usually not much more; though it *may* become superstitious, and

[1] [See §§ 21–24 (Vol. XVII. pp. 39–42).]
[2] [Psalms xlvi. 4.]
[3] [Revelation xxii. 2.]

a mere service done to obtain dispensation from other services. Violent combativeness for particular sects, as Evangelical, Roman Catholic, High Church, Broad Church—or the like, is merely a form of party-egotism, and a defiance of Christ, not confession of Him.

But to confess Christ is, first, to behave righteously, truthfully, and continently; and then, to separate ourselves from those who are manifestly or by profession rogues, liars, and fornicators. Which it is terribly difficult to do; and which the Christian Church has at present entirely ceased to attempt doing.

8. And, accordingly, beside me, as I write, to-day (shortest day, 1877), lies the (on the whole) honestest journal of London,[1]—*Punch*,—with a moral piece of Christian art occupying two of its pages, representing the Turk in a human form, as a wounded and all but dying victim—surrounded by the Christian nations, under the forms of bear and vultures.[2]

"This witness is true"[3] as against themselves, namely, that hitherto the action of the Christian nation to the infidel has always been one of rapine, in the broad sense. The Turk *is* what he is because we—have been only Christians in name. And another witness is true, which is a very curious one; never, so far as I know, yet received from past history.

Wherever the Christian Church, or any section of it, has indeed resolved to live a Christian life, and keep God's laws in God's name,—there, instantly, manifest approval of Heaven is given by accession of *worldly prosperity* and victory. This witness has only been unheard, because every sect of Christians refuses to believe that the religion of any other sect can be sincere, or accepted of Heaven: while the truth is that it does not matter a burnt stick's end

[1] [Compare Letter 42, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 98).]
[2] [A double-page cartoon by Tenniel, entitled "The Gathering of the Eagles"—Austria and Germany on the one side, the Russian Bear on the other.]
[3] [Titus i. 13.]

from the altar, in Heaven's sight, whether you are Catholic or Protestant, Eastern, Western, Byzantine, or Norman, but only whether you are true. So that the moment Venice is true to St. Mark, her flag flies over all the Eastern islands; and the moment Florence is true to the Lady of Lilies, her flag flies over all the Apennines; and the moment Switzerland is true to Notre Dame des Neiges, her pine-club beats down the Austrian lances; and the moment England is true to her Protestant virtue, all the sea-winds ally themselves with her against the Armada: and though after-shame and infidel failure follow upon every nation, yet the glory of their great religious day remains unsullied, and in that, they live for ever.[1]

4. This is the Temporal lesson of all history, and with that there is another Spiritual lesson,—namely, that in the ages of faith, conditions of prophecy and seer-ship exist, among the faithful nations, in painting and scripture, which are also immortal and divine;—of which it has been my own special mission to speak for the most part of my life; but only of late I have understood completely the meaning of what had been taught me,—in beginning to learn somewhat more, of which I must not speak to-day; Fors appointing that I should rather say final word respecting our present state of spiritual fellowship, exemplified in the strikes of our workmen, the misery that accompanies them, and the articles of our current literature thereupon.

The said current literature, on this subject, being almost entirely under the command of the masters, has consisted chiefly in lectures on the guilt and folly of strikes, without in any wise addressing itself to point out to the men any other way of settling the question. "You can't have three shillings a day in such times; but we will give you two and sixpence; you had better take it—and, both on religious and commercial grounds, make no fuss. How much better is two-and-sixpence than nothing! and if once

[1] [On sincerity as the essential element in creeds, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 19.]

the mill stop—think—where shall we be all then?" "Yes," the men answer, "but if to-day we take two and sixpence, what is to hinder you, to-morrow, from observing to us that two shillings are better than nothing, and we had better take *that* sum on religious and commercial principles, without fuss. And the day after, may not the same pious and moral instructors recommend to us the contented acceptance of eighteenpence? A stand must clearly be made somewhere, and we choose to make it here, and now."

The masters again have reason to rejoin: "True, but if we give you three shillings to-day, how are we to know you will not stand for three and sixpence to-morrow, and for four shillings next week? A stand must be made somewhere, and we choose to make it here, and now."

5. What solution is there, then? and of what use are any quantity of homilies either to man or master, on their manner of debate, that show them no possible solution in another way? As things are at present, the quarrel can only be practically closed by imminence of starvation on one side, or of bankruptcy on the other: even so, closed only for a moment,—never ended, burning presently forth again, to sink silent only in death;—while, year after year, the agonies of conflict and truces of exhaustion produce, for reward of the total labour, and fiat of the total council of the people, the minimum of gain for the maximum of misery.

Scattered up and down, through every page I have written on political economy for the last twenty years,[1] the reader will find unfailing reference to a principle of solution in such dispute, which is rarely so much as named by other arbitrators;—or if named, never believed in: yet, this being indeed the only principle of decision, the conscience of it, however repressed, stealthily modifies every arbitrative word.

The men are rebuked, in the magistral homilies, for

[1] [See, for the "law of Grace," *Munera Pulveris*, § 100 (Vol. XVII. p. 224).]

their ingratitude in striking. Then there must be a law of *Grace*, which at least the masters recognize. The men are mocked in the magistral homilies for their folly in striking. Then there must be a law of *Wisdom*, which at least the masters recognize.

Appeal to *these*, then, for their entire verdict, most virtuous masters, all-gracious and all-wise. These reprobate ones, graceless and senseless, cannot find their way for themselves; you must guide them. That much I told you, years and years ago.[1] You will have to do it, in spite of all your liberty-mongers. Masters, in fact, you must be; not in name.

6. But, as yet blind; and drivers—not leaders—of the blind,[2] you must pull the beams out of your own eyes,[3] now; and that bravely. Preach your homily to yourselves first. Let me hear once more how it runs, to the men. "Oh foolish and ungrateful ones," you say, "did we not once on a time give you high wages—even so high that you contentedly drank yourselves to death; and now, oh foolish and forgetful ones, that the time has come for us to give you low wages, will you not contentedly also starve yourselves to death?"

Alas, wolf-shepherds—this is St. George's word to you:—

"In your prosperity you gave these men high wages, not in any kindness to *them*, but in contention for business among yourselves. You allowed the men to spend their wage in drunkenness, and you boasted of that drunkenness by the mouth of your Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in the columns of your leading journal, as a principal sign of the country's prosperity.[4] You have declared again and again, by vociferation of all your orators, that you have wealth so overflowing that you do not know what to do with it.[5] These men who dug the wealth for you, now lie

[1] [In *Unto this Last* (1860) and *Time and Tide* (1867): see Vol. XVII. pp. 29 *seq.*, 319–320.]
[2] [Matthew xv. 14.]
[3] [Luke vi. 42.]
[4] [See Letter 12, § 24 (Vol. XXVII. p. 215).]
[5] [See Letters 22, § 7 (*ibid.*, p. 376), and 48, § 21 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 220-221).]

starving at the mouths of the hell-pits you made them dig; yea, their bones lie scattered at the grave's mouth, like as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth.[1] Your boasted wealth—where is it? Is the war between these and you, because you now mercilessly refuse them food, or because all your boasts of wealth were lies, and you have none to give?

"Your boasts of wealth *were* lies. You were working from hand to mouth in your best times; now your work is stopped, and you have nothing in the country to pay for food with; still less any store of food laid by. And how much distress and wrath you will have to bear before you learn the lesson of justice, God only knows. But this is the lesson you *have* to learn."

7. Every workman in any craft * must pass his examination (crucial, not competitive) when he comes of age, and be then registered as capable of his profession; those who cannot pass in the higher crafts being remitted to the lower, until they find their level. Then every registered workman must be employed where his work is needed—(You interrupt me to say that his work is needed nowhere? Then, what do you want with machinery, if already you have more hands than enough, to do everything that needs to be done?)—by direction of the guild he belongs to, and paid by that guild his appointed wages, constant and unalterable by any chance or phenomenon whatsoever. His wages must be given him day by day, from the hour of his entering the guild, to the hour of his death, never

* Ultimately, as often before stated, every male child born in England must learn some manner of skilled work by which he may earn his bread. If afterwards his fellow-workers choose that he shall sing, or make speeches to them instead, and that they will give him his turnip a day, or somewhat more, for Parliamentary advice, at their pleasure be it. I heard on the 7th of January this year that many of the men in Wales were reduced to that literal nourishment. Compare *Fors*, Nov. 1871.[2]

[1] [Psalms cxli. 7.]
[2] [Letter 11, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 185).]

raised, nor lowered, nor interrupted; admitting, therefore, no temptation by covetousness, no wringing of anxiety, no doubt or fear of the future.

8. *That* is the literal fulfilment of what we are to pray for—"Give us each day—our daily *bread*,"[1]—observe—not our daily money. For, that wages may be constant, they must be in kind, not in money. So much bread, so much woollen cloth, or so much fuel, as the workman chooses; or, in lieu of these, *if* he choose, the order for such quantity at the government stores; order to be engraved, as he chooses, on gold, or silver, or paper: but the "penny" a day[2] to be always and everywhere convertible, on the instant, into its known measure of bread, cloth, or fuel, and to be the standard, therefore, eternal and invariable, of all value of things, and wealth of men. That is the lesson you have to learn from St. George's lips, inevitably, against any quantity of shriek, whine, or sneer, from the swindler, the adulterator, and the fool. Whether St. George will let me teach it you before I die, is his business, not mine; but as surely as *I* shall die, these words of his shall *not*.

And "to-day" (which is my own shield motto[3]) I send to a London goldsmith, whose address was written for me (so Fors appointed it) by the Prince Leopold, with his own hand,—the weight of pure gold which I mean to be our golden standard, (defined by Fors, as I will explain in another place,[4]) to be beaten to the diameter of our old English "Angel," and to bear the image and superscriptions above told (*Fors*, Oct. 1875).[5]

9. And now, in due relation to this purpose of fixing the standard of bread, we continue our inquiry into the second part of the Deacon's service—in not only breaking bread, but also pouring wine, from house to house; that so making all food one sacrament, all Christian men may

[1] [Matthew vi. 11.]
[2] [Matthew xx. 2.]
[3] [See Vol. I. p. xi.]
[4] [Ruskin did not, however, revert to this subject.]
[5] [Letter 58, § 14 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 430).]

eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people, their Lord adding to their assembly daily such as shall be saved.[1]

Read first this piece of a friend's recent letter:[2]—

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—In reading over again the December *Fors*,[3] I have been struck with your question quoted, 'They have no wine?' and the command is 'Fill the water-pots with WATER.' I am greatly averse to what is called improving, spiritualizing—*i.e.*, applying the sacred text in a manner other than the simple and literal one; but Christ's words had doubtless in them a germ of thoughtful wisdom applicable to other aims and ends besides the original circumstances; and it is a singular coincidence that Fors should have induced you to close your last year with your quotation from the Cana miracle, and that the next number should propose to deal with 'filling the water-pots (*cisterna*) with water.' One thing is certain, viz., that in many parts of the world, and even in England in summer, the human obedience to the command precedent to the miracle would be impossible. Did you ever read Kingsley's Sermon on Cana? If you think it well to give a few of the extracts of him 'who being dead yet speaketh,' I shall be delighted to make them, and send them; * they are different from what one hears in ordinary churches, and are *vital* for St. George."[4]

"It is, I think in the first place, an important, as well as a pleasant thing, to know that the Lord's glory, as St. John says, was first shown forth at a wedding,—at a feast. . . . Not by helping some great philosopher to think more deeply, or some great saint to perform more wonderful acts of holiness; but in giving the simple pleasure of wine to simple, commonplace people of whom we neither read that they were rich, nor righteous. . . .

"Though no one else cares for the poor, He cares for them. With their hearts He begins His work, even as He did in England sixty years ago, by the preaching of Whitfield and Wesley. Do you wish to know if anything is the Lord's work? See if it is a work among the poor. . . .

"But again, the Lord is a giver, and not a taskmaster. He does not demand from us: He gives to us. He had been giving from the foundation of the world. Corn and wine, rain and sunshine, and fruitful seasons

* From *Sermons on National Subjects*. Parker and Son. 1860.

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[1] [Acts ii. 46, 47.]

[2] [The letter was from Mr. Willett.]

[3] [Letter 84. See pp. 285, 288.]

[4] [Mr. Willett did send the extracts, and the following passages are from pp. 312–320 of *Sermons on National Subjects*, by Charles Kingsley, Second Series. London and Glasgow, Richard Griffin and Company, 1854. Dots have now been inserted where passages are omitted.]

had been His sending. And now He has come to show it. He has come to show men who it was who had been filling their heart with joy and gladness, who had been bringing out of the earth and air, by His unseen chemistry, the wine which maketh glad the heart of man.

"In every grape that hangs upon the vine, water is changed into wine, as the sap ripens into rich juice. He had been doing that all along, in every vineyard and orchard; and that was His glory. Now He was come to prove that; to draw back the veil of custom and carnal sense, and manifest Himself. Men had seen the grapes ripen on the tree; and they were tempted to say, as every one of us is tempted now, 'It is the sun, and the air, the nature of the vine and the nature of the climate, which make the wine.' Jesus comes and answers, 'Not so; I make the wine; I have been making it all along. The vines, the sun, the weather, are only my tools, wherewith I worked, turning rain and sap into wine: and I am greater than they. I made them; I do not depend on them; I can make wine from water without vines, or sunshine. Behold, and drink, and see my glory *without* the vineyard, since you had forgotten how to see it *in* the vineyard!' . . .

"We, as well as they, are in danger of forgetting who it is that sends us corn and wine, and fruitful seasons, love, and marriage, and all the blessings of this life.

"We are now continually fancying that these outward earthly things, as we call them, in our shallow carnal conceits, have nothing to do with Jesus or His kingdom, but that we may compete, and scrape, even cheat, and lie, to get *them*,* and when we have them, misuse them selfishly, as if they belonged to no one but ourselves, as if we had no duty to perform about them, as if we owed God no service for them.

"And again, we are in danger of spiritual pride; in danger of fancying that because we are religious, and have, or fancy we have, deep experiences, and beautiful thoughts about God and Christ, and our own souls, therefore we can afford to despise those who do not know as much as ourselves; to despise the common pleasures and petty sorrows of poor creatures, whose souls and bodies are grovelling in the dust, busied with the cares of this world, at their wits' end to get their daily bread; to despise the merriment of young people, the play of children, and all those everyday happinesses which, though we may turn from them with a sneer, are precious in the sight of Him who made heaven and earth.

"All such proud thoughts—all such contempt of those who do not seem as spiritual as we fancy ourselves—is evil. . . .

"See, in the epistle for the second Sunday after the Epiphany, St. Paul makes no distinction between rich and poor. This epistle is joined with the gospel of that day to show us what ought to be the conduct of Christians who believe in the miracle of Cana; what men should do who believe that they have a Lord in heaven, by whose command suns shine, fruits ripen, men enjoy the blessings of harvest, of marriage, of the comforts which the heathen and the savage, as well as the Christian, man partake. . . .

* Italics mine. The whole sentence might well have them; it is supremely important.

"My friends, these commands are not to one class, but to all. . . . Poor as well as rich may minister to others with earnestness, and condescend to those of low estate. Not a word in this whole epistle which does not apply equally to every rank, and sex, and age. Neither are these commands to each of us by ourselves, but to all of us together, as members of a family. If you will look through them, they are not things to be done to ourselves, but to our neighbours; not experiences to be felt about our own souls, but rules of conduct to our fellow-men. They are all different branches and flowers from that one root, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'

"Do we live thus, rich and poor? Can we look each other in the face this afternoon and say, each man to his neighbour, 'I have behaved like a brother to you. I have rejoiced at your good fortune, and grieved at your sorrow. I have preferred you to myself'?"

Seldom shall you read more accurate or more noble words. How is it that clergymen who can speak thus, do not see the need of gathering together, into one "*little*" flock,[1] those who will obey them?

10. I close our *Fors* this month with Mr. Willett's admirable prefatory remarks on water-distribution,[2] and a few words of his from a private letter received at the same time; noting only farther a point or two of my own mountain experience. When *Punch* threw what ridicule he could* on my proposal to form field and glen

* It is a grotesque example of the evil fortune which continually waits upon the best efforts for *essential* good made in this unlucky nineteenth century, that a journal usually so right in its judgment, and sympathetic in its temper (I speak in entire seriousness), and fearless besides in expressing both (see, for instance, the splendid article on the Prince Christian's sport in the number for the 12th of this month[3]), should have taken the wrong side, and that merely for the sake of a jest, on the most important economical question in physics now at issue in the world!

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[1] [Luke xii. 32.]

[2] [As promised above, Letter 85, § 6 (p. 323).

[3] [An article in the number for January 12, 1878 (vol. 74, p. 3), headed "A Royal Eagle and a Royal Sportsman," in which Prince Christian was rated very severely for the following exploit recorded in the *Times* of January 1, 1878: "For several days past an eagle of great size and beauty has been seen hovering about Windsor Great Park, and on Wednesday it was observed to settle itself on the Castle. Information of this fact having been forwarded to Prince Christian, His Royal Highness, accompanied by several keepers, tried to shoot it, but failed. In order to capture it, a trap was laid, into which the bird subsequently entangled itself; but it tore itself away, leaving one of its toes in the mesh."]

reservoirs on the Apennines to stay the storm-waters;[1] and, calculating ironically the quantity that fell per acre in an hour's storm, challenged me to stay it, he did not know that all had actually been done to the required extent by the engineers of three hundred years since, in the ravine above Agubbio[2] (the Agubbio of Dante's Oderigi[3]),—their rampart standing, from cliff to cliff, unshaken, to this day; and he as little foresaw that precisely what I had required to be done to give constancy of sweet waters to the storm-blanched ravines of Italy, I should be called on in a few years more to prevent the mob of England from doing, that they may take them away from the fair pastures of the valley of St. John.[4]

11. The only real difficulty in managing the mountain waters is when one cannot get hold of them,—when the limestones are so cavernous, or the sands so porous, that the surface drainage at once disappears, as on the marble flanks of hill above Lucca; but I am always amazed, myself, at the extreme docility of streams when they can be fairly caught and broken, like good horses, from their

[1] [See note at end of Letter 85 (p. 334). The passage from the jocose article in *Punch* is as follows: "Now, really, my dear Oracle! Do you know that rain has fallen over London at the rate of four inches in the hour? That about Rome, such falls may take place for several hours, and at not distant intervals? That thirty inches of rain in twenty-four hours have been recorded at Geneva? . . . Where would your two-foot dykes and conduits and tanks be, in a storm like *that*? As John Thomas would say, 'Gone to everlasting smash.' Seriously, are you aware what an inch depth of rain means? It means 22,400 gallons, or one hundred tons, of water on every square acre of land," etc., etc.]

[2] [Gubbio, or Agubbio, the ancient Umbrian city of *Iguvium* or *Engubium*. The reference is to the Bottaccione, a remarkable specimen of mediæval engineering, constructed much earlier than Ruskin says, the probable date being the middle of the fourteenth century. It lies outside the Porta Metauro, about a mile and a half along the road that leads to Scheggia and the Flaminian Way. It is "a reservoir, formed near the source of the Camignano, by uniting the slopes of Monte Ingino and Monte Calvo by a huge wall, or dam, 30 yards wide, thus forming a basin 126 yards long, 75 wide, and 26 in depth, which, when full of water, looks like a miniature lake. The supply is regulated by a door through which the water is allowed to pass at will, for the use of the numerous mills which formerly existed in connexion with the woollen manufacture" (*Gubbio Past and Present*, by Laura M'Cracken, 1905, p. 305).]

[3] [*Purgatorio*, xi. 79, 80: see Vol. XII. p. 477, and Vol. XXVII. p. 355.]

[4] [The reference is to the conversion of Thirlmere into a reservoir, the lake being fed by the beck which flows through the Vale of St. John: see above, p. 162.]

youth, and with a tender bridle-hand. I have been playing lately with a little one on my own rocks,[1]—now as tame as Mrs. Buckland's leopard,*—and all I have to complain of in its behaviour is, that when I set it to undermine or clear away rubbish, it takes a month to do what I expected it to finish with a morning's work on a wet day; and even that, not without perpetual encouragement, approbation, and assistance.

On the other hand, to my extreme discomfiture, I have entirely failed in inveigling the water to come down at all, when it chooses to stay on the hill-side in places where I don't want it: but I suppose modern scientific drainage can accomplish this, though in my rough way I can do nothing but peel the piece of pertinacious bog right off the rock,—so beneficently faithful are the great Powers of the Moss, and the Earth, to their mountain duty of preserving, for man's comfort, the sources of the summer stream.

12. Now hear Mr. Willett:

"Three or four times every year the newspapers tell us of discomfort, suffering, disease, and death, caused by floods. Every summer, unnecessary sums are expended by farmers and labourers for water carted from a distance, to supply daily needs of man and beast. Outbreaks of fever from drinking polluted and infected water are of daily occurrence, causing torture and bereavement to thousands.

"All these evils are traceable mainly to our wicked, wasteful, and ignorant *neglect;* all this while, money is idly accumulating in useless hoards; people able and willing to work are getting hungry for want of employment; and the wealth of agricultural produce of all kinds is greatly curtailed for want of a wise, systematic, and simple application of the *mutual law* of *supply and demand* † in the storage of *rain-water.*

* See the *World,* January 9th of this year.[2]

† Somewhere (I think in *Munera Pulveris*[3]), I illustrated the law of Supply and Demand in commerce, and the madness of leaving it to its natural consequences without interference, by the laws of drought and rain.

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[1] [See Vol. XXV. pp. xxxvii.-xxxviii.]

[2] [The animal was, in fact, a jaguar. See "Celebrities at Home: Mr. Frank Buckland in Albany Street": "Hearing the cries of her pet, Mrs. Buckland came to the rescue; and it was amusing to see this child of the forest, with gleaming eyes and frantic yelps, cast itself at her feet and nestle meekly in the folds of her dress."]

[3] [See *Munera Pulveris,* §§ 141-144 (Vol. XVII. pp. 265-268).]

"I can only now briefly introduce the subject, which if you consider it of sufficient importance I will follow up in future letters.

"While the flooding of the districts south of the Thames at London is mainly owing to the contraction of the channel by the embankment, thereby causing the flood-tide to form a sort of *bore*, or advancing tidal-wave, as in the Severn and Wye, the periodic winter floods near Oxford, and in all our upland valleys, are admittedly more frequent and more severe than formerly; and this *not* on account of the increased rainfall.* The causes are to be found rather in—

I. The destruction of woods, heaths, and moorlands.
II. The paving and improved road-making in cities and towns.
III. The surface drainage of arable and pasture lands.
IV. The draining of morasses and fens; and,
V. The straightening and embanking of rivers and water-courses.

"All these operations have a tendency to *throw* the *rainfall* rapidly from higher to lower levels.

"This wilful winter waste is followed by woeful summer want.

"'The people perish for lack of knowledge.' The remedy is in our own hands.

"Lord Beaconsfield once wisely said, 'Every cottage should have its porch, its oven, and its TANK.'

* On the Continent, however, there *has* been an increased rainfall in the plains, caused by the destruction of the woods on the mountains, and by the coldness of the summers, which cannot lift the clouds high enough to lay snow on the high summits. The following note by Mr. Willett on my queries on this matter in last *Fors*,[1] will be found of extreme value:—

"I am delighted with 'Viollet-le-Duc's' Extracts. Yet is it not strange that he calls man 'impotent'? The same hands that can cut down the forests, can plant them; that can drain the morass, can dam up and form a lake; the same child that could lead the goats to crop off the young fir-tree shoots, could herd them away from them. I think you may have missed Le Duc's idea about lower glaciers causing higher forests, and *vice versâ*. 'Forests collect snow, retard its rapid thaw, and its collection into denuding slides of snow by this lower temperature, and retard the melting of the glacier, which therefore grows—*i.e.*, accumulates,—and pushes lower and lower down the valley. The reduction in temperature condenses more of the warm vapour, and favours growth of conifers, which gradually spread up so that destruction of forests in higher regions causes melting and retraction of glaciers.' I will send you shortly an old essay of mine in which the storage of water and the destructive avalanche were used as illustrating the right and wrong use of accumulated wealth. Lord Chichester's agent is at work with the plans and details for us, and you shall have them early in the new year (*D.V.*), and for it may I say—

'With patient mind, thy path of duty run:
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou thyself wouldst do, if thou couldst see
The end of all events as well as He.'"

[1] [Letter 85, § 5 (p. 322).]

"And every farm-house, farm-building, and every mansion, should have its reservoir; every village its series of reservoirs; and every town and city its multiplied series of reservoirs, at different levels, and for the separate storage of water for drinking, for washing, and for streets, and less important purposes.

"I propose in my next[1] to give more in detail the operations of the principles here hinted at, and to show from what has been done in a few isolated instances, what would follow from a wider and more general application of them."

[1] [After the next letter the monthly publication of *Fors* was stopped by the author's illness referred to in Letter 88, and no more of Mr. Willett's papers appeared.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

13. (I.) Affairs of the Guild.

I am happy to be able at last to state that the memorandum of our constitution, drawn up for us by Mr. Barber, and already published in the 55th number of the first series of *Fors*,[1] has been approved by the Board of Trade, with some few, but imperative, modifications, to which I both respectfully and gladly submit, seeing them to be calculated in every way to increase both our own usefulness, and public confidence in us.

The organization of the Guild, thus modified, will be, by the time this letter is published, announced, as required by the Board, in the public journals; and, if not objected to on the ground of some unforeseen injuriousness to existing interests, ratified, I believe, during the current month, or at all events within a few weeks. I have prepared a brief abstract of our constitution and aims,[2] to be issued with this letter, and sent generally in answer to inquiry.

I stated in my last letter[3] that I meant to take our accounts into my own hands;—that is to say, while they will always be printed in their properly formal arrangement, as furnished by our kind accountants, Mr. Rydings and Mr. Walker, I shall also give my own abstract of them in the form most intelligible to myself, and I should think also to some of my readers. This abstract of mine will be the only one given in *Fors:* the detailed accounts will be sent only to the members of the Guild.[4] Until the registration of the Guild, I am still obliged to hold the Abbey Dale estate in my own name; and as we cannot appoint our new trustees till we are sure of our own official existence, I am obliged to order the payment of subscriptions to my own account at the Union Bank, to meet the calls of current expenses, for which I have no authority to draw on the account of the Guild but by cheque from its trustees.

I shall only farther in the present article acknowledge the sums I have myself received since the last statement of our accounts. The twenty days since the beginning of the year have melted into their long nights without sufficing for half the work they had been charged to do; and have had farther to meet claims of unexpected duty,[5] not profitless to the Guild, assuredly; but leaving me still unable to give the somewhat lengthy

[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 376 for the first draft. For the final form of the document, see Vol. XXX.]

[2] [Also printed in Vol. XXX.]

[3] [See above, p. 325.]

[4] [See, again, Vol. XXX.]

[5] [Probably in connexion with the Turner Exhibition in the early part of 1878: see Vol. XIII. p. liv.]

explanations of our year's doings, without which our accounts would be unintelligible.

1877.		£	s.	d.
Nov. 1.	Joseph Stapleton	0	10	0
7.	Mr. Talbot (Tithe)	100	0	0
15.	John Guy	5	9	10
„	Frances M. Henderson	3	3	0
„	Sale of Mr. Sillar's pamphlets on Usury	0	17	0
Dec. 17.	Louisa A. Keighley	5	0	0
28.	Helen J. Ormerod	1	1	0
31.	Elizabeth Green	0	10	9
1878.				
Jan. 1.	Margaret Cox	5	0	0
4.	R. B. Litchfield	20	0	0
10.	William Hall	2	2	0
20.	Ada Hartnell	5	0	0
		£148	13	7

14. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

The lengthy correspondence given in our last article leaves me no farther space for talk of myself. People say I invite their attention to the subject too often: but I must have a long gossip in March.[1]

15. (III.)

"8, KINGSGATE STREET, WINCHESTER,
23rd Nov., 1877.

"DEAR SIR,—If you will not help us, I do not know who will.

"One of the loveliest parts of the meadows close to the town is going to be entirely and irremediably spoiled: an engine-house is to be built, and all the drains are to be brought into a field in the middle of the Itchen valley, so that the buildings will be a blot in the landscape, an eyesore from every point, whether looking towards Saint Cross or back from there to the Cathedral and College; or almost worse than these, from every hill round the town they will be the most conspicuous objects. I think you know the town; but do you know that this is its prettiest part? You can have some idea what it would be to have a spot which has been dear to you all your life, and which you see day by day in all its aspects, utterly ruined; and besides, it seems so wrong that this generation should spoil that which is not theirs, but in which none have really more than a life interest, but which God has given us to enjoy and to leave in its loveliness for those after us. I wish I could speak as strongly as I feel, if it would induce you to speak for us, or rather that I could show you the real need for speaking, as I know you would not keep silence for any but good reasons. Surely destroying beauty to save a little money *is* doing the devil's work, though I am told that it is wrong to say so.

"Yours respectfully and gratefully,
"A. H. W.

"There is another place where the works might be, where they could be planted out, and where the trees would be an improvement; some engineers say that the soil too is better suited to the purpose. Do help us if you can! It is a haunting misery to me—both what we shall lose, and the sin of it."

[1] [This, however, was not done.]

Alas, my poor friend, no mortal can help you.[1] England has bred up a race of doggish and vile persons, for the last fifty years. And they will do their doggish work, be sure of that, whatever you or I can say, until, verily, him that dieth of them the dogs shall eat.[2]

16. (IV.) The following admirable letter is enough for its work. I have no room for the article it enclosed:—

"ARNOLD HOUSE, 16*th Dec.*, 1877.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—It is very singular that the day after I wrote to you on the evils of drainage as adopted by modern engineers,[3] such an article as the enclosed should appear in the *Times*.[4] The time must come when most of the expenditure on these drains will prove useless. But the evil continues, viz., of adding daily more streets to the present system, often choking the drains and converting them into stagnant elongated cesspools, ten times more injurious than the old ones, because of the risk of contagious and infectious germs being introduced from some house to multiply and infect a number. The remedy I think should be, 1st, to prevent additions to the present system; 2ndly, to enact that instead of fresh constructive works, bearing interest to be paid in rates, each house above a certain rental, say above £20 a year, shall be compelled to deodorize and remove its own sewage—*i.e.*, fæcal matter in its original concentrated form; and that all smaller houses should be done by the municipality or local board, who should employ a staff of labourers to do it by districts, weekly, the material being very valuable to agriculturists if kept concentrated and deodorized by the charcoal of peat or of tan, of sawdust, and of rubbish of all sorts. Labour of this kind would employ a great many now burdensome to the rates, unemployed; land would be fertilized instead of impoverished; and eventually perhaps districts now infested with drains that don't drain might be gradually won from the senseless system of accumulating streams, to the natural order of distribution and deposit under earth for fertilizing objects.

"Just as 'dirt is something in its wrong place,'[5] so social evils are mainly wrong applications of right powers; nay, even sin itself is but the misuse of Divine gifts,—the use at wrong times and places of right instincts and powers.

"Pardon these scribblings; but when I see and feel deeply, I think perhaps if I put the thoughts on paper to you, they may perhaps take a better form, and be sown in places where they may take root and spring up and bear fruit to man's benefit, and therefore to the glory of the Great Father.

"Ever most faithfully and gratefully,

"HENRY WILLETT."

[1] [The fears of Ruskin and his correspondent (the late Miss Williams) were well justified. The sewage works (on the road between Kingsgate Road and St. Catherine's Hill), though now to some extent planted out, are a bad eyesore. A yet worse disfigurement was committed some years later by the cuttings on the side of the Hill for the little-used Didcot and Southampton Railway.]

[2] [1 Kings xiv. 11.]

[3] [See above, p. 323.]

[4] [A leading article in the *Times* of December 15, 1877, dealing with the Metropolitan Sewage question—discussing the evils and difficulties of various systems, and arriving at "the plain truth that the problem of disposing of the sewage of great cities is as yet unsolved."]

[5] [The saying "Dirt is only matter in its wrong place" is attributed to Lord Palmerston.]

17. (V.) The following "word about the notice which appeared in last *Fors*[1] about the Cyfarthfa Iron Works" deserves the reader's best attention; the writer's name and position, which I am not at liberty to give, being to me sufficient guarantee of its trustworthiness.

"Their owner has lately passed as a martyr to unreasonable demands from his workmen, in more than one publication. But what are the facts? Mr. Crawshay held himself aloof from the Ironmasters' combination which in 1873 locked out the workmen. When the works of the combined masters were reopened, it was upon an agreed reduction. Mr. Crawshay's workmen sent a deputation to him, offering to work on the terms agreed upon at the other works of the district; but Mr. Crawshay would not accede unless his men accepted *ten per cent. below* the rate that was to be paid by his rivals in trade, and received by his men's fellow-workmen in the same town and district![2] In a month or two the Associated Masters obtained another reduction of ten per cent. from their men. Mr. Crawshay's workmen waited upon him, and offered to go in at *these* terms. But no; they must still accept ten per cent. below their neighbours, or be shut out. In another couple of months wages fell another ten per cent. Mr. Crawshay's men made the same offer, and met with the same rebuff. This was repeated, I think, a fourth-time—(wages certainly fell forty per cent. in less than a twelvemonth)—but Mr. Crawshay had nailed his colours to the mast for ten per cent. below anybody else.

"It is quite true, as Lord Aberdare says,[3] 'that the Cyfarthfa Works are closed because the men would not work at the wages offered them.' But what else is true? The following:—

"1. The works presumably could have been worked at a profit, with wages at the same rate as was paid at rival works.

"2. The demand that his men should work at ten per cent. less wages than was given in the same market, was the unjustifiable act of an unscrupulous competition, and the heartless act of an unreasonable and selfish master.

"3. Had the men submitted to his terms, it would have been the immediate occasion of reducing the whole of their fellow-workmen in the Associated works. Hence,

"4. What has been called the unreasonable conduct of infatuated workmen, can be clearly traced to conduct on their master's part flagrantly unreasonable; and the stand they made was recommended alike by justice, by regard for the other employers, and by unselfish solicitude for their fellows in the trade.

"I may add—Had the men quietly submitted, the works would have run only a short time. Iron-workers are now suffering from one of those stages in the march of civilization which always produces suffering to a few. Steel rails have supplanted iron rails, and capitalists who have not adapted their plant accordingly must needs stand. Some may perhaps feel that a great capitalist who, having amassed an enormous fortune, has neither built market, hall, fountain, nor museum for the town where he made it, might be expected, at all events, to acknowledge his responsibility by adapting his works to meet the times, so that a little population of wealth producers might be kept in bread. However that may be, Cyfarthfa Works standing has no more to do with strikes and unreason of workmen than 'Tenterden steeple has to do with Goodwin

[1] [Letter 85, § 11 (p. 328).]

[2] [Mr. Robert Crawshay, of the Cyfarthfa Iron Works, stated his side of the case in a letter in the *Times* of January 13, 1873, under the heading "The Strike in South Wales" (p. 7 *a*).]

[3] [See Lord Aberdare's letter in the *Times* of January 10, 1878, under the heading "The Distress in South Wales" (p. 6 *d*).]

Sands.'[1] The iron-workers—poor creatures!—had nothing to do with putting the knife to their throats by helping Mr. Bessemer to his invention of cheap steel; but of course they have long since got the blame of the collapse of the iron trade. All the capitalists in all the journals have said so. They might exclaim with Trotty Veck, 'We must be born bad—that's how it is.'"

18. (VI.) The following correspondence requires a few, and but a few, words of preliminary information.[2]

For the last three or four years it has been matter of continually increasing surprise to me that I never received the smallest contribution to St. George's Fund from any friend or disciple of Miss Octavia Hill's.

I had originally calculated largely on the support I was likely to find among persons who had been satisfied with the result of the experiment made at Marylebone under my friend's superintendence. But this hope was utterly disappointed; and to my more acute astonishment, because Miss Hill was wont to reply to any more or less direct inquiries on the subject, with epistles proclaiming my faith, charity, and patience, in language so laudatory, that, on the last occasion of my receiving such answer, to a request for a general sketch of the Marylebone work, it became impossible for me, in any human modesty, to print the reply.

The increasing mystery was suddenly cleared, a month or two ago, by a St. George's Companion of healthily sound and impatient temper, who informed me of a case known to herself, in which a man of great kindness of disposition, who was well inclined to give aid to St. George, had been diverted from such intention by hearing doubts expressed by Miss Hill of my ability to conduct any practical enterprise successfully.

I requested the lady who gave me this information to ascertain from Miss Hill herself what she had really said on the occasion in question. To her letter of inquiry, Miss Hill replied in the following terms:—

"MADAM,—In justice to Mr. Ruskin, I write to say that there has evidently been some misapprehension respecting my words.

"Excuse me if I add that beyond stating this fact I do not feel called upon to enter into correspondence with a stranger about my friend Mr. Ruskin, or to explain a private conversation of my own.

"I am, Madam, yours truly,

"OCTAVIA HILL."

19. Now it would have been very difficult for Miss Hill to have returned a reply less satisfactory to her correspondent, or more irritating to a temper like mine. For in the first place, I considered it her bounden

[1] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 51 *n.*]

[2] [In connexion with the correspondence, reference may be made to the following passages in which Ruskin refers to his association with Miss Octavia Hill: *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 8 *n.*)—a reference to the assistance rendered by her in preparing illustrations for that work; she was also the means of introducing Ruskin to his much-valued assistant, Arthur Burgess (Vol. XIV. p. xxxii.). See also in a similar connexion Vol. XV. p. 134 *n.* To her admirable social work in Marylebone Ruskin refers in *Time and Tide*, § 148 (Vol. XVII. p. 437); "Modern Art," § 21 (Vol. XIX. p. 213: compare *ibid.*, p. xxiv.); and in *Fors*, Letters 10, 21 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 175, 364), 40, 41, 46 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 63, 81, 173). See also the Introduction, above, p. xxi.]

duty to enter into correspondence with all strangers whom she could possibly reach, concerning her friend Mr. Ruskin, and to say to *them*, what she was in the habit of saying to me: and, in the second place, I considered it entirely contrary to her duty to say anything of me in private conversation which she did not "feel called upon to explain" to whomsoever it interested. I wrote, therefore, at once myself to Miss Hill, requesting to know why she had not replied to Mrs. ——'s question more explicitly: and received the following reply:—

"14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, *Oct. 7th*, 1877.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I wrote instantly on receiving Mrs. ——'s letter to say that my words had been misunderstood. I could not enter with a stranger, and such a stranger ! ! (*a*) into anything more concerning a friend, or a private conversation.

"But if *you* like to know anything I ever said, or thought, about you for the twenty-four years I have known you, 'most explicitly' shall you know; and you will find no trace of any thought, much less word, that was not utterly loyal, and even reverently tender towards you" (my best thanks !—had I been more roughly handled, who knows what might have come of it?) "Carlyle, who never saw me, told you I was faithful. Faithful—I should think so ! I could not be anything else. Ask those who have watched my life. I have not courted you by flattery; I have not feigned agreement where I differed or did not understand; I have not sought you among those I did not trust or respect" (thanks, again, in the name of my acquaintance generally); "I have not worried you with intrusive questions or letters. I have lived very far away from you, but has there been thought or deed of mine uncoloured by the influence of the early, the abiding, and the continuous teaching you gave me? Have I not striven to carry out what you have taught in the place where I have been called to live? Was there a moment when I would not have served you joyfully at any cost? Ask those who know, if, when you have failed or pained me, (*b*) I have not invariably said, if I said anything, that you might have good reasons of which I knew nothing, or might have difficulties I could not understand; or that you had had so much sorrow in your life, that if it was easier to you to act thus or thus in ways affecting me, so far as I was concerned I was glad you should freely choose the easier. You have seen nothing of me; (*c*) but ask those who have, whether for twenty-four years I have been capable of any treasonable thought or word about you. It matters *nothing* to me; (*d*) but it is sad for you for babbling tongues to make you think any one who ought to know you, chattered, and chattered falsely, about you.

"I remember nothing of what I *said*, (*e*) but distinctly what I *thought*, and think, and will write that to you if you care. Or if you feel there is more that

(*a*) I have no conception what Miss Hill meant by this admiring parenthesis, as she knew nothing whatever of the person who wrote to her, except her curiosity respecting *me*.

(*b*) I should have been glad to have known the occasion on which I did either, before being excused.

(*c*) This statement appears to me a singular one; and the rather that Miss Hill, in subsequent letters, implies, as I understand them, that she has seen a good deal of *me*.

(*d*) It seems to me that it ought, on the contrary, to matter much.

(*e*) I greatly regret, and somehow blame, this shortness of memory. The time is not a distant one,—seven or eight weeks. Anything I say, myself, earnestly, of my friends, I can remember for at least as many years.

I can do to set the rumour at rest than the strong positive assertion I have made that I have been misunderstood, tell me. (*f*) But my own experience of character and of the world makes me *resolutely adhere to my belief* that though Mrs. —— would vastly *like* to get behind that, (*g*) that, and nothing else, is the right, true, and wise position as far as you and as far as I (*h*) am concerned. Shall I not leave it there, then?

"I am sorry to write in pencil; I hope you will not find it difficult to read. I am ill, and not able to be up.

"I have tried to answer both points. First, to show that I *have* contradicted the statement, and that explanations of what I did say (*i*) (unless to yourself) seem to me most unwise and uncalled-for.

"And, secondly, to assure you, so far as words will, that however inadequate you may feel the response the world has given, an old friend has not failed you in thought, nor intentionally, though she seems to have made a confusion, by some clumsy words. Hoping you may feel both things,

"I am, yours as always,

"OCTAVIA HILL."

20. To this letter I replied, that it was very pretty; but that I wanted to know, as far as possible, exactly what Miss Hill *had* said, or was in the habit of saying.

I received the following reply. The portions omitted are irrelevant to the matter in hand, but shall be supplied if Miss Hill wishes.

"14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, W., *Nov. 3rd*, 1877.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I offered immediately, on October 6th, on receiving your first letter, to tell you anything I had ever said about you. Whatever needed explanation seemed to me best said to you.

. . . . . .

"I have spoken to you, I think, and certainly to others, of what appears to me an incapacity in you for management of great practical work,—due, in my opinion, partly to an ideal standard of perfection, which finds it hard to accept *any* limitations in perfection, even temporarily; partly to a strange power of gathering round you, and trusting, the wrong people, which I never could understand in you, as it mingles so strangely with rare powers of perception of character, and which always seemed to me therefore rather a deliberate ignoring of disqualifications, in hope that that would stimulate to better action, but which hope was not realized.

"In Mr. ——'s case, and so far as I can recollect in every case in which I have spoken of this, it has been when I have found people puzzled themselves by not finding they can take you as a practical guide in their own lives, yet feeling that you must mean practical result to follow on your teaching, and inclined to think you cannot help them. Mr. —— and I were great friends: when I was a girl, and he a young man, we read and talked over your books together.

(*f*) The only thing to be done, when people have been misunderstood, is to state what they said—which in this case Miss Hill has just declared impossible for her to do.

(*g*) She certainly would—and so should I.

(*h*) "As far as I"—am concerned, probably.

(*i*) Partly remembered then? but with a vague sense of danger in explaining the same, except to myself! I do not think the *explanation* would have been "unwise," as it was certainly not "uncalled-for." But I suspect the sayings *themselves* to have been both.

I had not seen him for many years till he asked me to come and see him and his wife and children. He is a manufacturer, face to face with difficult problems, full of desire to do right, with memories of ideals and resolutions, building his house, managing his mills, with a distinct desire to do well. I found him inclined to think perhaps after all he had been wrong, and that you could teach him nothing, because he could not apply your definite directions to his own life. The object of my words was just this: 'Oh, do not think so. All the nobility of standard and aim, all the conscience and clear sight of right principles, is there, and means distinct action. Do not look to Mr. Ruskin for definite direction about practical things: he is not the best judge of them. You, near to the necessities of this tangible world and of action, must make your own life, and apply principles to it. Necessity is God's, rightly estimated, and cannot be inconsistent with right. But listen to the teacher who sees nearer to perfection than almost any of us: never lose sight or memory of what he sets before you, and resolutely apply it, cost what it may, to your own life.'

"I do think you most incapable of carrying out any great practical scheme. I do not the less think you have influenced, and will influence, action deeply and rightly.

. . . . . .

"I have never said, or implied, that I was unable to answer any question. I did think, and do think, the explanation of what I might have said, *except to yourself*, likely to do you more harm than good; partly because I do strongly think, and cannot be sure that I might not have said, that I do feel you to have a certain incapacity for practical work; and all the other side it is difficult for the world to see. It is different to say it to a friend who reverences you, and one says more completely what one means. I was glad when you said, 'Let the thing be while you are ill.' God knows I am ill, but remember your proposal to leave it was in answer to one offering to tell you all. And I never have to any other single creature made my health any reason whatsoever for not answering any question, or fulfilling indeed any other duty of my not very easy life. Clearly, some one has received an impression from what I said to Mr. ——, very different from what I had intended to convey, but he seemed in tune with your spirit and mine towards you when I spoke.

"For any pain my action may have given you, I earnestly desire to apologize —yes, to ask you to forgive me. I never wronged or injured you or your work in thought or word intentionally; and I am, whatever you may think, or seem to say,

"Faithfully yours,
"OCTAVIA HILL."

21. To this letter I replied as follows:—

"BRANTWOOD, *November* 4, 1877.

"MY DEAR OCTAVIA,—I am glad to have at last your letter, though it was to Mrs. ——, and not to me, that it ought at once to have been addressed, without forcing me to all the trouble of getting at it. Your opinions of me are perhaps of little moment to *me*, but of immense moment to others. But for this particular opinion, that I trust the wrong people, I wish you to give me *two* sufficient examples of the error you have imagined. You yourself will be a notable third; and at the mouth of two or three witnesses, the word will be established.[1]

"But as I have never yet, to my own knowledge, 'trusted' any one

[1] [Deuteronomy xix. 15.]

who has failed me, *except* yourself, and one other person of whom I do not suppose you are thinking, I shall be greatly instructed if you will give me the two instances I ask for. I never *trusted* even my father's man of business; but took my father's word as the wisest I could get. And I know not a single piece of business I have ever undertaken, which has failed by the fault of any person chosen by me to conduct it.

"Tell me, therefore, of two at least. Then I will request one or two more things of you; being always

"Affectionately yours,
"J. R.

P.S.—Of all injuries you could have done—not me—but the cause I have in hand, the giving the slightest countenance to the vulgar mob's cry of 'unpractical'[1] was the fatallest."

22. The reader may perhaps, at first, think this reply to Miss Hill's sentimental letter somewhat hard. He will see by the following answer that I knew the ground:—

"14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, W., *Nov.* 5, 1877.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—You say that I am a notable instance of your having trusted the wrong people. Whether you have been right hitherto, or are right now, the instance is equally one of failure to understand character. It is the only one I have a right to give. I absolutely refuse to give other instances, or to discuss the characters of third parties. My opinion of your power to judge character is, and must remain, a matter of opinion. Discussions about it would be useless and endless; besides, after your letters to me, you will hardly be astonished that I decline to continue this correspondence.

"I remain, yours faithfully,
"OCTAVIA HILL."

23. I *was*, however, a little astonished, though it takes a good deal to astonish me nowadays, at the suddenness of the change in tone; but it rendered my next reply easier:—

"CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
"*7th November*, 1877.

"MY DEAR OCTAVIA,—You err singularly in imagining I invited you to a 'discussion.' I am not apt to discuss *any*thing with persons of your sentimental volubility; and those with whom I enter on discussion do not, therefore, find it either useless or endless.

"I required of you an answer to a perfectly simple question. That answer I require again. Your most prudent friends will, I believe, if you consult them, recommend your rendering it; for they will probably perceive—what it is strange should have escaped a mind so logical and delicate as yours—that you have a better right to express your 'opinions' of my discarded servants, to myself, who know them, and after the time is long past when your frankness could have injured them, than to express your 'opinions' of your discarded master, to persons who know nothing

[1] [On this point, compare Letter 11, § 17 (Vol. XXVII. p. 193).]

of him, at the precise time when such expression of opinion is calculated to do him the most fatal injury.

"In the event of your final refusal, you will oblige me by sending me a copy of my last letter for publication,—your own being visibly prepared for the press.

"J. R."

"Should you inadvertently have destroyed my last letter, a short abstract of its contents, as apprehended by you, will be all that is needful."

24.

14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, W., *8th Nov.*, 1877.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I did consult friends whom I consider both prudent and generous before I declined to make myself the accuser of third persons.

"I send you at your request a copy of your last letter; but I disapprove of the publication of this correspondence. Such a publication obviously could not be complete,* and if incomplete must be misleading. Neither do I see what good object it could serve.

"I feel it due to our old friendship to add the expression of my conviction that the publication would injure you, and could not injure me.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"OCTAVIA HILL."

25. I saw no occasion for continuing the correspondence farther, and closed it on the receipt of this last letter, in a private note, which Miss Hill is welcome to make public, if she has retained it.

Respecting the general tenor of her letters, I have only now to observe that she is perfectly right in supposing me unfit to conduct, myself, the operations with which I entrusted *her;* but that she has no means of estimating the success of other operations with which I did *not* entrust her,—such as the organization of the Oxford Schools of Art; and that she has become unfortunately of late confirmed in the impression, too common among reformatory labourers, that no work can be practical which is prospective. The real relations of her effort to that of the St. George's Guild have already been stated (*Fors*, Oct. 1871[1]); and the estimate which I had formed of it is shown not to have been unkind, by her acknowledgment of it in the following letter,—justifying me, I think, in the disappointment expressed in the beginning of this article.

"14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, *Oct. 3rd*, 1875.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I send you accounts of both blocks of buildings, and have paid in to your bank the second cheque,—that for Paradise Place, £20, 5s. 8d. I think neither account requires explanation.

"But I have to thank you, more than words will achieve doing, in silent gratitude, for your last letter, which I shall treasure as one of my best possessions. I had no idea you could have honestly spoken so of work which I have

* This is not at all obvious to me. I can complete it to the last syllable, if Miss Hill wishes.

[1] [Letter 10, § 15 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 175–176).]

always thought had impressed you more with its imperfections, than as contributing to any good end. That it actually was in large measure derived from you, there can be no doubt. I have been reading during my holidays, for the first time since before I knew you, the first volume of *Modern Painters*, which Mr. Bond was good enough to lend me these holidays; and I was much impressed, not only with the distinct recollection I had of paragraph after paragraph when once the subject was recalled,—not only with the memory of how the passages had struck me when a girl,—but how even the individual words had been new to me then, and the quotations,—notably that from George Herbert about the not fooling,[1]—had first sent me to read the authors quoted from. I could not help recalling, and seeing distinctly, how the whole tone and teaching of the book, striking on the imagination at an impressionable age, had biassed, not only this public work, but all my life. I always knew it, but I traced the distinct lines of influence. Like all derived work, it has been, as I said, built out of material my own experience has furnished, and built very differently to anything others would have done; but I know something of how much it owes to you, and in as far as it has been in any way successful, I wish you would put it among the achievements of your life. You sometimes seem to see so few of these. Mine is indeed poor and imperfect and small; but it is in this *kind of way* that the best influence tells, going right down into the people, and coming out in a variety of forms, not easily recognized, yet distinctly known by those who know best; and hundreds of people, whose powers are tenfold my own, have received, —will receive,—their direction from your teaching, and will do work better worth your caring to have influenced.

"I am, yours always affectionately,
"OCTAVIA HILL."

With this letter the notice of its immediate subject in *Fors* will cease, though I have yet a word to say for my other acquaintances and fellow-labourers.[2] Miss Hill will, I hope, retain the administration of the Marylebone houses as long as she is inclined, making them, by her zealous and disinterested service, as desirable and profitable a possession to the Guild as hitherto to me.[3] It is always to be remembered that she has acted as the administrator of this property, and paid me five per cent. upon it regularly,—entirely without salary, and in pure kindness to the tenants. My own part in the work was in taking five instead of ten per cent., which the houses would have been made to pay to another landlord; and in pledging myself neither to sell the property nor raise the rents, thus enabling Miss Hill to assure the tenants of peace in their homes, and encourage every effort at the improvement of them.

[1] [For the quotation, see Vol. III. p. 174.]
[2] [This, however, was not done.]
[3] [Ultimately Ruskin parted with the Marylebone property to Miss Hill; "nor did he care," says Mr. Collingwood, "to spend upon himself the £3500, which I believe was the price. It went right and left in gifts: till one day he cheerfully remarked

'It's a' gane awa'
Like snaw aff a wa'.'

'Is there really nothing to show for it?' he was asked. 'Nothing,' he said, 'except this new silk umbrella'" (*Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 291).]

LETTER 87[1]

THE SNOW MANGER[2]

1. By my promise that, in the text of this series of *Fors*, there shall be "no syllable of complaint, or of scorn,"[3] I pray the reader to understand that I in no wise intimate any change of feeling on my own part. I never felt more difficulty in my life than I do, at this instant, in not lamenting certain things with more than common lament, and in not speaking of certain people with more than common scorn.

Nor is it possible to fulfil the rightly warning functions of *Fors* without implying *some* measure of scorn. For instance, in the matter of choice of books, it is impossible to warn my scholars against a book, without implying a certain kind of contempt for it. For I never would warn them against any writer whom I had complete respect for,—however adverse to me, or my work. There are few stronger adversaries to St. George than Voltaire. But my scholars are welcome to read as much of Voltaire as they like. His voice is mighty among the ages. Whereas they are entirely forbidden Miss Martineau,—not because she is an infidel, but because she is a vulgar and foolish one.*

* I use the word vulgar, here, in its first sense of egoism, not of selfishness, but of not seeing one's own relations to the universe. Miss Martineau plans a book—afterwards popular—and goes to breakfast, "not

[1] [With this Letter was issued a Publisher's Notice, recording the suspension of *Fors*, owing to the author's serious illness: see p. xxx.]
[2] [For the title, see § 7.]
[3] [See Letter 84, § 13 (p. 294).]

2. Do not say, or think, I am breaking my word in asserting, once for all, with reference to example, this necessary principle. This very vow and law that I have set myself, *must* be honoured sometimes in the breach of it,[1] so only that the transgression be visibly not wanton or incontinent. Nay, in this very instance it is because I am not speaking in *pure* contempt, but have lately been as much surprised by the beauty of a piece of Miss Martineau's writings, as I have been grieved by the deadly effect of her writings generally on the mind of one of my best pupils, who had read them without telling me, that I make her a definite example. In future, it will be ordinarily enough for me to say to my pupils privately that they are not to read such and such books; while, for general order to my *Fors* readers, they may be well content, it seems to me, with the list of the books I want them to read constantly;[2] and with such casual recommendation as I may be able to give of current literature. For instance, there is a quite lovely little book just come out about Irish children, *Castle Blair*,[3]—(which, let me state at once, I have strong personal, though stronger impersonal, reasons for recommending, the writer being a very dear friend; and some Irish children, for many and many a year, much more than that[4]). But the *im*personal reasons are—first, that the book is good and lovely, and true;

knowing what a great thing had been done."[5] So Mr. Buckle, dying, thinks only—he shall not finish *his* book.[6] Not at all whether God will ever make up *His*.

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[1] [*Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 4.]

[2] [Ruskin does not give any such list of books, though he gives one of authors (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 500–501 : see also *ibid.*, pp. 20, 407, 434).]

[3] [*Castle Blair: a Story of Youthful Days*, by Flora L. Shaw (now Lady Lugard) 2 vols., 1878.]

[4] [Miss Rose La Touche and her sister: see *Præterita*, iii. § 51.]

[5] [The reference is to Miss Martineau's account (in her *Autobiography*, 1877, vol. i. p. 139) of the inception of her *Illustrations of Political Economy*. She unfolded her scheme in the family circle: "Brother James nodded assent; my mother said, 'Do it'; and we went to tea, unconscious what a great thing we had done since dinner."]

[6] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 523. Froude related the incident in his lecture on "The Science of History" (the first of the *Short Studies*).]

having the best description of a noble child in it (Winnie) that I ever read; and nearly the best description of the next best thing—a noble dog; and reason second is that, after Miss Edgeworth's *Ormond* and *Absentee*,[1] this little book will give more true insight into the proper way of managing Irish people than any other I know.*

3. Wherewith I have some more serious recommendations to give; and the first shall be of this most beautiful passage of Miss Martineau, which is quoted from *Deerbrook*[2] in the review of her autobiography:—

"In the house of every wise parent, may then be seen an epitome of life—a sight whose consolation is needed at times, perhaps, by all. Which of the little children of a virtuous household can conceive of his entering into his parents' pursuits, or interfering with them? How sacred are the study and the office, the apparatus of a knowledge and a power which he can only venerate! Which of these little ones dreams of disturbing the course of his parents' thought or achievement? Which of them conceives of the daily routine of the household—its going forth and coming in, its rising and its rest—having been different before its birth, or that it would be altered by his absence? It is even a matter of surprise to him when it now and then occurs to him that there is anything set apart for him—that he has clothes and couch, and that his mother thinks and cares for him. If he lags behind in a walk, or finds himself alone among the trees, he does not dream of being missed; but home rises up before him as he has always seen it—his father thoughtful, his mother occupied, and the rest gay, with the one difference of *his*† not being there. This he believes, and has no other trust than in his shriek of terror, for being ever remembered more. Yet, all the while, from day to day, from year to year, without one moment's intermission, is the providence of his parent around him, brooding over the workings of his infant spirit, chastening its passions, nourishing its affections—now *troubling it with salutary pain*, now

* Also, I have had it long on my mind to name the [*Strange*] *Adventures of a Phaeton*[3] as a very delightful and wise book of its kind; very full of pleasant play, and deep and pure feeling; much interpretation of some of the best points of German character; and, last and least, with pieces of description in it which I should be glad, selfishly, to think inferior to what the public praise in *Modern Painters*,—I can only say, they seem to *me* quite as good.

† Italics mine.

[1] [For another reference to *Ormond*, see Vol. XXV. p. 282; to the *Absentee*, *Præterita*, i. § 145, and below, p. 444 *n.*]

[2] [Chapter xxxiii., pp. 359, 360 (1860 edition). The passage is cited in a review of the *Autobiography*, by Henry S. Richardson, in the *Contemporary Review*, May 1877, vol. 29, pp. 1115–1116.]

[3] [By William Black; first published in 1872.]

animating it with even more wholesome delight. All the while, is the order of the household affairs regulated for the comfort and profit of these lowly little ones, though they regard it reverently, because they cannot comprehend it. They may not know of all this—how their guardian bends over their pillow nightly, and lets no word of their careless talk drop unheeded, and records every sob of infant grief, hails every brightening gleam of reason and every chirp of childish glee—they may not know this, because they could not understand it aright, and each little heart would be inflated with pride, each little mind would lose the grace and purity of its unconsciousness; but the guardianship is not the less real, constant, and tender for its being unrecognized by its objects."

This passage is of especial value to me just now, because I have presently to speak about faith, and its power;[1] and I have never myself thought of the innocent *faithlessness* of children, but only of their faith. The idea given here by Miss Martineau is entirely new to me, and most beautiful. And had she gone on thus, expressing her own feelings modestly, she would have been a most noble person, and a verily "great" writer. She became a vulgar person, and a little writer, in her conceit;—of which I can say no more, else I should break my vow unnecessarily.

4. And by way of atonement for even this involuntary disobedience to it, I have to express great shame for some words spoken, in one of the letters of the first series, in total misunderstanding of Mr. Gladstone's character.[2]

I know so little of public life, and see so little of the men who are engaged in it, that it has become impossible for me to understand their conduct or speech, as it is reported in journals.

There are reserves, references, difficulties, limits, excitements, in all their words and ways, which are inscrutable to me; and at this moment I am unable to say a word about the personal conduct of any one, respecting the Turkish[3] or any other national question,—remaining myself perfectly clear as to what was always needed, and still

[1] [See below, pp. 370–373.]

[2] [See Letter 57, § 2 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 403). Ruskin, at the time of writing the present letter, had just returned from staying with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden.]

[3] [Then at a very critical stage: see below, p. 375 *n.*]

needs, to be *done*, but utterly unable to conceive *why* people talk, or do, or do not, as hitherto they have spoken, done, and left undone. But as to the actual need, it is now nearly two years since Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Froude, and several other men of "creditable" (shall we say?) name, gathered together at call of Mr. Gladstone, as for a great national need, together with a few other men of more retired and studious mind, Edward Burne-Jones for one, and myself for another, and did then plainly and to the best of their faculty tell the English nation what it had to do.[1]

The people of England answered, by the mouths of their journals, that Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude knew nothing of history, that Mr. Gladstone was a dishonest leader of a party, and that the rest of us were insignificant, or insane, persons.[2]

5. Whereupon the significant and sagacious persons, guiding the opinions of the public, through its press, set themselves diligently to that solemn task.

And I will take some pains to calculate for you,[3] my now doubtless well-informed and soundly purposed readers, what expenditure of type there has been on your education, guidance, and exhortation by those significant persons, in these last two years.

I am getting into that Cathedra Pestilentiæ[4] again!—My good reader, I mean, truly and simply, that I hope to get, for next month,[5] some approximate measure of the space in heaven which would be occupied by the unfolded tissue or web of all the columns of the British newspapers which have during these last two years discussed, in your pay, the Turkish question. All that counsel, you observe, you have bought with a price. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude gave you theirs gratis, as all the best things are

[1] [For the allusions here to the Conference at the St. James's Hall on the Eastern Question, see Vol. XXIV. p. xxxviii.]

[2] [See Letter 74, § 16 *n.* (p. 45).]

[3] [This, however, was not done.]

[4] ["The seat of the scornful" (Vulgate, Psalms i. 1): compare the preface (§ 15) to *Rock Honeycomb* (Vol. XXXI.).]

[5] [His illness, however, stopped the publication of *Fors*.]

given;[1] I put nearly a prohibitory tax upon mine, that you might not merely travel with your boots on it;[2] but here was an article of counsel made up for your consumption at *market* price. You have paid for it, I can tell you *that*, approximately, just now, one million nine hundred and four thousand nine hundred and eighteen pounds.[3] You have voted also in your beautiful modern manner, and daily directed your governors what they were to do for British interests and honour. And your result is——well, you shall tell me your opinions of that next month; but—whatever your opinions may be—here is the result for you, in words which are not of the newest, certainly, and yet are in a most accurate sense "This Evening's News":—

"Quare fremuerunt Gentes, et Populi meditati sunt inania?
"Astiterunt Reges terræ, et Principes convenerunt in unum, adversus Dominum et adversus Christum ejus.
"Disrumpamus vincula eorum, et projiciamus a nobis jugum ipsorum.
"Qui habitat in celis irridebit eos, et Dominus subsannabit eos.
"Tunc loquetur ad eos in ira sua, et in furore suo conturbabit eos."

6. If you can read that bit of David and St. Jerome, as it stands, so be it. If not, this translation is closer than the one you, I suppose, *don't* know:—

"Why have the nations foamed as the sea; and the people meditated emptiness?
"The Kings of the earth stood, and the First Ministers met together in conference, against the Lord, and against His Christ.
"Let us break, they said, the chains of the Lord and Christ. Let us cast away from us the yoke of the Lord and Christ.
"He that inhabits heaven shall laugh at them, and the Lord shall mock them.
"Then shall He speak to them in His anger, and torment them with His strength."[4]

[1] [For Carlyle's letter on the Eastern Question, see above, p. 61 *n.* Froude's views were given in *Is Russia Wrong? A Series of Letters*, by a Russian Lady (Madame Olga Novikoff), with a Preface by J. A. Froude, 1878; and, later, in *Russia and England from 1876 to 1880: a Protest and an Appeal*, by O. K. (Madame Novikoff), with a Preface by J. A. Froude, 1880.]

[2] [See Letter 69, § 10 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 695–696).]

[3] [If Ruskin had in his mind the "72 newspapers" spoken of in Letter 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 182), his calculation seems to be very much short; it would only allow for an average daily circulation for each of little more than 10,000.]

[4] [Psalms ii. 1–5.]

7. There are one or two of the points of difference in this version which I wish you to note. Our "why do the heathen rage" is unintelligible to us, because we don't think of *ourselves* as "heathen" usually. But we are; and the nations spoken of are—the British public,—and the All-publics of our day, and of all days.

Nor is the word "rage" the right one, in the least. It means to "fret idly," like useless sea,—incapable of *real* rage, or of *any* sense,—foaming out only its own shame. "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt;"[1]—and even just now—the purest and best of public men spitting out emptiness only and mischief. "Fluctibus et *fremitu* assurgens, *Benace*, MARINO."[2] In the Septuagint, the word is to neigh like a horse—("They were as fed horses in the morning; every one neighed after his neighbour's wife."[3])

Then, I have put the full words "of the Lord and Christ" in the third verse, instead of "their," because else people don't see who "they" are.

And in the fourth verse, observe that the "anger" of the Lord is the *mind* in which He speaks to the kings; but His "fury" is the *practical* stress of the thunder of His power, and of the hail and death with which He "troubles" them and torments. Read *this* following piece of evening's news, for instance. It is one of thousands such. That is what is meant by "He shall vex them in his sore displeasure,"[4] which words you have chanted to your pipes and bellows so sweetly and so long,—"His so-o-o-ore dis-plea-a-sure."

But here is the *thing*, nearly at your doors, reckoning by railway distance. "The mother got impatient, thrust the child into the snow, and hurried on—not looking back."[5]

8. But *you* are not "vexed," you say? No,—perhaps

[1] [Isaiah lvii. 20.]
[2] [Virgil, *Georgics*, ii. 160 (Benacus, *i.e.*, Lago di Garda): compare Vol. XX. p. 259.]
[3] [Jeremiah v. 8. The word is ἐχρεμέτισαν.]
[4] [Psalms ii. 5.]
[5] [Hence the title of the Letter. For a reference to this passage, see Letter 93, § 4 (p. 469).]

that is because you are so very good. And perhaps the muffins will be as cold as the snow, too, soon, if you don't eat them. Yet if, after breakfast, you look out of window westward, you may see some "vexation," even in England and Wales, of which more, presently,[1] and if you read this second Psalm again, and make some effort to understand it, it may be provisionally useful to you,—provisionally on your recognizing that there is a God at all, and that it is a *Lord* that *reigneth*, and not merely a *Law* that reigneth, according to the latter-day divinity of the Duke of Argyll[2] and Mr. George Dawson.[3] Have patience with me. I'm not speaking as I didn't mean to.[4] I want you to read, and attentively, some things that the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Dawson have said; but you must have the caterpillar washed out of the cabbage, first.

9. I want you to read,—ever so many things. First of all, and nothing else till you have well mastered that, the history of Montenegro given by Mr. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century* for May 1877, p. 860. After that, "Some Current Fallacies about Turks," etc., by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, *Nineteenth Century*, December 1877, p. 831. After that, the Duke of Argyll's *Morality in Politics*. And after that, the obituary of "George Dawson, Politician, Lecturer, and Preacher," by the Rev. R. W. Dale, *Nineteenth Century*, August 1877, p. 44.[5]

[1] [See below, pp. 375, 378.]

[2] [For other references to the Duke of Argyll's *Reign of Law*, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 85 *n.*]

[3] [George Dawson (1821–1876) one of the most popular lecturers of the day; minister of "The Chapel of the Saviour," Birmingham, a chapel founded on an eclectic basis, and on the principle that neither teacher nor congregation should be pledged to any form of theological belief. He was the companion of Carlyle on his first visit to Germany.]

[4] [A reference to his promise not to sit any longer in the seat of the scornful: see above, pp. 294, 361, 365.]

[5] [Mr. Gladstone's article, "Montenegro: a Sketch," appeared in vol. i. of the *Nineteenth Century*, pp. 360–379. It is reprinted in the fourth volume of his *Gleanings* (pp. 305–339). Canon MacColl's article, "Some Current Fallacies about Turks, Bulgarians, and Russians," is in the *Nineteenth Century*, vol. ii. pp. 831–842. That by the Duke of Argyll (who had been a fellow-visitor with Ruskin at Hawarden), on "Morality in Politics," is in the *Contemporary Review*, July 1877, vol. 30, pp. 319–333. Mr. Dale's critique of Dawson occupies pp. 44–61 in vol. ii. of the *Nineteenth Century*.]

It is an entirely kind and earnest review of one of the chief enemies of Evangelicalism, by an Evangelical clergyman. The closing passages of it (pp. 59 to 61) are entirely beautiful and wise,—the last sentence, let me thankfully place for an abiding comfort and power in St. George's Schools:[1]—

"To despise the creeds in which the noblest intellects of Christendom in past times found rest, is presumptuous folly; to suppose that these creeds are a final and exact statement of all that the Church can ever know, is to forget that in every creed there are two elements,—the divine substance, and the human form. The form must change with the changing thoughts of men; and even the substance may come to shine with clearer light, and to reveal unsuspected glories, as God and man come nearer together."

10. And the whole of the piece of biography thus nobly closed is full of instruction; but, in the course of it, there is a statement (pp. 49–51) respecting which I have somewhat contradictory to say, and that very gravely. I am sorry to leave out any of the piece I refer to: but those of my readers who have not access to the book, will find the gist of what I must contradict, qualifiedly, in these following fragments:—

A. "The strength of his (George Dawson's) moral teaching was largely derived from the firmness of his own conviction that the laws which govern human life are not to be evaded; that they assert their authority with relentless severity; that it is of no use to try to cheat them; that they have no pity; that we must obey them, or else suffer the consequences of our disobedience. He insisted, with a frequency, an earnestness, and an energy which showed the depth of his own sense of the importance of this part of his teaching, that what a man sows he must also reap,—no matter though he has sown ignorantly or carelessly; that the facts of the physical and moral universe have a stern reality; and that, if we refuse to learn and to recognize the facts, the best intentions are unavailing. The iron girder must be strong enough to bear the weight that is put upon it, or else it will give way,—no matter whether the girder is meant to support the roof of a railway station, or the floor of a church, or the gallery of a theatre. Hard work is necessary for success in business; and the man who works hardest—other things being equal—is most likely to succeed, whether he is a saint or a sinner."

[1] [The sentiment in the extract from Dale closely resembles a passage in Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust*, § 118: see Vol. XVIII. pp. 355–356.]

B. "The facts of the universe are steadfast, and not to be changed by human fancies or follies; the laws of the universe are relentless, and will not relax in the presence of human weakness, or give way under the pressure of human passion and force."

C. "No matter though you have a most devout and conscientious belief that by mere praying you can save a town from typhoid fever; if the drainage is bad and the water foul, praying will never save the town from typhoid."

11. Thus far, Mr. Dale has been stating the substance of Mr. Dawson's teaching; he now, as accepting that substance, so far as it reaches, himself proceeds to carry it farther, and to apply the same truths—admitting them to be truths—to spiritual things. And now, from *him* we have this following most important and noble passage, which I accept for wholly true, and place in St. George's schools:—

D. "It would be strange if these truths became false as soon as they are applied to the religious side of the life of man. The spiritual universe is no more to be made out of a man's own head, than the material universe or the moral universe. *There*, too, the conditions of human life are fixed. *There*, too, we have to respect the facts; and, whether we respect them or not, the facts remain. *There*, too, we have to confess the authority of the actual laws; and, whether we confess it or not, we shall suffer for breaking them. To suppose that, in relation to the spiritual universe, it is safe or right to believe what we think it pleasant to believe,—to suppose that, because we think it is eminently desirable that the spiritual universe should be ordered in a particular way, therefore we are at liberty to act as though this were certainly the way in which it is ordered, and that, though we happen to be wrong, it will make no difference,—is preposterous. No; water drowns, fire burns, whether we believe it or not. No belief of ours will change the facts, or reverse the laws of the spiritual universe. It is our first business to discover the laws, and to learn how the facts stand."

12. I accept this passage—observe, totally,—but I accept it for itself. The basis of it—the preceding Dawsonian statements, A, B, and C,—I wholly deny, so far as I am a Christian. If the Word of Christ be true, the facts of the physical universe are *not* steadfast. They are steadfast only for the infidel. But these signs shall evermore follow them that believe. "They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them."[1] No matter how bad the drainage of the town, how foul the

[1] [Mark xvi. 18.]

water, "He shall deliver thee from the noisome pestilence; and though a thousand fall at thy right hand, it shall not come nigh *thee*."[1] This, as a Christian, I am bound to believe. This, speaking as a Christian, I am bound to proclaim, whatever the consequences may be to the town, or the opinion of me formed by the Common Council; as a Christian, I believe prayer to be, in the last sense, sufficient for the salvation of the town; and drainage, in the last sense, insufficient for its salvation. Not that you will find me, looking back through the pages of *Fors*, unconcerned about drainage.[2] But if, of the two, I must choose between drains and prayer—why, "look you"—whatever you may think of my wild and whirling words, I will go pray.[3]

And now, therefore, for St. George's schools, I most solemnly reverse the statement B, and tell my scholars, with all the force that is in me, that the facts of the universe are NOT steadfast, that they ARE changed by human fancies, and by human follies (much more by human wisdoms),—that the laws of the universe are no more relentless than the God who wrote them,—that they WILL relax in the presence of human weakness, and DO give way under the pressure of human passion and force, and give way so totally, before so little passion and force, that if you have but "faith" as a grain of mustard seed, *nothing* shall be impossible unto you.[4]

18. "Are these merely fine phrases, or is he mad, as people say?" one of my polite readers asks of another.

Neither, oh polite and pitying friend. Observe, in the first place, that I simply speak *as* a Christian, and express to you accurately what Christian doctrine is. I am myself so nearly as you are,—so grievously faithless to less than the least grain of—Colman's—mustard, that *I* can take up no serpents, and raise no dead.

[1] [Psalms xci. 3, 7.]
[2] [See, for instance, Vol. XXVII. pp. 92, 296, 326; Vol. XXVIII. pp. 176, 181, 204, 301, 689; and above, pp. 323-324.]
[3] [*Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 5: "Look you, I'll go pray."]
[4] [Matthew xvii. 20.]

But I don't say, therefore, that the dead are not raised, nor that Christ is not risen,[1] nor the head of the serpent bowed under the foot of the Seed of the Woman.[2] I say only,—*if* my faith is vain, it is because I am yet in my sins.[3] And to others I say—what Christ bids me say. That, simply,—that, literally,—that, positively; and no more. "If thou wilt believe, thou shalt see the salvation of God."[4]

If thou *wilt* (wouldest)—Faith being essentially a matter of will, after some other conditions are met. For how shall they believe on whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher?[5] Yea; but—asks St. George, murmuring behind his visor,—much more, how shall they hear without—ears.

He that *hath* ears (it is written),—let him hear;[6]—but how of him that hath none?

For observe, far the greater multitude of men *cannot* hear of Christ at all. You can't tell an unloving person, what love is, preach you till his doomsday. What is to become of them, God knows, who is their Judge; but since they cannot hear of Christ, they cannot believe in Him, and for them, the Laws of the Universe are unchangeable enough. But for those who *can* hear—comes the farther question whether they *will*. And then, if they do, whether they will be steadfast in the faith,[7]—steadfast behind the shield, point in earth, cross of iron—(compare *Laws of Fésole*, chapter iii., and the old heraldic word "restrial," of bearings, first written in blood[8]),—else, having begun in

[1] [See 1 Corinthians xv. 16.]
[2] [See Genesis iii. 15.]
[3] [See 1 Corinthians xv. 17.]
[4] [John xi. 40.]
[5] [Romans x. 14.]
[6] [Matthew xi. 15.]
[7] [See 1 Peter v. 9.]
[8] [Chapter iii. in the *Laws of Fésole* has for its subject "The Quartering of St. George's Shield": see Vol. XV. p. 365. For "restrial" bearings—said of those which "in respect of their strength and solid substance" are "able to abide the stresse and force of any triall they shall be put unto"—see *Val d'Arno*, § 105 (Vol. XXIII. p. 64); for the cross, as the first restrial bearing "drawn by dying fingers dipped in blood," see *ibid.*, § 115, p. 70.]

the spirit, they may only be "made perfect in the flesh." (Gal. iii. 3.) But if, having begun in the Spirit, they grieve it not,[1] there will be assuredly among them the chorus-leader. He that "leads forth the choir of the Spirit," and worketh MIRACLES among you. (Gal. iii. 5.[2])

14. Now, lastly, read in the ninth chapter of Froude's *History of England*, the passage beginning, "Here, therefore, we are to enter upon one of the grand scenes of history,"* down to, "He desired us each to choose our confessor, and to confess our sins one to another;" and the rest, I give here, for end of this *Fors*:—

"The day after, he preached a sermon in the chapel on the 59th Psalm:[3] 'O God, Thou hast cast us off, Thou hast destroyed us;' concluding with the words, 'It is better that we should suffer here a short penance for our faults, than be reserved for the eternal pains of hell hereafter;'—and so ending, he turned to us, and bade us all do as we saw him do. Then rising from his place he went direct to the eldest of the brethren, who was sitting nearest to himself, and kneeling before him, begged his forgiveness for any offence which in heart, word, or deed he might have committed against him. Thence he proceeded to the next, and said the same; and so to the next, through us all, we following him, and saying as he did,—each from each imploring pardon.

"Thus, with unobtrusive nobleness, did these poor men prepare themselves for the end; not less beautiful in their resolution, not less deserving the everlasting remembrance of mankind, than those three hundred who in the summer morning sate combing their golden hair in the passes of Thermopylæ. We will not regret their cause; there is no cause for which any man can more nobly suffer than to witness that it is better for him to die than to speak words which he does not mean. Nor, in this their hour of trial, were they left without higher comfort.

"'The third day after,' the story goes on, 'was the mass of the Holy Ghost, and God made known His presence among us. For when the host was lifted up, there came as it were a whisper of air, which breathed upon our faces as we knelt. Some perceived it with the bodily senses; all felt it as it thrilled into their hearts. And then followed a sweet, soft sound of music, at which our venerable father was so moved, God being thus

* Octavo edition of 1858, vol. ii., p. 341.[4]

[1] [Ephesians iv. 30.]

[2] [ὁ οὖν ἐπιχορηγῶν ὑμῖν τὸ Πνεῦμα: translated in the English version, "He therefore that ministereth to you the Spirit."]

[3] [An error for Psalm lx.]

[4] [Vol. ii. pp. 235–245, in the small edition; from the account of the execution of the brethren of the London Charterhouse (1535). The preacher was the Prior. For another reference to the incident, see below, p. 389.]

abundantly manifest among us, that he sank down in tears, and for a long time could not continue the service—we all remaining stupefied, hearing the melody, and feeling the marvellous effects of it upon our spirits, but knowing neither whence it came nor whither it went. Only our hearts rejoiced as we perceived that God was with us indeed.'"

15. It can't be the end of this *Fors*, however, I find (15th February, half-past seven morning), for I have forgotten twenty things I meant to say; and this instant, in my morning's reading, opened and read, being in a dream state, and not knowing well what I was doing,—of all things to find a new message!—in the first chapter of Proverbs.

I was in a dreamy state, because I had got a letter about the Thirlmere debate,[1] which was to me, in my purposed quietness, like one of the voices on the hill behind the Princess Parizade.[2] And *she* could not hold, without cotton in her ears, dear wise sweet thing. But luckily for me, I have just had help from the Beata Vigri at Venice, who sent me her own picture and St. Catherine's, yesterday, for a Valentine;[3] and so I *can* hold on:—only just read this first of Proverbs with me, please.

"The Proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, king of Israel.

"To *know* wisdom and instruction."

(Not to "opine" them.[4])

[1] [The Manchester Corporation's Thirlmere Bill had been read a second time on February 13: compare Vol. XIII. p. 517 *n.*]

[2] [*Arabian Nights* ("Story of the Sisters who envied their Younger Sister"). See Jonathan Scott's translation, 1811, vol. v. pp. 379–381. The Princess Periezadeh, in her search for the speaking bird, the singing tree, and yellow water, stopped her ears with cotton-wool against the terrifying voices on the mountain. "I mind not, said she to herself, all that can be said, were it worse; I only laugh at them, and shall pursue my way." It was from this story, by the way, that the incident of the black stones, utilised by Ruskin in his *King of the Golden River*, is derived.]

[3] [So Ruskin notes in his diary. Presumably some one had sent him a study, or a photograph, of a favourite picture in the Academy at Venice—"the Beata Catherine Vigri's St. Ursula; Catherine Vigri herself, it may be, kneeling to her": see Vol. XXIV. p. 185.]

[4] [Compare Letter 11, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 195); and below, Letter 89, § 2 (p. 399).]

"To *perceive* the words of understanding."

(He that hath eyes, let him read—he that hath ears, hear. And for the Blind and the Deaf,—if patient and silent by the right road-side,[1]—there may also be some one to say "He is coming.")

"To receive the instruction of WISDOM, JUSTICE, and JUDGMENT, and EQUITY."

Four things,—oh friends,—which you have not only to *per*ceive, but to *re*ceive. And the species of these four things, and the origin of their species,—you know them, doubtless, well,—in these scientific days?

"To give subtlety to the simple; to the *young* man, knowledge and discretion."

(Did ever one hear, lately, of a young man's wanting either? Or of a simple person who wished to be subtle? Are not we all subtle—even to the total defeat of our hated antagonists, the Prooshians and Rooshians?[2])

"A wise man will hear and will increase learning."

(*e.g.*, "A stormy meeting took place in the Birmingham Town Hall last night. It was convened by the Conservative Association for the purpose of passing a vote of confidence in the Government; but the Liberal Association also issued placards calling upon Liberals to attend. The chair was taken by Mr. Stone, the President of the Conservative Association, but the greater part of his speech was inaudible even upon the platform, owing to the frequent bursts of applause, groans, and Kentish fire, intermingled with comic songs. Flags bearing the words 'Vote for Bright' and 'Vote for Gladstone' were hoisted, and were torn to pieces by the supporters of the Government. Dr. Sebastian Evans moved, and Alderman Brinsley seconded, a resolution expressing confidence in Her Majesty's Government. Mr. J. S. Wright moved, and Mr. R. W. Dale seconded, an amendment, but neither speaker could make himself heard; and on the resolution being put to the meeting it was declared carried, but the Liberal speakers disputed the decision of the chairman, and asserted that two-thirds of the meeting were against the resolution."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, February 13th, 1878.)

[1] [See Matthew xx. 30: "two blind men, sitting by the wayside, when they heard that Jesus passed by," etc.]

[2] [The reference is to the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield, and to the movements of the British Fleet at this time, which were directed to preventing a Russian occupation of Constantinople—a contingency to which the German Government was supposed not to object. Ruskin attunes his words to the Cockneyism as in the popular music-hall ditty of the time: "The Rooshians shall not have Constantinople"; or as W. S. Gilbert has it, "He might have been a Roosian, A French, or Turk, or Prooshian."]

"And a man of understanding shall *attain unto* wise counsels."

(Yes, in due time; but oh me—over what burning marle, and by what sifting of wheat![1])

"To understand a proverb, and the interpretation."

(Yes, truly—all this chapter I have known from my mother's knee—and never understood it till this very hour.)

"The words of the wise and their *dark* sayings."

(Behold this dreamer cometh,[2]—and this is his dream.)

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction."

(*e.g.*, "Herr ——, one of the Socialist leaders, declaring that he and his friends, since they do not fear earthly Powers, are not likely to be afraid of Powers of any other kind."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, same date.*)

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

The father is to teach the boy's reason; and the mother, his will. He is to take his father's word, and to obey his mother's—look, even to the death.

(Therefore it is that all laws of holy life are called "mother-laws" in Venice.—*Fors*, Letter 74, § 12.[3])

* I take this passage out of an important piece of intelligence of a quite contrary and greatly encouraging kind. "A new political party has just been added to the many parties which already existed in Germany. It calls itself 'the Christian Social party.' It is headed by several prominent Court preachers of Berlin, who, alarmed at the progress made by the Socialists, have taken this means of resisting their subversive doctrines. The object of the party is to convince the people that there can be no true system of government which is not based upon Christianity; and this principle is being elaborately set forth in large and enthusiastic meetings. Herr Most, one of the Socialist leaders, has given the political pastors an excellent text for their orations by declaring that he and his friends, since they do not fear earthly Powers, are not likely to be afraid of Powers of any other kind. Branches of the Christian Socialist party have been formed in several of the most important German towns; and they confidently expect to be able to secure a definite position in the next Imperial Parliament."

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[1] ["Sift you as wheat" (Luke xxii. 31).]
[2] [Genesis xxxvii. 19.]
[3] [Above, p. 42.]

"For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head."

Alas, yes!—once men were crowned in youth with the gold of their father's glory; when the hoary head was crowned also in the way of righteousness.

And so they went their way to prison, and to death.

But now, by divine liberty, and general indication, even Solomon's *own* head is not crowned by any means.—*Fors*, Letter 77, § 9.[1]

"And chains about thy neck"—(yes, collar of the knightliest. Let not thy mother's Mercy and Truth forsake thee)—bind them about thy neck, write them upon the tables of thine heart.[2] *She* may forget: yet will not *I* forget thee.[3]

(Therefore they say—of the sweet mother laws of their loving God and lowly Christ—"Disrumpamus *vincula* eorum et projiciamus a nobis, *jugum* ipsorum."[4])

Nay—nay, but if they say thus then?

"Let us swallow them up *alive*, as the grave."

(Other murderers kill, before they bury;—but YOU, you observe, are invited to bury before you kill. All these things, when once you know their meaning, have their physical symbol quite accurately beside them. Read the story of the last explosion in Yorkshire—where a woman's husband and her seven sons fell—all seven—all eight—together:[5] about the beginning of barley harvest[6] it was, I think.)

"And *whole* as those that go down into the pit."

(Other murderers kill the body only, but YOU are invited to kill "whole"—body and soul. Yea—and to kill with such wholeness that the creatures shall not even know they ever *had* a soul, any more than a frog of Egypt.[7] You will

[1] [Above, p. 116: a reference to the breaking off of Solomon's head from the capital of the Ducal Palace at Venice.]
[2] [Proverbs iii. 3.]
[3] [Isaiah xlix. 15.]
[4] [Psalms ii. 3: see above, p. 366.]
[5] [Particulars of this accident cannot be traced.]
[6] [Ruth i. 22.]
[7] [See Letter 64, § 4 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 564).]

not, think you. Ah, but hear yet—for second thoughts are best.)

"We shall find all precious substance. We shall fill our houses with spoil."

(ALL precious substance. Is there anything in those houses round the park that could possibly be suggested as wanting?—And *spoil*,—all taken from the killed people. Have they not sped—have they not divided the spoil—to every man a damsel or two. Not one bit of it all wrought for with your own hand,—even so, mother of Sisera.[1])

"Cast in thy lot among *us*."—(The Company is limited.)

"Let us all have one"—(heart? no, for *none* of us have that;—mind? no, for none of us have that;—but let us all have one—) "purse." And now—that you know the meaning of it—I write to the end my morning's reading:—

"My son, walk not thou in the way with them.

"Refrain thy foot from their path. For their feet *run* to evil, and *hasten* to shed blood.

"Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.

"And they lay wait for their *own* blood.

"They lurk privily for their *own* lives.

"SO ARE THE WAYS OF EVERY ONE THAT IS GREEDY OF GAIN, WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE LIFE OF THE OWNERS THEREOF."

Now, therefore, let us see what these ways are—the Viæ Peccatorum,—the Pleasantness of them, and the Peace.[2]

16. The following are portions of a letter from the brother of one of my country friends here, who has been pastor of the English Baptist church in Tredegar about twenty years:—

"TREDEGAR, 11*th February*, 1878.

"Some three hundred men are said to have been discharged from the works last week. The mills are to be closed all this week, and the iron-workers do not expect to be able to earn a penny. About a day and a half per week, on the average, is what they have been working for several months. The average earnings have been six shillings a week, and out of that they have to pay for coal, house-rent, and other expenses, leaving

[1] [Judges v. 30, 28.]
[2] [Proverbs iii. 17.]

very little for food and clothing. The place has been divided into districts. I have one of these districts to investigate and relieve. In that district there are a hundred and thirty families in distress, and which have been relieved on an average of two shillings per week for each family for the last month. Many of them are some days every week without anything to eat, and with nothing but water to drink: they have nothing but rags to cover them by day, and very little beside their wearing apparel to cover them on their beds at night. They have sold or pawned their furniture, and everything for which they could obtain the smallest sum of money. In fact, they seem to me to be actually starving. In answer to our appeal, we have received about three hundred pounds, and have distributed the greater part of it. We also distributed a large quantity of clothing last week which we had received from different places. We feel increasing anxiety about the future. When we began, we hoped the prospect would soon brighten, and that we should be able before long to discontinue our efforts. Instead of that, however, things look darker than ever. We cannot tell what would become of us if contributions to our funds should now cease to come in, and we do not know how long we may hope that they will continue to come in, and really cannot tell who is to blame, nor what is the remedy."[1]

They know not at *what* they stumble.[2] How should they?

Well—will they hear at last then? Has Jael-Atropos[3] at last driven her nail well down through the Helmet of Death he wore instead of the Helmet of Salvation[4]—mother of Sisera?

[1] [For further reference to this extract, see Letter 93, § 4 (p. 469).]

[2] [Proverbs iv. 19.]

[3] [Compare the title of Letter 69 ("The Message of Jael-Atropos"), Vol. XXVIII. p. 687; see also above, p. 199. See also the letter to Mr. Walter Severn in Vol. XXVII. p. xx., where Ruskin speaks of "Fors Clavigera" as "Jael to the Sisera of lost opportunity."]

[4] [Isaiah lix. 17.]

Ω θνητοῖσι δικαιοτάτη, πολύολβε, ποθεινή,
ἐξ ἰσότητος ἀεὶ θνητοῖς χαίρουσα δικαίοις,
πάντιμ', ὀλβίομοιρε, Δικαιοσύνη μεγαλαυχής,
ἢ καθαραῖς γνώμαις αἰεὶ τὰ δέοντα βραβεύεις,
ἄθραυστος τὸ συνειδός· ἀεὶ θραύεις γὰρ ἅπαντας,
ὅσσοι μὴ τὸ σὸν ἦλθον ὑπὸ ζυγόν, ἀλλοπρόσαλλοι,
πλάστιγξιν βριαρῇσι παρεγκλίναντες ἀπλήστως·
ἀστασίαστε, φίλη πάντων, φιλόκωμ' ἐρατεινή,
εἰρήνῃ χαίρουσα, βίον ζηλοῦσα βέβαιον.
αἰεὶ γὰρ τὸ πλέον στυγέεις, ἰσότητι δὲ χαίρεις.
ἐν σοὶ γὰρ σοφίη ἀρετῆς τέλος ἐσθλὸν ἱκάνει.
κλῦθι, θεά, κακίην θνητῶν θραύουσα δικαίως,
ὡς ἂν ἰσορροπίῃσιν ἀεὶ βίος ἐσθλὸς ὁδεύοι
θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων, οἵ ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδουσιν,
καὶ ζώων πάντων, ὁπόσ' ἐν κόλποισι τιθηνεῖ
γαιᾶ θεὰ μήτηρ καὶ πόντιος εἰνάλιος Ζεύς.

Thou who doest right for mortals,—full of blessings,—thou, the desired of hearts,
Rejoicing, for thy equity, in mortal righteousness;—
All-honoured, happy-fated, majestic-mienèd Justice,
Who dost arbitrate, for pure minds, all that ought to be,
Unmoved of countenance thou;—(it is they who shall be moved
That come not under thy yoke,—other always to others,
Driving insatiably oblique the loaded scales);—
Thou,—seditionless, dear to all—lover of revel, and lovely,
Rejoicing in peace, zealous for pureness of life,
(For thou hatest always the More, and rejoicest in equalness.
For in thee the wisdom of virtue reaches its noble end.)
Hear, Goddess!—trouble thou justly the mischief of mortals,
So that always in fair equipoise the noble life may travel
Of mortal men that eat the fruit of the furrow,
And of all living creatures, whom nurse in their bosoms
Earth the Goddess mother, and the God of the deep sea.

ORPHEUS.—Sixty-third Hymn.

LETTER 88

THE CONVENTS OF ST. QUENTIN[1]

BRANTWOOD, *8th February*, 1880.

1. IT is now close on two years since I was struck by the illness which brought these Letters to an end, as a periodical series; nor did I think, on first recovery, that I should ever be able to conclude them otherwise than by a few comments in arranging their topical index.[2]

But my strength is now enough restored to permit me to add one or two more direct pieces of teaching to the broken statements of principle which it has become difficult to gather out of the mixed substance of the book. These will be written at such leisure as I may find, and form an eighth volume, which with a thin ninth, containing indices, I shall be thankful if I can issue in this tenth year from the beginning of the work.

2. To-day, being my sixty-first birthday, I would ask leave to say a few words to the friends who care for me, and the readers who are anxious about me, touching the above-named illness itself. For a physician's estimate of it, indeed, I can only refer them to my physicians. But there were some conditions of it which I knew better than they could: namely, first, the precise and sharp distinction between the state of morbid inflammation of brain which

[1] [See below, § 14. The passage from the Orphic Hymns was printed by Ruskin by way of frontispiece to the Letter. For a notice issued with the Letter, see above, p. xxxi.]

[2] [This Index (which was to have formed an additional volume of *Fors*) was never completed by Ruskin, but is now printed (for the most part from his notes) see below: p. 607.]

gave rise to false visions (whether in sleep, or trance, or waking, in broad daylight, with perfect knowledge of the real things in the room, while yet I saw others that were not there), and the not morbid, however dangerous, states of more or less excited temper, and too much quickened thought, which gradually led up to the illness, accelerating in action during the eight or ten days preceding the actual giving way of the brain (as may be enough seen in the fragmentary writing of the first edition of my notes on the Turner exhibition[1]); and yet, up to the transitional moment of first hallucination, entirely healthy, and in the full sense of the word "sane"; just as the natural inflammation about a healing wound in flesh is sane, up to the transitional edge where it may pass at a crisis into morbific, or even mortified, substance. And this more or less inflamed, yet still perfectly healthy, condition of mental power, may be traced by any watchful reader, in *Fors*, nearly from its beginning, —that manner of mental ignition or irritation being for the time a great additional force, enabling me to discern more clearly, and say more vividly, what for long years it had been in my heart to say.

8. Now I observed that in talking of the illness, whether during its access or decline, none of the doctors ever thought of thus distinguishing what was definitely diseased in the brain action, from what was simply curative—had there been time enough—of the wounded nature in me. And in the second place, not perceiving, or at least not admitting, this difference; nor, for the most part, apprehending (except the one who really carried me through, and who never lost hope—Dr. Parsons of Hawkshead) that there *were* any mental wounds to be healed, they made, and still make, my friends more anxious about me than there is occasion for: which anxiety I partly regret, as it pains them; but much more if it makes them more doubtful than they used to be (which, for some, is saying

[1] [For these *Notes*, see Vol. XIII. pp. 391 *seq.*; and for the fragmentary character of the first edition, *ibid.* pp. liv., lv.]

a good deal) of the "truth and soberness"[1] of *Fors* itself. Throughout every syllable of which, hitherto written, the reader will find one consistent purpose, and perfectly conceived system, far more deeply founded than any bruited about under their founders' names; including in its balance one vast department of human skill,—the arts,—which the vulgar economists are wholly incapable of weighing; and a yet more vast realm of human enjoyment—the spiritual affections,—which materialist thinkers are alike incapable of imagining: a system not mine, nor Kant's, nor Comte's;—but that which Heaven has taught every true man's heart, and proved by every true man's work, from the beginning of time to this day.

4. I use the word "Heaven" here in an absolutely literal sense, meaning the blue sky,[2] and the light and air of it. Men who live in that light,—"in pure sunshine, not under mixed-up shade,"[3]—and whose actions are open as the air, always arrive at certain conditions of moral and practical loyalty, which are wholly independent of religious opinion. These, it has been the first business of *Fors* to declare. Whether there be one God or three,—no God, or ten thousand,—children should have enough to eat, and their skins should be washed clean. It is not *I* who say that. Every mother's heart under the sun says that, if she has one.

Again, whether there be saints in Heaven or not, as long as its stars shine on the sea, and the thunnies swim there—every fisherman who drags a net ashore is bound to say to as many human creatures as he can, "Come and dine."[4] And the fishmongers who destroy their fish by cartloads that they may make the poor pay dear for what is left,[5] ought to be flogged round Billingsgate, and out of

[1] [Acts xxvi. 25.]
[2] [Compare Ruskin's saying that the object of education is to see the sky: Letter 9, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 164).]
[3] [Plato, *Phædrus*, 239 C. The Greek is given in *Art of England*, § 79.]
[4] [John xxi. 12: compare above, p. 37.]
[5] [See Letter 38 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 33).]

it. It is not *I* who say that. Every man's heart on sea and shore says that—if he isn't at heart a rascal. Whatever is dictated in *Fors* is dictated thus by common sense, common equity, common humanity, and common sunshine —not by me.

5. But farther. I have just now used the word "Heaven" in a nobler sense also: meaning, Heaven and our Father therein.

And beyond the power of its sunshine, which all men may know, *Fors* has declared also the power of its Fatherhood,—which only some men know, and others do not,—and, except by rough teaching, may not. For the wise of all the earth have said in their hearts always, "God is, and there is none beside Him;"[1] and the fools of all the earth have said in their hearts always, "I am, and there is none beside me."

Therefore, beyond the assertion of what is visibly salutary, *Fors* contains also the assertion of what is invisibly salutary, or salvation-bringing, in Heaven, to all men who will receive such health: and beyond this an invitation—passing gradually into an imperious call—to all men who trust in God, that they purge their conscience from dead works,[2] and join together in work separated from the fool's; pure, undefiled,[3] and worthy of Him they trust in.

6. But in the third place. Besides these definitions, first, of what is useful to all the world, and then of what is useful to the wiser part of it, *Fors* contains much trivial and desultory talk by the way. Scattered up and down in it,—perhaps by the Devil's sowing tares among the wheat,[4] —there is much casual expression of my own personal feelings and faith, together with bits of autobiography, which were allowed place, not without some notion of their being useful, but yet imprudently, and even incontinently,

[1] [See Deuteronomy iv. 39.]
[2] [Hebrews ix. 14.]
[3] [See James i. 27.]
[4] [See Matthew xiii. 25.]

because I could not at the moment hold my tongue about what vexed or interested me, or returned soothingly to my memory.

Now these personal fragments must be carefully sifted from the rest of the book, by readers who wish to understand it, and taken within their own limits,—no whit farther. For instance, when I say that "St. Ursula sent me a flower with her love,"[1] it means that I myself am in the habit of thinking of the Greek Persephone, the Latin Proserpina, and the Gothic St. Ursula, as of the same living spirit; and so far regulating my conduct by that idea as to dedicate my book on Botany to Proserpina; and to think, when I want to write anything pretty about flowers, how St. Ursula would like it said. And when on the Christmas morning in question, a friend staying in Venice brought me a pot of pinks, "with St. Ursula's love," the said pot of pinks did afterwards greatly help me in my work;—and reprove me afterwards, in its own way, for the failure of it.

7. All this effort, or play, of personal imagination is utterly distinct from the teaching of *Fors*, though I thought at the time its confession innocent, without in any wise advising my readers to expect messages from pretty saints, or reprobation from pots of pinks: only being urgent with them to ascertain clearly in their own minds what they *do* expect comfort or reproof from. Here, for instance (Sheffield, 12th February), I am lodging at an honest and hospitable grocer's, who has lent me his own bedroom, of which the principal ornament is a card printed in black and gold, sacred to the memory of his infant son, who died aged fourteen months, and whose tomb is represented under the figure of a broken Corinthian column, with two graceful-winged ladies putting garlands on it. He is comforted by this conception, and, in that degree, believes and feels with me: the merely palpable fact is probably, that

[1] [See Letter 74, § 1 (above, p. 30).]

his child's body is lying between two tall chimneys which are covering it gradually with cinders. I am quite as clearly aware of that fact as the most scientific of my friends; and can probably see more in the bricks of the said chimneys than they. But if they can see nothing in Heaven above the chimney tops, nor conceive of anything in spirit greater than themselves, it is not because they have more knowledge than I, but because they have less sense.

Less *common*-sense,[1]—observe: less practical insight into the things which are of instant and constant need to man.

8. I must yet allow myself a few more words of autobiography touching this point. The doctors said that I went mad, this time two years ago, from overwork. I had not been then working more than usual, and what was usual with me had become easy. But I went mad because nothing came of my work. People would have understood my falling crazy if they had heard that the manuscripts on which I had spent seven years of my old life had all been used to light the fire with, like Carlyle's first volume of the *French Revolution*.[2] But they could not understand that I should be the least annoyed, far less fall ill in a frantic manner, because, after I had got them published, nobody believed a word of them. Yet the first calamity would only have been misfortune,—the second (the enduring calamity under which I toil) is humiliation,—resisted necessarily by a dangerous and lonely pride.

9. I spoke just now of the "wounds" of which that fire in the flesh came;[3] and if any one ask me faithfully, what the wounds were, I can faithfully give the answer of Zechariah's silenced messenger, "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends."[4] All alike, in whom I had most trusted for help, failed me in this main work:

[1] [On common-sense, compare Appendix 8 (p. 535).]
[2] [See Froude's *Carlyle's Life in London*, vol. i. pp. 26 *seq.*]
[3] [See James v. 3.]
[4] [Zechariah xiii. 6.]

some mocked at it, some pitied, some rebuked,—all stopped their ears at the cry: and the solitude at last became too great to be endured. I tell this now, because I must say some things that grieve me to say, about the recent work of one of the friends from whom I had expected most sympathy and aid,—the historian J. A. Froude. Faithful, he, as it appeared to me, in all the intent of history: already in the year 1858 shrewdly cognizant of the main facts (with which he alone professed himself concerned) of English life past and present; keenly also, and impartially, sympathetic with every kind of heroism, and mode of honesty. Of him I first learned the story of Sir Richard Grenville; by him was directed to the diaries of the sea captains in Hakluyt; by his influence, when he edited *Fraser's Magazine*, I had been led to the writing of *Munera Pulveris*: his Rectorial address at St. Andrew's was full of insight into the strength of old Scotland; his study of the life of Hugo of Lincoln, into that of yet elder England;[1] and every year, as Auld Reekie and old England sank farther out of memory and honour with others, I looked more passionately for some utterance from him, of noble story about the brave and faithful dead, and noble wrath against the wretched and miscreant[2] dead-alive. But year by year his words have grown more hesitating and helpless. The first preface to his history is a quite masterly and exhaustive summary of the condition and laws of England before the Reformation; and it most truly introduces the following book as a study of the process by which that condition and those laws were turned upside-down, and inside-out, "as a man wipeth a dish,—wiping it, and turning it upside-down;"[3] so that, from the

[1] [The references are to "England's Forgotten Worthies," "Calvinism" (the subject of the Rectorial address), and "A Bishop of the Twelfth Century"—all included in *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. For the allusion to *Munera Pulveris*, see Vol. XVII. pp. 1, 143. For references by Ruskin to Grenville, see Vol. XXVII. p. 153, and the other passages there noted; to Hakluyt's *Voyages*, Vol. XXVII. p. 237; and to Bishop Hugo, Vol. XXVIII. p. 118.]

[2] [That is, misbelieving: see Vol. XXVII. pp. 81, 466.]

[3] [2 Kings xxi. 13.]

least thing to the greatest, if our age is light, those ages were dark; if our age is right, those ages were wrong,—and *vice versâ*. There is no possible consent to be got, or truce to be struck, between them. Those ages were feudal, ours free; those reverent, ours impudent; those artful, ours mechanical; the consummate and exhaustive difference being that the creed of the Dark Ages was, "I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;" and the creed of the Light Ages has become, "I believe in Father Mud, the Almighty Plastic; and in Father Dollar, the Almighty Drastic."

10. Now at the time when Mr. Froude saw and announced the irreconcilableness of these two periods, and then went forward to his work on that time of struggling twilight which foretold the existing blaze of day, and general detection of all impostures, he had certainly not made up his mind whether he ought finally to praise the former or the latter days. His reverence for the righteousness of old English law holds staunch, even to the recognition of it in the most violent states of—literal—ebullition: such, for instance, as the effective check given to the introduction of the arts of Italian poisoning into England, by putting the first English cook who practised them into a pot of convenient size, together with the requisite quantity of water, and publicly boiling him,[1]—a most concise and practical method. Also he rejoices in the old English detestation of idleness, and determination that every person in the land should have a craft to live by, and practise it honestly: and in manifold other matters I perceive the backward leaning of his inmost thoughts; and yet in the very second page of this otherwise grand preface, wholly in contravention of his own principle that the historian has only to do with facts, he lets slip this—conciliating is it? or careless? or really intended?—in any case amazing—sentence, "A condition

[1] [See ch. 4 of Froude's *History*, vol. i. pp. 308–309 in the octavo edition.]

of things" (the earlier age) "differing both outwardly and inwardly from that *into which a happier fortune has introduced ourselves.*" An amazing sentence, I repeat, in its triple assumptions,—each in itself enormous: the first, that it is happier to live without, than with, the fear of God; the second, that it is chance, and neither our virtue nor our wisdom, that has procured us this happiness;—the third, that the "ourselves" of Onslow Gardens[1] and their neighbourhood may sufficiently represent also the ourselves of Siberia and the Rocky Mountains—of Afghanistan and Zululand.

11. None of these assumptions have foundation; and for fastening the outline of their shadowy and meteoric form, Mr. Froude is working under two deadly disadvantages. Intensely loving and desiring Truth before all things, nor without sympathy even for monkish martyrs,—see the passage last quoted in my last written *Fors*, § 14,[2]—he has yet allowed himself to slip somehow into the notion that Protestantism and the love of Truth are synonymous;—so that, for instance, the advertisements which decorate in various fresco the station of the Great Northern Railway, and the newspapers vended therein to the passengers by the morning train, appear to him treasures of human wisdom and veracity, as compared with the benighted ornamentation of the useless Lesche of Delphi,[3] or the fanciful stains on the tunnel roof of the Lower Church of Assisi.[4] And this the more, because, for second deadly disadvantage, he has no knowledge of art, nor care for it; and therefore, in his life of Hugo of Lincoln, passes over the Bishop's designing, and partly building, its cathedral, with a word, as if he had been no more than a woodman building a hut:[5] and in his

[1] [Froude's London residence.]
[2] [Above, p. 373.]
[3] [See Vol. XX. pp. 20 *n.*, 269.]
[4] [For Giotto's frescoes there, see Vol. XXIII. pp. xlii. *seq.*]
[5] [In describing the subject of his paper, Froude says: "It is the life of St. Hugo of Avalon, a monk of the Grand Chartreuse, who was invited by Henry II. into England, became Bishop of Lincoln, and was the designer, and in part builder, of Lincoln Cathedral" (*Short Studies*, vol. ii. p. 61, 1891 edition).]

recent meditations at St. Albans,[1] he never puts the primal question concerning those long cliffs of abbey-wall, how the men who thought of them and built them, differed, in make and build of soul, from the apes who can only pull them down and build bad imitations of them: but he fastens like a remora on the nearer, narrower, copper-coating of fact—that countless bats and owls did at last cluster under the abbey-eaves; fact quite sufficiently known before now, and loudly enough proclaimed to the votaries of the Goddess of Reason, round *her* undefiled altars. So that there was not the slightest need for Mr. Froude's sweeping out these habitations of doleful creatures. Had he taken an actual broom of resolutely bound birch twigs, and, in solemn literalness of act, swept down the wrecked jackdaws' nests, which at this moment make a slippery dunghill-slope, and mere peril of spiral perdition, out of what was once the safe and decent staircase of central Canterbury tower, he would have better served his generation. But after he had, to his own satisfaction, sifted the mass of bone-dust, and got at the worst that could be seen or smelt in the cells of monks, it was next, and at least, his duty, as an impartial historian, to compare with them the smells of modern unmonastic cells (unmonastic, that is to say, in their scorn of sculpture and painting,—monastic enough in their separation of life from life). Yielding no whit to Mr. Froude in love of Fact and Truth, I will place beside his picture of the monk's cell, in the Dark Ages, two or three pictures by eye-witnesses—yes, and by line-and-measure witnesses—of the manufacturer's cell, in the happier times "to which Fortune has introduced ourselves." I translate them (nearly as Fors opens the pages to me) from M. Jules Simon's *L'Ouvrière*, a work which I recommend in the most earnest manner, as a text-book for the study of French in young ladies' schools. It must, however, be

[1] ["Annals of an English Abbey," in which Froude traces the corruptions of the monastic system, first published in *Scribner's Monthly*, 1873–1874, vol. vii. pp. 91, 187, 282; see now *Short Studies*, vol. iii. pp. 1–129 (1891 edition).]

observed, prefatorily, that these descriptions were given in 1861; and I have no doubt that as soon as this *Fors* is published, I shall receive indignant letters from all the places named in the extracts, assuring me that nothing of the sort exists there now. Of which letters I must also say, in advance, that I shall take no notice; being myself prepared, on demand, to furnish any quantity of similar pictures, seen with my own eyes, in the course of a single walk with a policeman through the back streets of any modern town which has fine front ones. And I take M. Jules Simon's studies from life merely because it gives me less trouble to translate them than to write fresh ones myself. But I think it probable that they *do* indicate the culminating power of the manufacturing interest in causing human degradation; and that things may indeed already be in some struggling initial state of amendment. What things *were*, at their worst, and were virtually *everywhere*, I record as a most important contribution to the History of France, and Europe, in the words of an honourable and entirely accurate and trustworthy Frenchman.[1]

12. "Elbeuf, where the industrial prosperity is so great, ought to have healthy lodgings. It is a quite new town, and one which may easily extend itself upon the hills (*coteaux*) which surround it. We find already, in effect, *jusqu'à mi-côte* (I don't know what that means,—half-way up the hill?), beside a little road bordered by smiling shrubs, some small houses built without care and without intelligence by little speculators scarcely less wretched than the lodgers they get together"—(this sort of landlord is one of the worst modern forms of Centaur,—half usurer, half gambler). "You go up two or three steps made of uncut stones" (none the worse for that though, M. Jules Simon), "and you find yourself in a little room lighted by one narrow window, and of which the four walls of earth have never been whitewashed nor rough-cast. Some half-rotten oak planks thrown down on the soil pretend to be a flooring. Close to the road, an old woman pays sevenpence halfpenny a week" (sixty-five centimes,—roughly, forty francs, or thirty shillings a year) "for a mud hut which is literally naked—neither bed, chair, nor table in it (*c'est en demeurer confondu*). She sleeps upon a little straw, too rarely renewed; while her son, who is a labourer at the port, sleeps at night upon the damp ground, without either straw or covering. At some steps farther on, a little back

[1] [See pp. 159–162 of *L'Ouvrière*, par Jules Simon, Paris, 1861. The passage in § 14 is from pp. 147–149, 151–154.]

from the road, a weaver, sixty years old, inhabits a sort of hut or sentry-box (for one does not know what name to give it), of which the filth makes the heart sick" (he means the stomach too—*fait soulever le cœur*). "It is only a man's length, and a yard and a quarter broad; he has remained in it night and day for twenty years. He is now nearly an idiot, and refuses to occupy a better lodging which one proposes to him.

"The misery is not less horrible, and it is much more general at Rouen. One cannot form an idea of the filth of certain houses without having seen it. The poor people feed their fire with the refuse of the apples which have served to make cider, and which they get given them for nothing. They have quantities of them in the corner of their rooms, and a hybrid vegetation comes out of these masses of vegetable matter in putrefaction. Sometimes the proprietors, ill paid, neglect the most urgent repairs. In a garret of the Rue des Matelas, the floor, entirely rotten, trembles under the step of the visitor; at two feet from the door is a hole larger than the body of a man. The two unhappy women who live there are obliged to cry to you to take care, for they have not anything to put over the hole, not even the end of a plank. There is nothing in their room but their spinning-wheel, two low chairs, and the wrecks of a wooden bedstead without a mattress. In a blind alley at the end of the Rue des Canettes, where the wooden houses seem all on the point of falling, a weaver of braces lodges with his family in a room two yards and a half broad by four yards and three-quarters long, measured on the floor; but a projection formed by the tunnels of the chimney of the lower stories, and all the rest, is so close to the roof that one cannot make three steps upright. When the husband, wife, and four children are all in it, it is clear that they cannot move. One will not be surprised to hear that the want of air and hunger make frequent victims in such a retreat (*reduit*). Of the four children which remained to them in April, 1860, two were dead three months afterwards. When they were visited in the month of April, the physician, M. Leroy, spoke of a ticket that he had given them the week before for milk. 'She has drunk of it,' said the mother, pointing to the eldest daughter, half dead, but who had the strength to smile.[1] Hunger had reduced this child, who would have been beautiful, nearly to the state of a skeleton.

"The father of this poor family is a good weaver. He could gain in an ordinary mill from three to four francs a day, while he gains only a franc and a half in the brace manufactory. One may ask why he stays there. Because at the birth of his last child he had no money at home, nor fire, nor covering, nor light, nor bread. He borrowed twenty francs from his patron, who is an honest man, and he cannot without paying his debt quit that workshop where his work nevertheless does not bring him enough to live on. It is clear that he will die unless some one helps him, but his family will be dead before him."

18. Think now, you sweet milkmaids of England whose face is your fortune,[2] and you sweet demoiselles of France

[1] [For later references to this passage, see below, pp. 402, 470.]
[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 310 *n*.]

who are content, as girls should be, with breakfast of brown bread and cream (read Scribe's little operetta, *La Demoiselle à Marier*),—think, I say, how, in this one,—even though she *has* had a cup of cold milk given her in the name of the Lord,[1]—lying still there, "nearly a skeleton," that verse of the song of songs which is Solomon's, must take a new meaning for *you*: "We have a little sister, and she has no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day of her espousals?"[2]

14. "For the cellars of Lille, those who defend them, were they of Lille itself, have not seen them. There remains one, No. 40 of the Rue des Étaques; the ladder applied against the wall to go down is in such a bad state that you will do well to go down slowly. There is just light enough to read at the foot of the ladder. One cannot read there without compromising one's eyes: the work of sewing is therefore dangerous in that place; a step farther in, it is impossible, and the back of the cave is entirely dark. The soil is damp and unequal, the walls blackened by time and filth. One breathes a thick air which can never be renewed, because there is no other opening but the trap-door (*soupirail*). The entire space, three yards by four, is singularly contracted by a quantity of refuse of all sorts, shells of eggs, shells of mussels, crumbled ground and filth, worse than that of the dirtiest dunghill. It is easy to see that no one ever walks in this cave. Those who live in it lie down and sleep where they fall. The furniture is composed of a very small iron stove of which the top is shaped into a pan, three earthen pots, a stool, and the wood of a bed without any bedding. There is neither straw nor coverlet. The woman who lodges in the bottom of this cellar never goes out of it. She is sixty-three years old. The husband is not a workman; they have two daughters, of which the eldest is twenty-two years old. These four persons live together, and have no other domicile.

"This cave is one of the most miserable, first for the extreme filth and destitution of its inhabitants, next by its dimensions, most of the cellars being one or two yards wider. These caves serve for lodging to a whole family; in consequence, father, mother, and children sleep in the same place, and too often, whatever their age, in the same bed. The greater number of these unhappies see no mischief in this confusion of the sexes; whatever comes of it, they neither conceal it, nor blush for it; nay, they scarcely know that the rest of mankind have other manners. Some of the caves, indeed, are divided in two by an arch, and thus admit of a separation which is not in general made. It is true that in most cases the back cellar is entirely dark, the air closer, and the stench more pestilent. In some the water trickles down the walls, and others are

[1] [Matthew x. 42.]
[2] [Canticles viii. 8.]

close to a gully-hole, and poisoned by mephitic vapours, especially in summer. . . .

"There are no great differences between the so-called 'courettes' (little alleys) of Lille, and the so-called 'forts' of Roubaix, or the 'convents' of St. Quentin; everywhere the same heaping together of persons and the same unhealthiness. At Roubaix, where the town is open, space is not wanting, and all is new,—for the town has just sprung out of the ground, —one has not, as at Lille, the double excuse of a fortified town where space is circumscribed to begin with, and where one cannot build without pulling down. Also at Roubaix there are never enough lodgings for the increasing number of workmen, so that the landlords may be always sure of their rents. Quite recently, a manufacturer who wanted some hands brought some workwomen from Lille, paid them well, and put them in a far more healthy workshop than the one they had left. Nevertheless, coming on Thursday, they left him on Saturday: they had found no place to lodge, and had passed the three nights under a gateway. In this open town, though its rows of lodgings are more than half a mile from the workshops, they are not a bit more healthy. The houses are ill-constructed, squeezed one against another, the ground between not levelled, and often with not even a gutter to carry away the thrown-out slops, which accumulate in stagnant pools till the sun dries them. Here at hazard is the description of some of the lodgings. To begin with a first floor in Wattel Street: one gets up into it by a ladder and a trap without a door; space, two yards and a half by three yards; one window, narrow and low; walls not rough-cast; inhabitants, father, mother, and two children of different sexes,—one ten, the other seventeen: rent, one franc a week. In Halluin Court[1] there is a house with only two windows to its ground floor, one to the back and one to the front; but this ground floor is divided into three separate lodgings, of which the one in the middle"—(thus ingeniously constructed in the age of light)—"would of course have no window at all, but it is separated from the back and front ones by two lattices, which fill the whole space, and give it the aspect of a glass cage. It results that the household placed in this lodging has no air, and that none of the three households have any privacy, for it is impossible for any person of them to hide any of his movements from the two others. One of these lodgings is let for five francs a month; the woman who inhabits it has five children, though all young, but she has got a sort of cage made in the angle of her room, which can be got up to by a winding staircase, and which can hold a bed. This the lodger has underlet, at seventy-five centimes a week, to a sempstress, abandoned by her lover, with a child of some weeks old. This child is laid on the bed, where it remains alone all the day, and the mother comes to suckle it at noon. A gown and a bonnet, with a little parcel which may contain, at the most, one chemise, are placed on a shelf, and above them an old silk umbrella—an object of great luxury, the *débris* of lost opulence. Nearly all the inhabitants of this court are subject to fever. If an epidemic came on the top of that, the whole population would be carried off. Yet it is not two years since Halluin Court was built."

[1] [Compare below, Letter 89, § 5 (p. 402).]

Such, Mr. Froude,[1] are the "fortresses" of free—as opposed to feudal—barons; such the "convents" of philosophic—as opposed to catholic—purity. Will you not tell the happy world of your day, how it may yet be a little happier? It is wholly your business, not mine;—and all these unwilling words of my tired lips are spoken only because *you* are silent.

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15. I do not propose to encumber the pages of the few last numbers of *Fors* with the concerns of St. George's Guild; of which the mustard-seed state (mingled hopefully however with that of cress) is scarcely yet overpast. This slackness of growth, as I have often before stated, is more the Master's fault than any one else's, the present Master being a dilatory, dreamy, and—to the much vexation of the more enthusiastic members of the Guild—an extremely patient person; and busying himself at present rather with the things that amuse him in St. George's Museum than with the Guild's wider cares;—of which,

[1] [The first draft had a longer passage here:—

"Such are the fortresses of modern power—and such, the convents of modern purity. And if any living writer wills to be the historian of evil rather than of good,—these are the first sorrows to be pictured, while yet there is time to relieve,—these the first sins to be recorded, whether for present amendment, or enduring shame. But if with no tragic thirst for the thrill of compassion, and no morbid pleasure in the self-gratulation of disdain, the historian sets himself to discern the balance of the facts, and the bias of the ways of his time, no age of the world is so equally poised between iniquity and righteousness, between corruption and growth, as to leave him long incapable of judgment. There is another side to the picture of which I have been revealing the horror. Out of the distress of one section, has arisen, or may yet arise, various increase of comfort or convenience for others—such as Miss Edgeworth, Macaulay, and the lower tribes of partly honest blunderers and partly interested partisans who have followed them, believed and proclaim to be the first fruits of the Godless Millennium. The balanced account of the pains of the poor, and of the deeds and pleasures of the rich, is the first of all State documents which a true Historian has to decipher; and not merely to decipher, but to exhibit with much more than the philosophical admiration of Truth—with a warrior's resolution to enthrone and defend her at cost, if it must be, of his life. Men in the dark ages died for what they believed; but men in these light ages will not put themselves to the least danger for what they know."

In explanation of the reference here to Miss Edgeworth, see (in a later volume of this edition) *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 46 *n.*, and compare Vol. XI. p. 125 *n.*]

however, a separate report will be given to its members in the course of this year,[1] and continued as need is.

16. Many well-meaning and well-wishing friends outside the Guild, and desirous of entrance, have asked for relaxation of the grievous law concerning the contribution of the tithe of income. Which the Master is not, however, in the least minded to relax;[2] nor any other of the Guild's original laws, none of which were set down without consideration, though this requirement of tithe does indeed operate as a most stiff stockade, and apparently unsurmountable hurdle-fence, in the face of all more or less rich and, so to speak, overweighted, well-wishers. For I find, practically, that fifty pounds a year can often save me five —or at a pinch, seven—of them; nor should I be the least surprised if some merry-hearted apprentice lad, starting in life with a capital of ten pounds or so, were to send me one of them, and go whistling on his way with the remaining nine. But that ever a man of ten thousand a year should contrive, by any exertion of prudence and self-denial, to live upon so small a sum as nine thousand, and give one thousand to the poor,—this is a height of heroism wholly inconceivable to modern pious humanity.

17. Be that as it may, I am of course ready to receive subscriptions for St. George's work from outsiders—whether zealous or lukewarm—in such amounts as they think fit: and at present I conceive that the proposed enlargements of our museum at Sheffield are an object with which more frank sympathy may be hoped than with the agricultural business of the Guild. Ground I have, enough—and place for a pleasant gallery for such students as Sheffield may send up into the clearer light;*—but I don't choose to

* An excellent and kind account of the present form and contents of the Museum will be found in the last December number of Cassell's *Magazine of Art*.[3]

[1] [The "Master's Report" was, however, not issued till 1881: see Vol. XXX.]
[2] [That is, in the case of full "Companions:" see above, p. 182. Subsequently, however, the "stockade" was removed: see Vol. XXX. p. 47.]
[3] [By Edward Bradbury, vol. iii. pp. 57–60.]

sell out any of St. George's stock for this purpose, still less for the purchase of books for the Museum,—and yet there are many I want, and can't yet afford. Mr. Quaritch, for instance, has a twelfth-century Lectionary, a most precious MS., which would be a foundation for all manner of good learning to us: but it is worth its weight in silver, and inaccessible for the present.[1] Also my casts from St. Mark's, of sculptures never cast before, are lying in lavender —or at least in tow—invisible and useless, till I can build walls for them: and I think the British public would not regret giving me the means of placing and illuminating these rightly. And, in fine, here I am yet for a few years, I trust, at their service—ready to arrange such a museum for their artizans as they have not yet dreamed of;—not dazzling nor overwhelming, but comfortable, useful, and—in such sort as smoke-cumbered skies may admit,—beautiful; though not, on the outside, otherwise decorated than with plain and easily-worked slabs of Derbyshire marble, with which I shall face the walls, making the interior a working man's Bodleian Library, with cell and shelf of the most available kind, undisturbed, for his holiday time. The British public are not likely to get such a thing done by any one else for a time, if they don't get it done now by me, when I'm in the humour for it. Very positively I can assure them of that; and so leave the matter to their discretion.

Many more serious matters, concerning the present day, I have in mind—and partly written, already; but they must be left for next *Fors*, which will take up the now quite imminent question of Land, and its Holding, and Lordship.

[1] [This Lectionary was ultimately bought by Ruskin, out of the funds of the St. George's Guild, for the Sheffield Museum ("Master's Report," 1884, § 5): see Vol. XXX., where also (in the Catalogue of the Museum) the casts from St. Mark's are described.]

LETTER 89

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?[1]

TO THE TRADES UNIONS OF ENGLAND[2]

BEAUVAIS, *August* 31, 1880.

1. MY DEAR FRIENDS,—This is the first letter in *Fors* which has been addressed to you as a body of workers separate from the other Englishmen who are doing their best, with heart and hand, to serve their country in any sphere of its business, and in any rank of its people. I have never before acknowledged the division, (marked, partly in your own imagination, partly in the estimate of others, and of late, too sadly, staked out in permanence by animosities and misunderstandings on both sides,) between you, and the mass of society to which you look for employment. But I recognize the distinction to-day, moved, for one thing, by a kindly notice of last *Fors*, which appeared in the *Bingley Telephone* of April 23rd of this year;[3] saying, "that it was to be wished I would write more to and for the workmen and workwomen of these

[1] [For the title, see § 10 (p. 408).]

[2] [525 copies of this Letter were issued free to Trade Unions, each copy being stamped "Trades Union Copy, presented by the Author": see below, § 13. "The most important *Fors* I have yet written," Ruskin called it in a letter to Miss Beever (September 18); "dainty packets of dynamite" (*Hortus Inclusus*, 3rd ed., p. 85; reprinted in a later volume of this edition).]

[3] [*The Bingley Telephone and Airedale Courant.* The article contains also the following passage: "John Ruskin appears to run away with the idea that he is not appreciated by working people. We can assure him that he is mistaken in this. We know numbers in our small circle of friends, who look upon him in the light which he would value most, that of a man who loves truth for its own

realms," and influenced conclusively by the fact of your having expressed by your delegates at Sheffield[1] your sympathy with what endeavours I had made for the founding a Museum there, different in principle from any yet arranged for working men: this formal recognition of my effort, on your part, signifying to me, virtually, that the time was come for explaining my aims to you, fully, and in the clearest terms possible to me.

2. But, believe me, there have been more reasons than I need now pass in review, for my silence hitherto respecting your special interests. Of which reasons, this alone might satisfy you, that, as a separate class, I knew scarcely anything of you but your usefulness, and your distress; and that the essential difference between me and other political writers of your day, is that I never say a word about a single thing that I don't know, while they never trouble themselves to know a single thing they talk of; but give you their own "opinions"[2] about it, or tell you the gossip they have heard about it, or insist on what they like in it, or rage against what they dislike in it; but entirely decline either to look at, or to learn, or to speak, the Thing as it is, and must be.

Now I know many things that are, and many that must be, hereafter, concerning my own class: but I know nothing yet, practically, of yours, and could give you no serviceable advice either in your present disputes with your masters, or in your plans of education and action for yourselves, until I had found out more clearly, what you meant by a Master, and what you wanted to gain either in education or action,—and, even farther, whether the kind of

sake, and is a sincere lover of his fellow-men, and who desires in his heart their elevation to a higher plane. We have seen a letter which he once sent to a woolsorter in Cottingley, and he says in it that his correspondent was the first working man who had ever written a letter to him. But John Ruskin must be told that humble working men look upon him as such a great man that it would be presumptuous on their part to do such a thing."]

[1] [The reference is probably to the subscriptions collected for the Museum among the co-operators: see below, p. 415 n.]

[2] [Compare above, p. 374.]

person you meant by a Master was one in reality or not, and the things you wanted to gain by your labour were indeed worth your having or not. So that nearly everything hitherto said in *Fors* has been addressed, in main thought, to your existing Masters, Pastors, and Princes,[1]—not to you,—though these all I class with you, if they knew it, as "workmen and labourers," and you with them, if *you* knew it, as capable of the same joys as they, tempted by the same passions as they, and needing, for your life, to recognize the same Father and Father's Law over you all, as brothers in earth and in heaven.

8. But there was another, and a more sharply restrictive reason for my never, until now, addressing you as a distinct class;—namely, that certain things which I knew positively must be soon openly debated—and what is more, determined—in a manner very astonishing to some people, in the natural issue of the transference of power out of the hands of the upper classes, so called, into yours,—transference which has been compelled by the crimes of those upper classes, and accomplished by their follies,—these certain things, I say, coming now first into fully questionable shape,[2] could not be openly announced as subjects of debate by any man in my then official position as one of a recognized body of University teachers, without rendering him suspected and disliked by a large body of the persons with whom he had to act. And I considered that in accepting such a position at all, I had virtually promised to teach nothing contrary to the principles on which the Church and the Schools of England believed themselves—whether mistakenly or not—to have been founded.

The pledge was easy to me, because I love the Church and the Universities of England more faithfully than most churchmen, and more proudly than most collegians; though

[1] ["Masters, being the leaders in your work; Pastors, the teachers of your hearts; Princes, the rulers over them and you."—*MS. note by Author in his copy.*]

[2] ["*i.e.*, shape of which it can be distinctly questioned: is it convenient, tenable, graceful, or the like?"—*MS. note by Author in his copy.*]

my pride is neither in my college boat, nor my college plate, nor my college class-list, nor my college heresy. I love both the Church and the schools of England, for the sake of the brave and kindly men whom they have hitherto not ceased to send forth into all lands, well nurtured, and bringing, as a body, wherever their influence extended, order and charity into the ways of mortals.

And among these I had hoped long since to have obtained hearing, not for myself, but for the Bible which their Mothers reverenced, the laws which their Fathers obeyed, and the wisdom which the Masters of all men—the dead Senate of the noblest among the nations—had left for the guidance of the ages yet to be. And during seven years I went on appealing to my fellow scholars, in words clear enough to them, though not to you, had they chosen to hear: but not one cared nor listened, till I had sign sternly given to me that my message to the learned and the rich was given, and ended.

4. And now I turn to you, understanding you to be associations of labouring men who have recognized the necessity of binding yourselves by some common law of action, and who are taking earnest counsel as to the conditions of your lives here in England, and their relations to those of your fellow-workers in foreign lands. And I understand you to be, in these associations, disregardant, if not actually defiant, of the persons on whose capital you have been hitherto passively dependent for occupation, and who have always taught you, by the mouths of their appointed Economists, that they and their capital were an eternal part of the Providential arrangements made for this world by its Creator.

In which self-assertion, nevertheless, and attitude of inquiry into the grounds of this statement of theirs, you are unquestionably right. For, as things are nowadays, you know any pretty lady in the Elysian fields of Paris who can set a riband of a new colour in her cap in a taking way, forthwith sets a few thousands of Lyonnaise spinners

and dyers furiously weaving ribands of like stuff, and washing them with like dye. And in due time the new French edict reaches also your sturdy English mind, and the steeples of Coventry ring in the reign of the elect riband, and the Elysian fields of Spital,[1] or whatever other hospice now shelters the weaver's head, bestir themselves according to the French pattern, and bedaub themselves with the French dye; and the pretty lady thinks herself your everlasting benefactress, and little short of an angel sent from heaven to feed you with miraculous manna, and you are free Britons that rule the waves, and free Frenchmen that lead the universe, of course; but you have not a bit of land you can stand on—without somebody's leave, nor a house for your children that they can't be turned out of, nor a bit of bread for their breakfast to-morrow, but on the chance of some more yards of riband being wanted. Nor have you any notion that the pretty lady herself can be of the slightest use to you, except as a consumer of ribands; what God made *her* for—you do not ask: still less she, what God made *you* for.

5. How many are there of you, I wonder, landless, roofless, foodless, unless, for such work as they choose to put you to, the upper classes provide you with cellars in Lille, glass cages in Halluin Court, milk tickets for which your children still have "the strength to smile—"* How many of you, tell me,—and what your united hands and wits are worth at your own reckoning?

Trade Unions of England—Trade Armies of Christendom, what's the roll-call of you, and what part or lot have you, hitherto, in this Holy Christian Land of your Fathers? Is not that inheritance to be claimed, and the Birth Right of it, no less than the Death Right? Will you not determine where you may be Christianly bred, before you set

* See *Fors* for March of this year, Letter 88, with the sequel.[2]

[1] [For the weavers of Spitalfields, see Letter 18 (Vol. XXVII. p. 306 n.).]

[2] [For the cellars in Lille, see p. 393; for the glass cages of Halluin Court and the sequel, p. 394; for the milk tickets, p. 392.]

your blockhead Parliaments to debate where you may be Christianly buried[1] (your priests also all a-squabble about that matter, as I hear,—as if any ground could be consecrated that had the bones of rascals in it, or profane where a good man slept!). But how the Earth that you tread may be consecrated to you, and the roofs that shade your breathing sleep, and the deeds that you do with the breath of life yet strengthening hand and heart,—this it is your business to learn, if you know not; and this mine to tell you, if you will learn.

6. Before the close of last year, one of our most earnest St. George's Guildsmen wrote to me saying that the Irish Land League claimed me as one of their supporters; and asking if he should contradict this, or admit it.

To whom I answered, on Christmas Day of 1879, as follows:—

BRANTWOOD, *Christmas*, '79.

"You know I never read papers, so I have never seen a word of the Irish Land League or its purposes; but I assume the purpose to be—that Ireland should belong to Irishmen;[2] which is not only a most desirable, but, ultimately, a quite inevitable condition of things,—that being the assured intention of the Maker of Ireland, and all other lands.

"But as to the manner of belonging, and limits and rights of holding, there is a good deal more to be found out of the intentions of the Maker of Ireland, than I fancy the Irish League is likely to ascertain, without rueful experience of the consequences of any and all methods contrary to those intentions.

[1] [A Burials Bill had been one of the first measures introduced by the Liberal Government of 1880. The Bill gave to Nonconformists the right to be buried in churchyards and in consecrated grounds in cemeteries. "On no subject have so large a number of signatures ever been collected from the clergy of England as were arrayed in opposition to the Government Burials Bill of 1880" (Davidson's *Life of Archbishop Tait*, vol. ii. p. 378).]

[2] [For another note on the Irish question, see Vol. XXVI. p. 295 *n.*]

"And for my own part I should be wholly content to confine the teaching—as I do the effort—of the St. George's Guild, to the one utterly harmless and utterly wholesome principle, that land, by whomsoever held, is to be made the most of, by human strength, and not defiled,* nor left waste. But since we live in an epoch assuredly of change, and too probably of Revolution; and thoughts which cannot be put aside are in the minds of all men capable of thought, I am obliged also to affirm the one principle which can—and in the end will—close all epochs of Revolution,—that each man shall possess the ground he can use—and no more,—USE, I say, either for food, beauty, exercise, science, or any other sacred purpose. That each man shall *possess*, for his own, no more than such portion, with the further condition that it descends to his son, inalienably—right of primogeniture being in this matter eternally sure. The nonsense talked about division is all temporary; you can't divide for ever, and when you have got down to a cottage and a square fathom—if you allow division so far—still primogeniture will hold the right of that.

"But though *possession* is, and must be, limited by use (see analytic passages on this head in *Munera Pulveris*[1]), Authority is not. And first the Maker of the Land, and then the King of the Land, and then the Overseers of the Land appointed by the King, in their respective orders, must all in their ranks control the evil, and promote the good work of the possessors. Thus far, you

* And if not the land, still less the water. I have kept by me now for some years, a report on the condition of the Calder, drawn up by Mr. James Fowler, of Wakefield, in 1866, and kindly sent to me by the author on my mention of Wakefield in *Fors*.[2] I preserve it in these pages, as a piece of English History characteristic to the uttermost of our Fortunate Times.[3] See Appendix to this number [p. 417].

[1] [*Munera Pulveris*, §§ 14, 35, 36, 114, 115 (Vol. XVII. pp. 154, 166, 167, 239).]

[2] [See Letters 50, 55, 57, 62.]

[3] [The reference is to the passage cited from Froude: see above, pp. 386–389.]

will find already, all is stated in *Fors*;[1] and *further*, the right of every man to possess so much land as he can *live* on—especially observe the meaning of the developed Corn Law Rhyme,

> "Find'st thou rest for England's head
> Free alone among the dead?" *

meaning that Bread, Water, and the Roof over his head, must be tax- (*i.e.*, rent-) free to every man.

"But I have never yet gone on in *Fors* to examine the possibly best forms of practical administration. I always felt it would be wasted time, for these *must* settle themselves. In Savoy the cottager has his garden and field, and labours with his family only; in Berne, the farm labourers of a considerable estate live under the master's roof, and are strictly domestic; in England, farm labourers might probably with best comfort live in detached cottages; in Italy, they might live in a kind of monastic fraternity. All this, circumstance, time, and national character must determine; the one thing St. George affirms is the duty of the master in every case to make the lives of his dependants noble to the best of his power."

7. Now you must surely feel that the questions I have indicated in this letter could only be answered rightly by the severest investigation of the effect of each mode of human life suggested, as hitherto seen in connection with other national institutions, and hereditary customs and character. Yet every snipping and scribbling blockhead hired by the bookseller to paste newspaper paragraphs into what may sell for a book, has his "opinion"[2] on these things, and will announce it to you as the new gospel of eternal

* See *Fors*, Letter 74, § 11 (note) [above, p. 40].

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[1] [See Letter 71, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 737, 738).]
[2] [Compare above, pp. 374, 399.]

and universal salvation—without a qualm of doubt—or of shame—in the entire loggerhead of him.

Hear, for instance, this account of the present prosperity, and of its causes, in the country of those Sea Kings who taught you your own first trades of fishing and battle:—

"The Norwegian peasant is a free man on the scanty bit of ground which he has inherited from his fathers; and he has all the virtues of a freeman—an open character, a mind clear of every falsehood, an hospitable heart for the stranger. His religious feelings are deep and sincere, and the Bible is to be found in every hut. He is said to be indolent and phlegmatic; but when necessity urges he sets vigorously to work, and never ceases till his task is done. His courage and his patriotism are abundantly proved by a history of a thousand years.

"Norway owes her present prosperity chiefly to her liberal constitution. The press is completely free, and the power of the king extremely limited. All privileges and hereditary titles are abolished. The Parliament, or the 'Storthing,' which assembles every three years, consists of the 'Odelthing,' or Upper House, and of the 'Logthing,' or Legislative Assembly. Every new law requires the royal sanction; but if the 'Storthing' has voted it in three successive sittings, it is definitely adopted in spite of the royal veto. Public education is admirably cared for. There is an elementary school in every village; and where the population is too thinly scattered, the schoolmaster may truly be said to be abroad, as he wanders from farm to farm, so that the most distant families have the benefit of his instruction. Every town has its public library; and in many districts the peasants annually contribute a dollar towards a collection of books, which, under the care of the priest, is lent out to all subscribers.

"No Norwegian is confirmed who does not know how to read, and no Norwegian is allowed to marry who has not been confirmed. He who attains his twentieth year without having been confirmed, has to fear the House of Correction. Thus ignorance is punished as a crime in Norway, an excellent example for far richer and more powerful nations."[1]

8. I take this account from a book on the Arctic regions, in which I find the facts collected extremely valuable, the statements, as far as I can judge, trustworthy, the opinions and teachings—what you can judge of by this specimen.[2] Do you think the author wise in attributing the prosperity

[1] [*The Polar World: a Popular Description of Man and Nature in the Arctic and Antarctic Regions of the Globe*, by Dr. G. Hartwig, 1869, ch. ix. pp. 110, 111.]

[2] ["Half-sandy, half-soppy, political opinions," Ruskin calls them in *Love's Meinie* (Vol. XXV. p. 120). For another reference to the book, see the paper, *Usury: a Reply and a Rejoinder*, in a later volume of this edition.]

of Norway chiefly to her kings being crippled, and her newspapers free? or that perhaps her thousand years of courage may have some share in the matter? and her mind clear of every falsehood? and her way of never ceasing in a task till it is done? and her circulating schoolmasters? and her collected libraries? and her preparation for marriage by education? and her House of Correction for the uneducated? and her Bible in every hut? and, finally, her granted piece of his native land under her peasant's foot for his own? Is her strength, think you, in any of these things, or only in the abolition of hereditary titles, the letting loose of her news-mongers, and the binding of her king? *Date* of these modern constitutional measures, you observe, not given! and consequences, perhaps, scarcely yet conclusively ascertainable. If you cannot make up your own minds on one or two of these open questions, suppose you were to try an experiment or two? Your scientific people will tell you—and this, at least, truly—that they cannot find out anything without experiment: you may also in political matters think and talk for ever—resultlessly. Will you never try what comes of Doing a thing for a few years, perseveringly, and keep the result of that, at least, for known?

9. Now I write to you, observe, without knowing, except in the vaguest way, who you *are!*—what trades you belong to, what arts or crafts you practise—or what ranks of workmen you include, and what manner of idlers you exclude. I have no time to make out the different sets into which you fall, or the different interests by which you are guided. But I know perfectly well what sets you *should* fall into, and by what interests you *should* be guided. And you will find your profit in listening while I explain these to you somewhat more clearly than your penny-a-paragraph liberal papers will.

In the first place, what business have you to call yourselves only *Trade* Guilds, as if "trade," and not production, were your main concern? Are you by profession nothing

more than pedlars and mongers of things, or are you also Makers of things?

It is too true that in our City wards our chapmen have become the only dignitaries—and we have the Merchant-Tailors' Company, but not the plain Tailors'; and the Fishmongers' Company, but not the Fishermen's; and the Vintners' Company, but not the Vinedressers'; and the Ironmongers' Company, but not the Blacksmiths'; while, though, for one apparent exception, the Goldsmiths' Company proclaims itself for masters of a craft, what proportion, think you, does its honour bear compared with that of the Calf-worshipful Guild of the Gold Mongers?

Be it far from me to speak scornfully of trade. My Father—whose Charter of Freedom of London Town I keep in my Brantwood treasury beside missal and cross—sold good wine, and had, over his modest door in Billiter Street, no bush.[1] But he grew his wine, before he sold it; and could answer for it with his head, that no rotten grapes fermented in his vats, and no chemist's salt effervesced in his bottles. Be you also Tradesmen—in your place—and in your right; but be you, primarily, Growers, Makers, Artificers, Inventors, of things good and precious. What talk you of Wages? Whose is the Wealth of the World but yours? Whose is the Virtue? Do you mean to go on for ever, leaving your wealth to be consumed by the idle, and your virtue to be mocked by the vile?

10. The wealth of the world is yours; even your common rant and rabble of economists tell you that—"no wealth without industry." Who robs you of it, then, or beguiles you? Whose fault is it, you clothmakers, that any English child is in rags? Whose fault is it, you shoemakers, that the street harlots mince in high-heeled shoes, while your own babes paddle barefoot in the street slime? Whose fault is it, you bronzed husbandmen, that through all your

[1] [*As You Like It*, Act v. sc. 4 (Epilogue).]

furrowed England, children are dying of famine? Primarily, of course, it is your clergymen's[1] and masters'[2] fault: but also in this your own, that you never educate any of your children with the earnest object of enabling them to see their way out of this, not by rising above their father's business, but by setting in order what was amiss in it:[3] also in this your own, that none of you who do rise above your business, ever seem to keep the memory of what wrong they have known, or suffered; nor, as masters, set a better example than others.

Your own fault, at all events, it will be now, seeing that you have got Parliamentary power in your hands, if you cannot use it better than the moribund Parliamentary body has done hitherto.

11. To which end, I beg you first to take these following truths into your good consideration.

First. Men don't and can't live by exchanging articles, but by producing them. They don't live by trade, but by work. Give up that foolish and vain title of Trades Unions; and take that of Labourers' Unions.

And, whatever divisions chance or special need may have thrown you into at present, remember there are essential and eternal divisions of the Labour of Man, into which you *must* practically fall, whether you like it or not; and these eternal classifications it would be infinitely better if you at once acknowledged in thought, name, and harmonious action. Several of the classes may take finer divisions in their own body, but you will find the massive general structure of working humanity range itself under these following heads, the first eighteen assuredly essential; the three last, making twenty-one altogether, I shall be able,

[1] ["In not delivering the primary command of Christianity by the Mouth of the Baptist. 'The people asked him, saying, What shall we do then? He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise'" (Luke iii. 10, 11).—*MS. note by Author in his copy.*]

[2] ["In directing you to make useless things."—*Ibid.*]

[3] [Compare Ruskin's evidence before the Public Institutions Committee, Vol. XVI. p. 474.]

I think, to prove to you are not superfluous:[1]—suffer their association with the rest in the meantime.

1. Shepherds.
2. Fishermen.
3. Ploughmen.
4. Gardeners.
5. Carpenters and Woodmen.
6. Builders and Quarrymen.
7. Shipwrights.
8. Smiths and Miners.*
9. Bakers and Millers.
10. Vintners.
11. Graziers and Butchers.
12. Spinners.
13. Linen and Cotton-workers.
14. Silk-workers.
15. Woollen-workers.
16. Tanners and Furriers.
17. Tailors and Milliners.
18. Shoemakers.
19. Musicians.
20. Painters.
21. Goldsmiths.

Get these eighteen, or twenty-one, as you like to take them, each thoroughly organized, proud of their work, and doing it under masters, if any, of their own rank, chosen for their sagacity and vigour, and the world is yours, and all the pleasures of it, that are true; while all false pleasures in such a life fall transparent, and the hooks are seen through the baits of them. But for the organization of these classes, you see there must be a certain quantity

* See note in Appendix II. [p. 422].

[1] [Compare Letter 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 186 *n.*]

of land available to them, proportioned to their multitude: and without the possession of that, nothing can be done ultimately; though at present the mere organization of your masses under these divisions will clear the air, and the field, for you, to astonishment.

12. And for the possession of the land, mind you, if you try to take it by force, you will have every blackguard and vaut-rien in the world claiming his share of it with you,—for by that law of force he has indeed as much right to it as you; but by the law of labour he has not. Therefore you must get your land by the law of labour; working for it, saving for it, and buying it, as the spendthrifts and idlers offer it you: but buying never to let go.

And this, therefore, is practically the first thing you have to bring in by your new Parliaments—a system of land tenure, namely, by which your organized classes of labouring men may possess their land as corporate bodies, and add to it—as the monks once did, and as every single landlord can, now; but I find that my St. George's Guild cannot, except through complications or legal equivocations almost endless, and hitherto indeed paralyzing me in quite unexpectedly mean and miserable ways.

Now I hope all this has been clearly enough said, for once: and it shall be farther enforced and developed as you choose, if you will only tell me by your chosen heads whether you believe it, and are any of you prepared to act on it, and what kinds of doubt or difficulty occur to you about it, and what farther questions you would like me to answer.

13. And that you may have every power of studying the matter (so far as *I* am concerned), *this Fors* you shall have gratis;—and the next, if you enable me to make it farther useful to you. That is to say, your committees of each trade-guild may order parcels of them from my publisher in any quantities they wish, for distribution among their members. To the public its price remains fixed, as that of all my other books. One word only let me say in

conclusion, to explain at once what I mean by saying that the pleasures of the world are all yours.

God has made man to take pleasure in the use of his eyes, wits, and body. And the foolish creature is continually trying to live without looking at anything, without thinking about anything, and without doing anything. And he thus becomes not only a brute, but the unhappiest of brutes. All the lusts and lazinesses he can contrive only make him more wretched; and at this moment, if a man walks watchfully the streets of Paris, whence I am now writing to you,—a city in which is every invention that science, wit, and wealth can hit upon to provoke and to vary the pleasures of the idle,—he will not see one happy or tranquil face, except among the lower and very hard-labouring classes. Every pleasure got otherwise than God meant it —got cheaply, thievingly, and swiftly, when He has ordered that it should be got dearly, honestly, and slowly,—turns into a venomous burden, and, past as a pleasure, remains as a load, increasing day by day its deadly coat of burning mail.[1] The joys of hatred, of battle, of lust, of vain knowledge, of vile luxury, all pass into slow torture: nothing remains to man, nothing is possible to him of true joy, but in the righteous love of his fellows; in the knowledge of the laws and the glory of God, and in the daily use of the faculties of soul and body with which that God has endowed him.

PARIS, 18*th September*, 1880.

[1] [Compare Letter 21, § 12 (Vol. XXVII. p. 360).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

14. "DEAR SIR,—May I take an advantage of this note, and call your attention to a fact of much importance to Englishmen, and it is this? On reference to some Freethought papers—notably, the *National Reformer*—I find a movement on foot amongst the Atheists, vigorous and full of life, for the alteration of the Land Laws in our much-loved country. It is a movement of much moment, and likely to lead to great results. The first great move on the part of Charles Bradlaugh, the premier in the matter, is the calling of a Conference to discuss the whole question.[1] The meeting is to be attended by all the National Secular Society's branches throughout the empire; representatives of nearly every Reform Association in England, Scotland, and Ireland; deputations from banded bodies of workmen, colliers, etc.,—such as the important band of Durham miners—trade unionists; and, in fact, a most weighty representative Conference will be gathered together. I am, for many reasons, grieved and shocked to find the cry for Reform coming with *such a heading* to the front. Where are our statesmen,—*our clergy?* The terrible crying evils of our land system are coming to the front in our politics without the help of the so-called upper classes; nay, with a deadly hatred of any disturbance in that direction, our very clergy are taking up arms against the popular cry.

"Only a week ago I was spending a few days with a farmer near Chester, and learned to my sorrow and dismay that the Dean and Chapter of that city, who own most of the farms, etc., in the district wherein my friend resides, refuse now —and only *now*—to accept other than *yearly* tenants for these farms, have raised all the rents to an exorbitant pitch, and only allow the land to be sown with wheat, oats, or whatever else in seed, etc., on a personal inspection by their agent.[2] The consequence of all this is, that poverty is prevailing to an alarming extent: the workers getting all the bitter, hard toil; the clergy, one may say, *all* the profits. It is terrible, heart-breaking; I never longed so much for heart-searching, vivid eloquence, so that I might move men with an irresistible tongue to do the Right.

"I wonder how many of these great ones of our England have seen the following lines from Emerson; and yet what a lesson is contained in them!

'God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best;

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[1] [The Conference was held at the St. James's Hall on February 10, 1880, Mr. Bradlaugh being in the chair, Mr. T. Burt, Mr. Joseph Arch, and Mr. Michael Davitt being among the speakers. Fully reported in the *Times*, February 11, 1880.]

[2] [For further correspondence on this subject, see Letter 90, § 12 (p. 436).]

I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas,
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but toil shall have.'

Boston Hymn.

"I can only pray and hope that some mighty pen as yours, if not yourself, may be moved to show Englishmen the right way before it is too late.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Your obedient servant."

"JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ."

15. "DEAR SIR,—I have seen a letter from you to Mr. G. J. Holyoake, in which you say 'the only calamity which I perceive or dread for an Englishman is his becoming a rascal; and co-operation amongst rascals—if it were possible—would bring a curse. *Every year sees our workmen more eager to do bad work, and rob their customers on the sly.* All political movement among such animals I call essentially fermentation and putrefaction—not co-operation.'[1]

"Now, sir, I see, I think, as completely and consequently as positively as you possibly can, the truth of your general statement—that is, that there is a widespread *tendency* and *habit* of producing work that has the appearance of being good

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[1] [The second of two letters written by Ruskin to George Jacob Holyoake in 1879–1880. The former letter—printed in the *Christian Life*, December 20, 1879, in the *Coventry Co-operative Record* of January 1880, and in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 109—was written, some time in August 1879, in acknowledgment of a copy of Mr. Holyoake's *History of Co-operation: its Literature and its Advocates* (2 vols., 1875–1877). The letter was as follows:—

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

"DEAR MR. HOLYOAKE,—I am not able to write you a pretty letter to-day, being sadly tired, but am very heartily glad to be remembered by you. But it utterly silences me that you should waste your time and energy in writing 'Histories of Co-operation' anywhere as yet. My dear sir, you might as well write the history of the yellow spot in an egg—in two volumes. Co-operation is as yet—in any true sense—as impossible as the crystallisation of Thames mud.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"J. RUSKIN."

The second letter—printed in the *Daily News*, June 19, 1880, and in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 110—was as follows:—

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
"*April* 12, 1880.

"DEAR MR. HOLYOAKE,—I am very glad that you are safe back in England, and am not a little grateful for your kind reference to me while in America, and for your letter about Sheffield Museum. But let me pray for another interpretation of my former letter than mere Utopianism. The one calamity which I perceive or dread for an Englishman is his

when yet it is a fraud: its reality is not according to the appearance. But, sir, is the part that I have underlined correct? It is said that Lancashire sends to India calico with lime or paste put in it to make it feel stout: is that the workman's fault?

"I myself am a workman in what is called fancy hosiery, and to get a living have to make a great quantity of work—in some instances turning very good wool into rubbish, when yet I know that it is capable of being made into very nice and serviceable clothing; but if I made it into anything of the sort I should be ruining my employer, because he could not sell it at a profit: something at four shillings, that should be fourteen, is what is required—I should like to see it stopped. How is it to be done?

"If you, sir, were to ask a merchant in these goods why they were not made better, more serviceable, and perfect, he would most certainly tell you that the *Germans* are in our market with enormous quantities of these goods at terribly low prices, and that he has no market for goods of superior quality and higher prices. I produced a great novelty about six years ago; it was a beautiful class of goods, and a vast trade came on in them; and now those goods are entirely run out in consequence of their being made worse, and still worse, till they were turned into rubbish. Competition did that—'fermentation and putrefaction'; but I cannot see that the workman was to blame: he was ordered to do it.

"Yours most respectfully."

"MR. RUSKIN."

(No answer to this is expected.)

Answer was sent, nevertheless; promising a more sufficient one in *Fors*; which may be briefly to the first question, "Is the part underlined correct?" —too sorrowfully, Yes; and to the second question—Is it the workman's fault?—that the workman can judge of that, if he will, for himself. Answer at greater length will be given in next *Fors*.[1]

"CRANLEIGH, SURREY, *May 26th*, 1880.

16. "REVERED SIR,—You ask me how I came to be one of your pupils. I have always been fond of books, and in my reading I often saw your name; but one day, when reading a newspaper account of a book-sale, I saw that one of your books fetched £38 for the five volumes: I was struck with the amount, and thought that they must be worth reading; I made up my mind to find out more about them, and if possible to buy some. The next time I went to London I asked a bookseller to show me some of your works: he told me that he did not keep them. I got the same answer from about half-a-dozen more that I tried; but

becoming a rascal, and co-operation among rascals—if it were possible—would bring a curse. Every year sees our workmen more eager to do bad work and rob their customers on the sly. All political movement among such animals I call essentially fermentation and putrefaction—not co-operation.

"Ever affectionately yours,
"J. RUSKIN."

The "kind reference to Mr. Ruskin while in America" alludes to a public speech made by Mr. Holyoake during his stay in that country. The "letter about Sheffield Museum," was one in high praise of it, written by Mr. Holyoake to the editor of the *Sheffield Independent*, in which paper it was printed (March 8, 1880). Mr. Swan, the Curator of the Museum, had started a penny subscription among workmen, and Mr. Holyoake, who was addressing the co-operators at Sheffield at the time, collected various sums for the fund: see above, p. 399 *n*.]

[1] [This, however, was not done.]

this only made me more determined to get them, and at last I found a bookseller who agreed to get me *Fors*.

"When I got it, I saw that I could get them from Mr. Allen. I have done so; and have now most of your works.

"I read *Fors* with extreme interest, but it was a tough job for me, on account of the number of words in it that I had never met with before; and as I never had any schooling worth mentioning, I was obliged to look at my dictionaries pretty often: I think I have found out now the meanings of all the *English* words in it.

"I got more good and real knowledge from *Fors* than from all the books put together that I had ever read.

"I am now trying to carry out your principles in my business, which is that of a grocer, draper, and clothier; in fact, my shop is supposed by the Cranleigh people to contain almost everything that folks require.

"I have always conducted my business honestly: it is not so difficult to do this in a village as it is in larger places. As far as I can see, *the larger the town the worse it is for the honest tradesman*. [Italics mine.—J. R.]

"The principal difference I make now in my business, since I read *Fors*, is to recommend hand-made goods instead of machine-made. I am sorry to say that most of my customers will have the latter. I don't know what I can do further, as I am not the maker of the goods I sell, but only the distributor.

"If I understand your teaching, I ought to keep hand-made goods *only*,* and those of the best quality obtainable. If I did this, I certainly should lose nearly all my trade; and as I have a family to support, I cannot do so. No; I shall stick to it, and sell as good articles as I can for the price paid, and tell my customers, as I always have done, that the best goods are the cheapest.

"I know you are right about the sin of usury. I have but little time to-day, but I will write to you again some day about this.

"I met with a word (Adscititious) in 'Carlyle,' I cannot find in any dictionaries that I can get at.

"I sent the minerals off yesterday packed in a box.† I am half-afraid now that you will not think them good enough for the Museum.

"Your grateful pupil,

"STEPHEN ROWLAND.

"JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D."

* Answered—By no means, but to recommend them at all opportunities.

† A collection of English minerals and fossils presented by Mr. Rowland to St. George's Museum, out of which I have chosen a series from the Clifton limestones for permanent arrangement.[1]

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[1] [These specimens may be seen in the Museum.]

APPENDIX I

MR. FOWLER'S REPORT ON THE CONDITION OF THE CALDER[1]

Given in evidence before the Royal Commissioners at Wakefield, and published in their Report, page 17 (*with some additions*[2])

17. It would be difficult to find a more striking instance than that afforded by the Calder, of the extent to which our rivers have been defiled by sewage and refuse from manufactories. Its green banks and interesting scenery[3] made it formerly a pleasant resort for the artizan and operative in hours of leisure, while its clear and sparkling waters invited the healthful recreations of boating, bathing, and fishing. "In 1826 the water was clear, and the bottom was free from mud; it was a gravelly, sandy bottom, and I have frequently myself sent stones into it for boys to dive down after; the water at a depth of seven or eight feet was sufficiently clear to distinguish stones at the bottom; some of the streams running in, for instance the Alverthorpe Beck, at that time were full of fish; there was a great deal of fish in the river. I have frequently seen kingfishers there, which shows the general clearness of the water."—*Extract from Mr. Milner's evidence*, p. 63. Pike of all sizes, trout up to three pounds in weight, salmon trout, dace, and bream were plentiful. Even so lately as within the last twenty years, any one with a fly might in an afternoon catch a basketful of chub, each weighing at least two or three pounds: and during freshes, with a cast net, very frequently ninety or a hundred, sometimes even a hundred and fifty pounds, of roach, chub, gudgeon, etc., were caught in an evening. On one occasion, where the water was let off from a quite short cutting belonging to the Calder and Hebble Navigation Company, at least four hundred and fifty pounds of eels were taken; in fact, whenever any one wanted fish, a sackful might readily be obtained. Nothing of this kind has been known, however, since the springing up of manufactories in the Vale of the Calder. Soon after the Thornes Soap Works were begun near Wakefield, many stones of fish, which had come up the river to spawn, were to be seen floating dead upon the surface. During that year all fish forsook this part of the stream as regular inhabitants. For some time after, however, during freshes, a fish was occasionally to be seen as a curiosity; and so lately as 1858, an experienced fisherman succeeded, on one of several persevering trials, in capturing two small chub.

At present, the condition of the river is most disgusting. Defiled almost from its source, it reaches us with the accumulated refuse of Todmorden, Hebden Bridge,

[1] [See above, p. 404 *n.*]

[2] [Mr. James Fowler, one of the surgeons to the Wakefield Hospital and Dispensary. The report is on pp. 17, 18 of the *Third Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Best Means of Preventing the Pollution of Rivers* (*Rivers Aire and Calder, etc.*), vol. ii. Minutes of Evidence, 1867.]

[3] [See Letter 57 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 411).]

Sowerby Bridge, Halifax, Elland, Brighouse, Cooper Bridge, Holmfirth, Huddersfield, Mirfield, Dewsbury, Earlsheaton, Thornhill, and Horbury. At the suspension bridge, about a mile and a half above Wakefield, it runs slowly, and in many places is almost stagnant. It has a bluish-black, dirty-slate colour; and a faint, nauseous smell, which leaves an extremely unpleasant impression for long after it has been once thoroughly perceived,—considerably worse than that made by the Thames after a stage on a penny boat. The banks and every twig and weed in reach are coated with soft, black slime or mud, which is studded on the edges of the stream with vivid patches of annelides. Above are overhanging willows; and where the branches of these touch the water, especially in any quiet pool, large sheets of thin bluish or yellowish green scum collect, undisturbed save by the rising to the surface of bubbles of fœtid gas. Between this point and Wakefield, the refuse of extensive soap works and worsted mills enters, causing discoloration for several hundred yards. I have, in fact, traced large quantities of soap scum beyond Portobello, a distance of about half a mile. Nearer the town, quantities of refuse from large dye works are continually being discharged, to say nothing of the periodical emptying of spent liquor and vat sediments. *It is noteworthy that whereas formerly goods were brought to Wakefield to be dyed on account of the superiority of the water for the purpose, the trade has now left Wakefield to a considerable extent, and the Wakefield manufacturers have themselves to send away their finer goods from home to be dyed.* On the opposite side are two full streams, one of sewage, the other apparently from some cotton mills; and here it may be stated that the exact degree to which influxes of this kind injure in different cases is extremely difficult to estimate; some manufacturers using ammonia, while others adhere to the old-fashioned pigs' dung and putrid urine. The banks on each side are here studded with granaries and malting houses, from the latter of which is received that most pernicious contamination, the steep-liquor of malt. There is also the refuse of at least one brewhouse and piggery, and of a second soap manufactory drained into the river before it reaches the outlet of Ings Beck, at the drain immediately above Wakefield Bridge. In this situation, on any warm day in summer, torrents of gas may be seen rising to the surface, and every now and then large masses of mud, which float for awhile and then, after the gas they contain has escaped and polluted the atmosphere, break up and are re-deposited, or are at once carried down the river, stinking and putrefying in their course. The Calder and Hebble Navigation Company are periodically put to great inconvenience and expense in removing collections of this kind, the smell of which is often most offensive, and has more than once caused serious illness to the workmen employed. About two years ago the mud had accumulated to a depth of five feet, and, the water having been drained off, at least two thousand tons were removed, but no fish or living being of any kind was discovered. At the bridge there has been a water-mill for at least seven hundred years, and any one interested in the smell of partially oxidized sewage should not omit to stand over the spray which ascends from the wheel. Masses of solid faeces may be seen at the grating through which the water is strained. Looking from the bridge westward, except in wet weather, is a large, open, shallow, almost stagnant pond of the most offensive character, with tracks of dark-coloured mud constantly exposed. The sewer of the town and the West Riding Asylum, with the refuse of the worsted, woollen, and cloth mills, malt-houses, breweries, brew-houses, slaughter-houses, dye-works, fibre mills, soap mills, and grease works enters by the drain just below; its surface covered with froth of every conceivable colour and degree of filthiness, overhung by willows, in whose branches are entangled and exposed to view the most disgusting objects. The scum may readily be traced down the river for a considerable distance. The last defilement of moment is that from some extensive grease works, in which oil of vitriol is largely employed.

The Ings Beck, to which I have already alluded, merits a few particular remarks, being the most important tributary the Calder receives in this district. On the day I last examined its outlet, the smell arising was most offensive. The general resemblance of the stream was rather to thick soup than water, and it had a dirty, greasy, yellowish, indigo-slate colour, where not coated by froth, scum, or floating

filth. Its bed is silted to a considerable extent by black, fœtid mud, and its outlet partially obstructed by two large ash heaps. It may be observed, however, that this is perhaps the only place in the neighbourhood at present where refuse ashes have been tilted, and that, though the height of the water in the river alters considerably according to the state of the weather, the raising of the bed is due for the most part to matters washed down from a higher source. Such is the case with the miscellaneously constituted sediment dredged by the Calder and Hebble Navigation Company near the Wakefield dam, and with the shoal at Lupset pond above Wakefield; an accumulation of ashes and dye-woods having risen in the latter situation during the last five or six years. Walking up the bank of the beck, one may form a fair idea of the kind of contamination received. Besides dead dogs, tin kettles, broken pots, old pans, boots, hats, etc., we find house-sinks and surface drains, public-house refuse and factors' privies flowing in unscrupulously. Myriads of annelides in the mud upon the banks subsist on the impurities; that in the neighbourhood of a warm sewer being, in fact, for some distance entirely concealed by sheets of moving pink. A railway waggon-maker's establishment was a little while ago an artificial manure factory, and contributed greatly to the general pollution.

At the bottom of Thornhill Street are two strong foul streams, one of sewage, the other, on the day I visited it, discharging deep indigo-coloured stuff. Immediately above this the beck, though receiving muddy refuse from some cement works, was purple coloured, and where the branches of overhanging shrubs dipped beneath its surface, a polychrome froth and scum collected. A few hundred yards higher, having passed the place of entrance of the purple dye, the stream regained nearly its original dirty indigo appearance. Near the Low Hill bridge was a fall of hot mauve refuse, with several yards of rainbow-coloured scum. Where the water could be seen, in one light it would have a bluish tint, in another a dirty yellowish; and the mud was deep and flocculent. Nearer Chald Lane there was an extremely filthy ditch, covered with scum, and loaded with the privy and house refuse of a large number of cottages and low lodging-houses; and a little higher two large streams of thick purple dye refuse. Above the dam in this situation enter the waste of a dye-works and shoddy mill, with the filthy privy and surface drains of Salt Pie Alley. The water here is the colour of the contents of a slop-pail, is almost stagnant, coated in patches of several yards with scum, and is in other respects very offensive. At Brooksbank a kind of long oblong pond is formed, two sides of which are of thick mud, one exposing the privy refuse and excrements in three drains from the neighbouring cottages and lodging-houses; and about here does or did recently enter the flushings of the cesspools from the prison with its sixteen hundred inmates, and the refuse of the chemicals used in the annual manufacture, dyeing, and bleaching of about seven hundred and fifty tons of matting. Balne Beck also enters at this point. Going upwards we find the Westgate Beck receiving the fouled water and other refuse of two large worsted mills, of surface drains, of piggeries, and of privies; then muddy water, apparently from some brick-yards, and hot waste from a large woollen mill. Immediately above healthy green confervæ began to show themselves; long grass floats on the surface; shrubs grow upon the banks; and if a brown scum collects where the branches touch the surface, it has altogether a less disgusting character. Fairly out in the country the water is bright and clear, and boys bathe in it in summer when deep enough.

Balne Beck is on the whole as yet tolerably clean, the sides only being lined with mud patched with red, and the stones at the bottom coated with long trails of green confervæ. The principal impurities are from a soap-works, a coal-mine, a skin-preparing shed, and a brick-field. The Yorkshire Fibre Company did a short time since drain a large quantity of poisonous matter into the beck, but is at present restrained by an injunction.

The Water Company's works are situated about two and a half miles below Wakefield Bridge, and consequently receive the water in an extremely unfavourable condition. It has received the unchecked and accumulating filth and pollution

of 400,000 inhabitants (number now much greater), and their manufactures, to which Wakefield itself, with its 20,000 inhabitants, has contributed. The large live-stock market also, with its average sale of 800 beasts and 6000 sheep, has added a grave pollution. As if to show how completely we acquiesce in the abandoned corruption of the stream, the putrefying carcases of animals—not only of dogs and cats, but of pigs, sheep, and calves—are allowed to drift along with their surfeiting smell, until stopped of themselves at Stanley Ferry.

On stirring up the mud from the bottom, a Winchester quart of gas was readily collected by means of an inverted funnel, and was found, on examination, to consist chiefly of carbonic acid, light carburetted hydrogen, sulphuretted hydrogen, and free nitrogen.

It is not easy to estimate accurately the effect of nuisances of this kind on the public health. Two years and a half ago, whilst the waterworks were undergoing improvement, and for some months the supply to the town was merely pumped up from the river into the mains without filtration, the actual mortality did not appear directly to increase. This, however, may be explained by the fact that a peculiar atmospheric condition is necessary in order to develop fully the death-bearing properties of impure water; and it may be added that, as it was, and as I had occasion to represent to the Local Board at that time, there was a greater amount of diarrhœa, continued fever, erysipelas, diffuse abscess, and of cutaneous and subcutaneous cellular inflammation; while the inflammation generally was peculiarly liable to take on the erysipelatous form and become unmanageable, and the convalescence from various diseases to be unwontedly interrupted and prolonged. Possibly this, and even an increased death-rate, had it occurred, might have been explained in part by other causes; but I cannot resist the conviction that bad water as a beverage, and the taint which it communicates to the atmosphere, bear a most important part both in causing actual disease and in weakening the power of the constitution to bear up against disease, and so shorten life in that way. Greatly improved houses have been built for the artizan class during the last few years; greater attention has been paid to the ventilation of mills and workshops; the agitation for a people's park indicates how wide-awake the population is to the benefit of fresh air; wages have increased; the character of the food consumed is more closely inspected; the drainage is more efficient; many open sewers have been closed; bad wells have been stopped; but both the death-rate and the amount of disease have increased; the former reaching so high as 27·4 per thousand in the present year. The whole of the excess in this mortality is due to preventable disease, which includes diarrhœa, cholera, and typhoid, the poison of which may unquestionably and has frequently been known to be conveyed through water. An indication of the extent to which constitutional vigour has at the same time diminished, is found in the fact that less than twenty years ago to blister, bleed, and purge was the routine of the physicians' practice at the dispensary, while cod-liver oil and quinine were unknown. This mode of treatment, if it did not cure, certainly did not kill; for the patients did well under it, having strength to bear up against and conquer both disease and treatment. Now, I will venture to say, that ninety-nine per cent. of our patients would sink under the depletory measures of bygone days; and during last year, in a practice of only 2700 patients, it was found necessary to prescribe no less than twenty-three gallons of cod-liver oil, and sixty-four ounces of quinine, to say nothing of nourishment and stimulants. An atmosphere saturated with smoke, and shutting out instead of conveying the light of the sun, sedentary habits, dense population, and unhealthy pursuits, have doubtless shared in bringing about this general lowness of constitution; but the healthy textural drainage and repair of the body, and consequently the perfect activity of its functions, can scarcely take place if, instead of pure water, it be supplied with a compound with which it is not organized to operate.

I have nothing to add respecting the moral contamination of material filthiness, since that is out of my province. But surely drunkenness and vice, and other forms of intellectual insensibility, are fostered, if not originated, by mental despair and disappointment; the things which should, in the ordinary course of nature,

be pleasing and refreshing to the mind, having ceased to be so. At least we are taught that in the heavenly Jerusalem the river which proceeds from the throne of God is clear as crystal, giving birth on either side to the tree of life for the healing of the nations; whereas

> "Upon the banks a scurf,
> From the foul stream condensed, encrusting hangs,
> That holds sharp combat with the sight and smell,"

freighted by devils, in the dingy regions of the damned.

(Signed) JAMES FOWLER.

WAKEFIELD, *15th October*, 1866.

(The Commissioners at this time said the river had received the utmost amount of contamination of which a river was capable,—but it is much worse now.)

APPENDIX II

18. THE business of mining is put in this subordinate class [p. 410], because there is already more metal of all sorts than we want in the world, if it be used prudently; and the effect of this surplus is even now to make mining, on the whole, always a loss. I did not know that this law extended even to recent gold-workings. The following extract from the *Athenæum* of April 3 of this year is, I suppose, trustworthy:—

A History of the Precious Metals from the Earliest Times to the Present. By Alexander Del Mar, M.E. (Bell and Sons.)

It is not often that a volume which deals with such a subject as that which Mr. Del Mar has written on can be considered interesting by the general reader. Yet in the present instance this really might be the case if the reader were to occupy himself with those chapters in this work which deal with mining for the precious metals in America. A residence of some years in California has given Mr. Del Mar a practical acquaintance with the manner in which mining is conducted, and the history of that industry there from the commencement. This knowledge also has enabled him to describe with the vividness derived from actual knowledge the operations of the Spaniards in Central America while searching for gold from the fifteenth century onwards. The picture Mr. Del Mar draws of the results of the *auri sacra fames* which consumed both earlier and later seekers after wealth is indeed terrible. Empires were overthrown, and their industrious and docile populations were swept away in numbers almost beyond belief, or ground down by every suffering which avarice, cruelty, and sensuality could inflict. The ultimate utter exhaustion both of conquerors and conquered marks the period reaching far into the eighteenth century, when forced labour was employed. The statement that "the Indies had become 'a sort of money'" (p. 63), expresses perhaps as forcibly as possible what the fate of the native inhabitants of Southern America was under the rule of the Spaniard. And if, during the comparatively short period that has elapsed since the famous discovery of gold at Mill Race in California, the reckless consumption of life has not been associated with the utter brutality which marked the conduct of the followers of Cortes and Pizarro, the economic results are scarcely more satisfactory. Mr. Del Mar calculates that the outlay on mining far outweighs the proceeds; he estimates that the £90,000,000 of gold produced in California from 1848 to 1856 inclusive "cost in labour alone some £450,000,000, or five times its mint value" (p. 263.) Nor is this estimate of the net product even of the "Comstock Lode" more favourable to the owners (p. 266). Here also the total cost is placed at five times the return. Beyond this the mining country is devastated. Destruction of timber, consequent injury to climate, ruin to fertile land by hydraulic mining, are but a part of the injury. The scale on which operations are carried on may be judged from the fact that the aggregate length of the "mining ditches," or aqueducts, employed in bringing water to the mines, is put down as 6585 miles in California in 1879 (p. 290). These works are maintained at much cost. The reader will ask, "How can such an industry continue? The country is desolated, the majority of those employed lose. Why is all this labour thus misapplied?" The answer is, The spirit of gambling and the chance of a lucky hit lure the venturers on. The multitude forget the misfortunes of the many, while they hope to be numbered among the fortunate few.

LETTER 90

LOST JEWELS[1]

1. I AM putting my house in order; and would fain put my past work in order too, if I could. Some guidance, at least, may be given to the readers of *Fors*—or to its partial readers—in their choice of this or that number. To this end I have now given each monthly part its own name, indicative of its special subject.[2] The connection of all these subjects, and of the book itself with my other books, may perhaps begin to show itself in this letter.

The first principle of my political economy will be found again and again reiterated in all the said books,[3]—that the material wealth of any country is the portion of its possessions which feeds and educates good men and women in it; the connected principle of national policy being that the strength and power of a country depends absolutely on the quantity of good men and women in the territory of it, and not at all on the extent of the territory—still less on the number of vile or stupid inhabitants.[4] A good crew in a good ship, however small, is a power; but a bad crew in the biggest ship—none,—and the best crew

[1] [For the title, see § 6.]
[2] [See the Bibliographical Note in Vol. XXVII. p. xci.]
[3] [See, for instance, *Unto this Last*, § 77 (Vol. XVII. pp. 104–105).]
[4] [See, for instance, *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 114 (Vol. XVIII. p. 479), and *Queen of the Air*, § 121 (Vol. XIX. p. 401). The illustration of a ship's crew was a favourite one with Ruskin in his economic writings: compare, for instance, Vol. XVII. p. 372; Vol. XXVIII. p. 127; and above, p. 20.]

in a ship cut in half by a collision in a hurry, not much the better for their numbers.

Following out these two principles, I have farther, and always, taught that, briefly, the wealth of a country *is in* its good men and women, and in nothing else: that the riches of England are good Englishmen; of Scotland, good Scotchmen; of Ireland, good Irishmen. This is first, and more or less eloquently, stated in the close of the chapter called the Veins of Wealth, of *Unto this Last:* and is scientifically, and in sifted terms, explained and enforced in *Munera Pulveris.* I have a word or two yet to add to what I have written, which I will try to keep very plain and unfigurative.

2. It is taught, with all the faculty I am possessed of, in *Sesame and Lilies,*[1] that in a state of society in which men and women are as good as they can be (under mortal limitation), the women will be the guiding and purifying power. In savage and embryo countries, they are openly oppressed, as animals of burden; in corrupted and fallen countries, more secretly and terribly. I am not careful concerning the oppression which they are able to announce themselves, forming anti-feminine-slavery colleges and institutes, etc.; but of the oppression which they cannot resist, ending in their destruction, I am careful exceedingly.

The merely calculable phenomena of economy are indeed supposed at present to indicate a glut of them; but our economists do not appear ever to ask themselves of what *quality* the glut is, or, at all events, in what quality it would be wisest to restrict the supply, and in what quality, educated according to the laws of God, the supply *is* at present restricted.

I think the experience of most thoughtful persons will confirm me in saying that extremely good girls (good children, broadly, but especially girls), usually die young. The pathos of their deaths is constantly used in poetry

[1] [See Lecture II., "Of Queens' Gardens" (Vol. XVIII).]

and novels; but the power of the fiction rests, I suppose, on the fact that most persons of affectionate temper have lost their own May Queens or little Nells[1] in their time. For my own part of grief, I have known a little Nell die, and a May Queen die, and a queen of May, and of December also, die;—all of them, in economists' language, "as good as gold," and in Christian language, "only a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour."[2] And I could count the like among my best-loved friends, with a rosary of tears.

8. It seems, therefore, that God takes care, under present circumstances, to prevent, or at least to check, the glut of that kind of girls. *Seems*, I say, and say with caution—for perhaps it is not entirely in His good pleasure that these things are so. But, they being so, the question becomes therefore yet more imperative—how far a country paying this enforced tax of its good girls annually to heaven is wise in taking little account of the number it has left? For observe that, just beneath these girls of heaven's own, come another kind, who are just earthly enough to be allowed to stay with us; but who get put out of the way into convents, or made mere sick-nurses of, or take to mending the irremediable,—(I've never got over the loss to me, for St. George's work, of one of the sort). Still, the nuns are always happy themselves; and the nurses do a quantity of good that may be thought of as infinite in its own way; and there's a chance of their being forced to marry a King of the Lombards and becoming Queen Theodolindas[3] and the like: pass these, and we come to a kind of girl, just as good, but with less strong

[1] [On the death of little Nell, in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 11 *n.*]

[2] [Psalms viii. 5; Hebrews ii. 7, 9.]

[3] [Theodolinda, a Bavarian princess, whose adventures ended in a marriage with Autharis, King of the Lombards, at Verona. "At the end of one year it was dissolved by the death of Autharis (A.D. 590), but the virtues of Theodolinda had endeared her to the nation, and she was permitted to bestow, with her hand, the sceptre of the Italian kingdom" (Gibbon, ch. xlv.). See, for another reference to her, Vol. XX. p. 363.]

We none of us knew her. There was something in the eyes like the wild look of the other's; the face was wrinkled, and a little hard in expression—Alpine, now, in its beauty. "Don't you know Sybilla?" said she. My mother made her as happy as she could for a week at Chamouni,[1]—I am not sure if they ever met again: the girl wandered about wistfully a year or two longer, then died of rapid decline.

4. I have told this story in order to draw two pieces of general moral from it, which may perhaps be more useful than if they were gathered from fable.

First, a girl's proper confidant is her father. If there is any break whatever in her trust in him, from her infancy to her marriage, there is wrong somewhere,—often on his part, but most likely it is on hers; by getting into the habit of talking with her girl-friends about what they have no business with, and her father much. What she is not inclined to tell her father, should be told to no one; and, in nine cases out of ten, not thought of by herself.

And I believe that few fathers, however wrong-headed or hard-hearted, would fail of answering the habitual and patient confidence of their child with true care for her. On the other hand, no father *deserves*, nor can he entirely and beautifully win, his daughter's confidence, unless he loves her better than he does himself, which is not always the case. But again here, the fault may not be all on papa's side.

In the instance before us, the relations between the motherless daughter and her old sea-captain father were entirely beautiful, but not rational enough. *He* ought to have known, and taught his pretty Sybilla, that she had other duties in the world than those immediately near his own arm-chair; and she, if resolved not to marry while he needed her, should have taken more care of her own heart, and followed my mother's wise counsel at once.

5. In the second place, when a youth is fully in love with a girl, and feels that he is wise in loving her, he

[1] [For a reference to this meeting at Chamouni (in 1849), see *Præterita*, ii. § 223; and for another reference to Miss Dowie's death, *ibid.*, i. § 260.]

should at once tell her so plainly, and take his chance bravely, with other suitors. No lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once, nor should any girl have the cruelty to refuse at once; without severe reasons. If she simply doesn't like him, she may send him away for seven years or so—he vowing to live on cresses, and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance: if she likes him a little, or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her, putting him always on sharp trial to see what stuff he is made of, and requiring, figuratively, as many lion-skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth. The whole meaning and power of true courtship is Probation; and it oughtn't to be shorter than three years at least,—seven is, to my own mind, the orthodox time. And these relations between the young people should be openly and simply known, not to their friends only, but to everybody who has the least interest in them: and a girl worth anything ought to have always half-a-dozen or so of suitors under vow for her.

There are no words strong enough to express the general danger and degradation of the manners of mob-courtship, as distinct from these, which have become the fashion,—almost the law,—in modern times: when in a miserable confusion of candlelight, moonlight, and limelight—and anything but daylight,—in indecently attractive and insanely expensive dresses, in snatched moments, in hidden corners, in accidental impulses and dismal ignorances, young people smirk and ogle and whisper and whimper and sneak and stumble and flutter and fumble and blunder into what they call Love;—expect to get whatever they like the moment they fancy it, and are continually in the danger of losing all the honour of life for a folly, and all the joy of it by an accident.

6. Passing down now from the class of good girls who have the power, if they had the wisdom, to regulate their lives instead of losing them, to the less fortunate classes, equally good—(often, weighing their adversity in true balance,

it might be conjectured, better)—who have little power of ruling, and every provocation to misruling their fates: who have, from their births, much against them, few to help, and, virtually, none to guide,—how are we to count the annual loss of its girl-wealth to the British nation in these? Loss, and probably worse; for if there be fire and genius in these neglected ones, and they chance to have beauty also, they are apt to become to us long-running, heavy burdening, incalculable compound interest of perdition. God save them, and all of us, at last!

But, merely taking the pocket-book red-lined balance of the matter, what, in mere cash and curricle,[1] do these bright reverses of their best human treasures cost the economical British race, or the cheerful French? That account you would do well to cast, looking down from its Highgate[2] upon your own mother—(of especially these sort of children?) city; or, in Paris, from the hill named, from the crowd of its Christian martyrs, Mont Martre, upon the island in Seine named "of our Lady"—the Ile Notre Dame; or, from top of Ingleborough,[3] on all the south and east of Lancashire and Yorkshire, black with the fume of their fever-fretted cities, rolling itself along the dales, mixed with the torrent mists. Do this piece of statistic and arithmetic *there*, taking due note that each of these great and little Babylons, if even on the creditor side you may set it down for so much (dubitable) value of produce in dynamite and bayonet, in vitriol, brass, and iron,—yet on the debtor side has to account for annual deficit *in*dubitable!—the casting away of things precious, the profanation of things pure, the pain of things capable of happiness—to what sum?

7. I have told you a true story of the sorrow and death of a maid whom all who knew her delighted in. I want

[1] [Ruskin here seems to use the word "curricle" (*curriculum*, course) in the sense of currency.]

[2] [Ruskin had doubtless here in mind Carlyle's description of Coleridge "on the brow of Highgate Hill, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult" (*Life of John Sterling*, part i. ch. viii.).]

[3] [See the title of the first Letter in *Fors*.]

you to read another of the sorrow and vanishing of one whom few, except her father, delighted in; and none, in any real sense, cared for. A younger girl this, of high powers —and higher worth, as it seems to me. The story is told in absolute and simple truth by Miss Laffan, in her little grey and red book,[1]—*Baubie Clarke.* (Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh, 1880.) "It all happened in Edinburgh," Miss Laffan says in a private letter to me, "exactly as I relate: I went into every place in which this child was, in order to describe them and her, and I took great pains to give the dialect exactly. I remember how disappointed you were to learn that Flitters' death was not true;—this story is quite true, from first to last." I must leave my darling Baubie for a moment, to explain the above sentence with a word or two about my still better beloved Flitters, in *Tatters, Flitters, and the Councillor.* The study of those three children, given by Miss Laffan, is, in the deepest sense, more true, as well as more pathetic, than that of Baubie Clarke,—for Miss Laffan knows and sees the children of her own country thoroughly,* but she has no clear perceptions of the Scotch. Also, the main facts concerning Tatters and Flitters and their legal adviser are all true—bitterly and brightly true: but the beautiful and heroic death was—I could find it in my heart to say, unhappily, —*not* the young girl's. Flitters, when last I heard of her, was still living her life of song; such song as was possible to her. The death, so faithfully and beautifully told, was actually that of an old man, an outcast, like herself. I have no doubt Flitters could, and would, have died so, had

* It is curious, by the way, how totally Miss Edgeworth failed in drawing Irish *children,* though she could do English ones perfectly—and how far finer "Simple Susan" is than "The Orphans"[2]—while her Irish men and women are perfect, and she is, in fact, the only classical authority in the matter of Irish character.

[1] [A little book of 49 pp. issued in grey paper boards with red border. Ruskin refers to it again in a note to "The Story of Paolina" in *Christ's Folk in the Apennine* (Vol. XXXII.).]

[2] [These are tales in Miss Edgeworth's *Parents' Assistant.*]

it become her duty, and the entire harmony of the story is perfect; but it is not so sound, for my purpose here, as the pure and straightforward truth of Baubie Clarke.

8. I must give the rude abstract of it at once: Miss Laffan's detailed picture will not, I believe, be afterwards of less interest.

Baubie, just thirteen, lived with her father and mother, in lodgings, such as the piety of Edinburgh provides for her poor.[1] The mother was a hopeless drunkard, her father the same—on Saturday nights; during the week carrying advertisement-boards for what stipend that kind of service obtains. Baubie, a vagrant street-singer, is the chief support and guardian both of father and mother. She is taken captive one day, at a street corner, by a passing benevolent lady (I can't find out, and Miss Laffan is to be reprehended for this omission, if Baubie was pretty!—in her wild way, I gather—yes); carried off to an institution of sempstresses, where she is cross-examined, with wonder and some pity; but found to be an independent British subject, whose liberties, at that moment, cannot be infringed. But a day or two afterwards, her father coming to grief, somehow, and getting sent to prison for two months, the magistrate very properly takes upon him the responsibility of committing Baubie, in the meantime, to Miss Mackenzie's care. (I forget what becomes of the mother.[2])

She is taken into a charitable, religious, and extremely well-regulated institution; she is washed and combed properly, and bears the operation like a courageous poodle; obeys afterwards what orders are given her patiently and duly. To her much surprise and discontent, her singing, the chief pleasure and faculty of her existence, is at once stopped, under penalties. And, while she stays in the institution, she makes no farther attempt to sing.

[1] [See Letter 27, § 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 496); and compare above, p. 15.]

[2] [The mother had received a sentence of three months. When Baubie and her father take their departure, "'*She*,' says he, with a gesture of his head backwards at the prison, 'will no' be oot this month, sae she'll niver need to ken, eh?'" (p. 48).]

But from the instant she heard her father's sentence in the police court, she has counted days and hours. A perfect little keeper of accounts she is: the Judgment Angel himself, we may not doubt, approving and assisting, so far as needful. She knows the day and the hour by the Tron church,[1] at which her father, thinking himself daughterless, will be thrust out, wistful, from his prison gate. She is only fearful, prudently and beautifully self-distrusting, of missing count of a day.

In the dormitory of her institution, on an unregarded shutter, in the shade, morning after morning she cuts her punctual notch.

And the weary sixty days pass by. The notches are counted true to the last,—and on the last night, her measures all taken, and her points and methods of attack all planned, she opens the window-sash silently, leaps down into the flowerless garden, climbs its wall, cat-like,—Lioness-like,—and flies into Edinburgh before the morning light. And at noon, her father, faltering through the prison gate, finds her sitting on its step waiting for him.

And they two leave Edinburgh together, and are seen —nevermore.

On the cover of the book which tells you this ower-true Scots novel, there is a rude woodcut of Baubie, with a background consisting of a bit of a theatre, an entire policeman, and the advertisement window of a tavern,—with tacit implication that, according to the benevolent people of Edinburgh, all the mischief they contend with is in theatres, as against chapels; taverns, as against coffee-shops; and police, as against universal Scripture-readers.

9. Partly, this is true,—in the much greater part it is untrue;—and all through *Fors* you will find the contrary statement that theatres should be pious places;[2] taverns,

[1] [This old church received its name from a public "tron," or weighing machine, which stood close by, and to which the keepers of false weights were nailed by the ears.]

[2] [See Letter 39, §§ 6, 7 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 51-52).]

holy places,[1] and policemen an irresistibly benevolent power: which, indeed, they mostly *are* already; and what London crossings and cart-drivings would be without them we all know. But I can write no more on these matters myself, in this *Fors*, and must be content to quote the following extremely beautiful and practical suggestion by Sir John Ellesmere,[2] and so, for to-day, end.

"I don't care much about music myself. Indeed, I often wonder at the sort of passionate delight which Milverton, and people like him, have in the tinkling of cymbals; but I suppose that their professions of delight are sincere. I proposed to a grave statesman, who looked daggers at me for the proposal, that the surplus of the Irish Church revenues should be devoted to giving opera-boxes to poor people who are very fond of music. What are you all giggling at? I'll bet any money that that surplus will not be half so well employed. Dear old Peabody used to send orders for opera-boxes to poor friends. I was once present when one of these orders arrived for a poor family devoted to music; and I declare I have seldom seen such joy manifested by any human beings. I don't mind telling you that since that time, I have sometimes done something of the same kind myself. Very wrong, of course, for I ought to have given the money to a hospital."

10. In looking back over *Fors* with a view to indices, I find the Notes and Correspondence in small print a great plague, and purpose henceforward to print all letters that are worth my reader's diligence in the same-sized type as my own talk.[3] His attention is first requested to the following very valuable one, originally addressed to the editor of the *Dunfermline Journal;* whence reprinted, it was forwarded to me, and is here gladly edited again; being the shortest and sensiblest I ever got yet on the vegetarian side.

VEGETARIANISM.—"SIR,—As a vegetarian, and mother of four vegetarian children, will you kindly grant me a little space in favour of a cause which editors seemingly regard as a subject for jest rather than serious consideration? Without aiming at convincing men, I would appeal principally to

[1] [See Letters 36, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 671); 83, § 15; 84, § 14; and compare 93, § 9 (pp. 272, 295, 474).]

[2] [The quotation is from *Social Pressure*, by the author of *Friends in Council*, 1875, ch. xv. p. 217. For other references to Sir Arthur Helps, see Vol. XI. p. 153 n.]

[3] [In this edition, however, for the sake of uniformity and from considerations of space, the letters that follow are printed in smaller type.]

women and mothers; to consider this cause, if they wish to enjoy good rest at nights and see robust healthy children who are never fevered with fatty soups. Without taking up the question about the use or abuse of the lower animals, I would direct your attention to our own species—men and women—and the benefit of vegetarianism as regards them only, economy being one of my pleas; health, comfort, and cleanliness the others. Look on the lower masses who live in fever dens, dress in rags, are constant claimants of charity, invariable exhibitions of dirt and disease; and go when you like to their dens, what fries of steaks and pork do you not sniff up, with the other compounds of abominations! Look at the other picture. Scotsmen are all the world over foremen in workshops and leaders of men. Who are the best men in Scotland but these porridge-fed, abstemious, clear-headed Aberdonians, who only grow weakly and unhealthy when they grow out of the diet that made their positions, and take to the customs about them? Is the man or woman to be laughed at, or admired, the most who can be content with a bit of bread or a basin of porridge as a meal, that he may be able to buy clothes or books, or take a better house to live in, or have something to lay past for education, or to give in charity after he has paid his debts; or is the custom to be advocated that encourages gorging three or four times a day with all sorts of expensive luxuries, meaning, to the workman, when his work is slack, starvation or dependence? Sir, to me—a vegetarian both from choice and necessity—it appears that no condition of life can justify that practice while poverty exists. As regards the laws of health I leave the matter to doctors to take up and discuss. I have only to say from the personal experience of five years that I am healthier and stronger than I was before, have healthy, strong children, who never require a doctor, and who live on oatmeal porridge and pease bannocks, but who do not know the taste of beef, butter, or tea, and who have never lost me a night's rest from their birth. Porridge is our principal food, but a drink of buttermilk or an orange often serve our dinner, and through the time saved I have been able to attend to the health of my children and the duties of my home without the hindrance of a domestic servant, my experiments in that line being a complete failure.

"I am, etc.,

"HELEN NISBET.

"35 LORNE STREET, LEITH WALK."

11. I am in correspondence with the authoress of this letter, and will give the results arrived at in next *Fors*,[1] only saying now that Walter Scott, Burns, and Carlyle, are among the immortals, on her side, with a few other wise men, such as Orpheus, St. Benedict, and St. Bernard; and that, although under the no less wise guidance of the living Æsculapius, Sir William Gull (himself dependent

[1] [This, however, was not done.]

much for diet on Abigail's gift to David, a bunch of raisins[1]), I was cured of my last dangerous illness[2] with medicine of mutton-chop, and oysters; it is conceivable that these drugs were in reality homœopathic, and hairs of the dog that bit me.[3] I am content to-day to close the evidence for the vegetarians with Orpheus' Hymn to the Earth:[4]—

"Oh Goddess Earth, mother of the happy Gods and of mortal men,
All-nursing, all-giving, all-bearing, all-destroying;
Increasing in blossom, heavy with fruit, overflowing with beauty,
Throne of eternal ordinance, infinitely adorned girl,
Who bearest in birth-pang all manner of fruit;
Eternal, all-honoured, deep-hearted, happy-fated;
Rejoicing in meadow-sweetness, deity of flower-multitude,
And joyful in thy Night; round whom the fair-wrought order of the stars
Rolls in its everlasting nature and dreadful flowing;
Oh blessed goddess, increase thy fruits in gladness,
And through thy happy seasons in kindness of soul."

12. The second, and in this number terminal letter, which I have to recommend to the reader's study, is one from the agents to the Dean and Chapter of Chester, as follows:—

"St. Werburgh Chambers, Chester,
April 17, 1883.

"Sir,—Our attention has just been called to an anonymous letter contained in your *Fors*—letter fifth, 1880—reflecting on the Dean and Chapter of Chester in the management of their property. The paragraph occurs at p. 145–46,[5] and commences thus: 'Only a week ago,' etc.; and ends, 'With an irresistible tongue,' etc.

"Our answer is:—The Dean and Chapter have never refused to grant a lease to an eligible man, but have always complied when asked. They have *not* 'raised all the rents,' etc., but have materially reduced most of them since they acquired their property. The agents never interfere with the modes of farming unless manifestly exhaustive; and the statement that they 'only allow the land to be sown,' etc., on a 'personal inspection

[1] [1 Samuel xxv.]
[2] [In 1882.]
[3] [The Scottish form of a proverbial saying, which in one form or another is as old as Antiphanes: *οἶνῳ τὸν οἶνον ἐξελαύνειν* (*Meineke*, iii. 139).]
[4] [The 26th of the Orphic Hymns.]
[5] [Letter 89 (fifth of the New Series), § 14, in this edition: above, p. 413.]

of their agents,' is untrue. They never heard of any 'poverty prevaling (*sic*) on their estate to an alarming extent,' or to any extent at all. Surely 'the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain' deserve to be approached with verified facts, and not thus.

"Yours obediently,

"TOWNSHEND AND BARKUS.

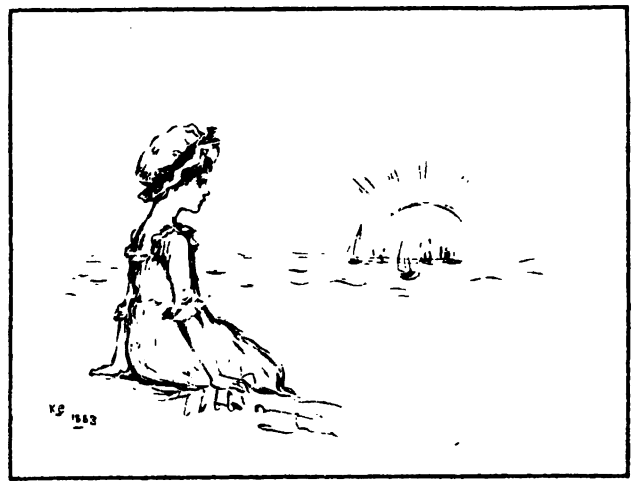
"(Agents to the Dean and Chapter of Chester.)

"JOHN RUSKIN, Esq., LL.D."

The only notice which it seems to me necessary to take of this letter is the expression of my satisfaction in receiving it, qualified with the recommendation to the Very Rev^d. the Dean and Rev^ds. the Chapter of Chester, to advise their agents that "prevailing" is usually spelt with an "i."

JOHN RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, *23rd April*, 1883.



LETTER 91

SEPTEMBER 1883

DUST OF GOLD

1. I HAVE received several letters from young correspondents, complaining that I attach too much importance to beauty in women,[1] and asking, "What are plain girls to do?"—one of them putting this farther question, not easy of answer, "Why beauty is so often given to girls who have only the mind to misuse it, and not to others, who would hold it as a power for God's service?" To which question, however, it is to be answered, in the first place, that the mystery is quite as great in the bestowal of riches and wit; in the second place, that the girls who misuse their beauty, only do it because they have not been taught better, and it is much more other people's fault than theirs; in the third place, that the privilege of seeing beauty is

[1] [See, for instance, above, pp. 176, 426.]

quite as rare a one as that of possessing it, and far more fatally misused.

The question, "What are plain girls to do?" requires us first to understand clearly what "plainness" is. No girl who is well-bred, kind, and modest, is ever offensively plain; all real deformity means want of manners, or of heart.[1] I may say, in defence of my own constant praise of beauty, that I do not attach half the real importance to it which is assumed in ordinary fiction;—above all, in the pages of the periodical which best represents, as a whole, the public mind of England. As a rule, throughout the whole seventy-volume series of *Punch*,—first by Leech and then by Du Maurier,—all nice girls are represented as pretty; all nice women, as both pretty and well dressed; and if the reader will compare a sufficient number of examples extending over a series of years, he will find the moral lesson more and more enforced by this most popular authority, that all real ugliness in either sex means some kind of hardness of heart, or vulgarity of education. The ugliest man, for all in all, in *Punch* is Sir Gorgius Midas,[2]—the ugliest women, those who are unwilling to be old. Generally speaking, indeed, *Punch* is cruel to women above a certain age; but this is the expression of a real truth in modern England, that the ordinary habits of life and modes of education produce great plainness of *mind* in middle-aged women.

2. I recollect three examples in the course of only the last four or five months of railway travelling. The most interesting and curious one was a young woman evidently of good mercantile position, who came into the carriage with her brother out of one of the manufacturing districts. Both of them gave me the idea of being amiable in disposition, and fairly clever, perhaps a little above the average

[1] [On beauty as dependent on goodness, compare *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 182); *Munera Pulveris*, § 6 (Vol. XVII. p. 149); *Queen of the Air*, § 168 (Vol. XIX. pp. 413–414); and *Art of England*, § 83.]

[2] [The type with successive caricaturists of the "self-made" rich man: see Du Maurier's *Society Pictures from "Punch,"* 1891, *passim*, and compare *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. p. 307. Compare the head from one of Charles Keene's drawings in *Punch*, which Ruskin puts beside a Greek Apollo in *Aratra Pentelici* (Vol. XX. p. 294).]

in natural talent; while the sister had good features, and was not much over thirty. But the face was fixed in an iron hardness, and keenly active incapacity of any deep feeling or subtle thought, which pained me almost as much as a physical disease would have done; and it was an extreme relief to me when she left the carriage. Another type, pure Cockney, got in one day at Paddington, a girl of the lower middle class, round-headed, and with the most profound and sullen expression of discontent, complicated with ill-temper, that I ever saw on human features:—I could not at first be certain how far this expression was innate, and how far superinduced; but she presently answered the question by tearing open the paper she had bought with the edge of her hand into jags half an inch deep, all the way across.

The third, a far more common type, was of self-possessed and all-engrossing selfishness, complicated with stupidity;—a middle-aged woman with a novel, who put up her window and pulled down both blinds (side and central) the moment she got in, and read her novel till she fell asleep over it: presenting in that condition one of the most stolidly disagreeable countenances which could be shaped out of organic clay.

3. In both these latter cases, as in those of the girls described in *Fors*, Letter 20, §§ 17–18,[1] the offensiveness of feature implied, for one thing, a constant vexation, and *diffused* agony or misery, endured through every moment of conscious life, together with total dulness of sensation respecting delightful and beautiful things, summed in the passage just referred to as "*tortured* indolence, and *infidel* eyes," and given there as an example of "life negative, under the curse," the state of condemnation which begins in this world, and separately affects every living member of the body; the opposite state of life, under blessing being represented by the Venice-imagined beauty of St.

[1] [Vol. XXVII. p. 345.]

Ursula, in whose countenance what beauty there may be found (I have known several people who saw none, and indeed Carpaccio has gifted her with no dazzling comeliness) depends mainly on the opposite character of *diffused* joy, and ecstasy in peace.

And in places far too many to indicate, both of *Fors* and my Oxford lectures,[1] I have spoken again and again of this radiant expression of cheerfulness, as a primal element of Beauty, quoting Chaucer largely on the matter; and clinching all, somewhere[2] (I can't look for the place now), by saying that the wickedness of any nation might be briefly measured by observing how far it had made its girls miserable.

4. I meant this quality of cheerfulness to be included above,[3] in the word "well-bred," meaning original purity of race (Chaucer's "debonnaireté") disciplined in courtesy, and the exercises which develop animal power and spirit. I do not in the least mean to limit the word to aristocratic birth and education. Gotthelf's Swiss heroine, Freneli, to whom I have dedicated, in *Proserpina*,[4] the pansy of the Wengern Alp, is only a farm-servant;[5] and Scott's Jeanie Deans[6] is of the same type in Scotland. And among virtuous nations, or the portions of them who remain virtuous, as the Tyrolese and Bavarian peasants, the Tuscans (of whom I am happily enabled to give soon some true biography and portraiture[7]), and the mountain and sea-shore races of France, England, Scotland, and Ireland, almost everybody is "well-bred," and the girlish beauty universal. Here in Coniston

[1] [See, for instance, in *Fors*, Vol. XXVII. p. 433 (Chaucer's "Ladie Gladnesse"); and in Oxford lectures, *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 26, 27 (Vol. XXII. pp. 314–315), and *Val d'Arno*, § 200 (Vol. XXIII. p. 118), in both of which places Chaucer's "Debonnaireté" is referred to.]

[2] [*Ethics of the Dust*, § 76 (Vol. XVIII. p. 296). Compare above, p. 424.]

[3] [See p. 439.]

[4] [ii. ch. i. § 35 (Vol. XXV. p. 409).]

[5] [Compare Letter 94, § 11 (p. 491); and Vol. VII. p. 430.]

[6] [Compare Letter 31, § 4 (Vol. XXVII. p. 564).]

[7] [See (in a later volume of this edition) *The Story of Ida*, *The Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, and *Christ's Folk in the Apennine*, by Francesca Alexander, edited by John Ruskin.]

it is almost impossible to meet a child whom it is not a real sorrow again to lose sight of. So that the second article of St. George's creed, "I believe in the nobleness of human nature,"[1] may properly be considered as involving the farther though minor belief in the loveliness of the human form; and in my next course of work at Oxford, I shall have occasion to insist at some length on the reality and frequency of beauty in ordinary life, as it has been shown us by the popular art of our own day.[2] This frequency of it, however, supposing we admit the fact, in no wise diminishes the burden to be sustained by girls who are conscious of possessing less than these ordinary claims to admiration; nor am I in the least minded to recommend the redemption of their loneliness by any more than common effort to be good or wise. On the contrary, the prettier a girl is, the more it becomes her duty to try to be good; and little can be hoped of attempts to cultivate the understanding, which have only been provoked by a jealous vanity. The real and effective sources of consolation will be found in the quite opposite direction, of self-forgetfulness;—in the cultivation of sympathy with others, and in turning the attention and the heart to the daily pleasures open to every young creature born into this marvellous universe. The landscape of the lover's journey may indeed be invested with ætherial colours, and his steps be measured to heavenly tunes[3] unheard of other ears; but there is no sense, because these selfish and temporary raptures are denied to us, in refusing to see the sunshine on the river, or hear the lark's song in the sky. To some of my young readers, the saying may seem a hard one; but they may rest assured that the safest and purest joys of human life rebuke the violence of its passions; that they are obtainable without anxiety, and memorable without regret.

5. Having, therefore, this faith, or more justly speaking,

[1] [See Letter 58, Vol. XXVIII. p. 419.]
[2] [*The Art of England*, Lecture V. (delivered in November 1883), § 143.]
[3] [Letter 57, § 6 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 406).]

this experience and certainty, touching the frequency of pleasing feature in well-bred and modest girls, I did not use the phrase in last *Fors*, which gave (as I hear) great offence to some feminine readers, "a girl *worth* anything,"[1] exclusively, or even chiefly, with respect to attractions of person; but very deeply and solemnly in the full sense of worthiness, or (regarding the range of its influence) All-worthiness, which qualifies a girl to be the ruling Sophia of an all-worthy workman, yeoman, squire,[2] duke, king, or Caliph;—not to calculate the advance which, doubtless, the luxury of Mayfair and the learning of Girton must have made since the days when it was written of Koot el Kuloob, or Enees-el Jelees, that "the sum of ten thousand pieces of gold doth not equal the cost of the chickens which she hath eaten, and the dresses which she hath bestowed on her teachers; for she hath learned writing, and grammar, and lexicology, and the interpretation of the Koran, and the fundamentals of law, and religion, and medicine, and the computation of the Calendar, and the art of playing upon musical instruments,"*—not calculating, I say, any of these singular powers or preciousnesses, but only thinking of the constant value generalized among the King's verses, by that notable one, "Every wise woman buildeth her house; but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands,"[3]—and seeing that our present modes of thought and elements of education are not always so arranged as to foster to their utmost the graces of prudence and economy in woman, it was surely no over-estimate of the desirableness of any real house-builder among girls, that she should have five or six suitors at once under vow for her? Vow, surely also of no oppressive or extravagant nature! I said nothing of such an one as was required by Portia's father

* *Arabian Nights*, Lane's translation, i. 392.

[1] [Letter 90, § 5 (p. 429).]
[2] [For a reference to Fielding's Allworthy, see Letter 34 (Vol. XXVII. p. 631).]
[3] [Proverbs xiv. 1.]

of *her* suitors,[1] and which many a lover instinctively makes, in his own bosom,—"her, or none." I said nothing of any oath of allegiance preventing the freedom of farther search or choice;—but only the promise of the youth that, until he saw one better worth winning, he would faithfully obey his chosen mistress's will in all things; and suffer such test as she chose to put him to: it being understood that at any time he had the power as openly to withdraw as he had openly accepted the candidature.

6. The position of Waverley towards Flora MacIvor, of Lord Evandale to Miss Bellenden, of Lovell to Miss Wardour, Tressilian to Amy Robsart, or Quentin Durward to the Countess Isabel,[2] are all in various ways illustrative of this form of fidelity in more or less hopeless endeavour: while also the frankness of confession is assumed both by Miss Edgeworth and Richardson, as by Shakespeare, quite to the point of entire publicity in the social circle of the lovers.* And I am grieved to say that the casual observations which have come to my ears, since last *Fors* appeared, as to the absurdity and impossibility of such devotion, only further prove to me what I have long since perceived, that very few young people, brought up on modern principles, have ever felt love, or even know what it means, except under the conditions in which it is also possible to

* See the decision of Miss Broadhurst in the thirteenth chapter of the *Absentee*;[3] and the courtships to Harriet Byron, *passim*.[4] The relations of France to Cordelia, of Henry V. to the Princess Katherine, and of the Duke to Olivia, are enough to name among the many instances in Shakespeare.[5]

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[1] [Compare *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 417.]

[2] [For other references to Flora MacIvor, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 59 (Vol. XVIII. p. 115); to *Old Mortality* (Evandale and Miss Bellenden), Vol. XXIII. p. 141, and Vol. XXV. p. 297; to the *Antiquary* (Lovell and Isabella Wardour), below, p. 456; to *Kenilworth* (Amy Robsart), *Præterita*, iii. §§ 71 *n.*, 72; and *Quentin Durward* (the Countess Isabel), *ibid.*, § 72.]

[3] [For another reference to the *Absentee*, see above, p. 363.]

[4] [For another reference to *Sir Charles Grandison*, see *Præterita*, ii. § 70; and for Richardson generally, Vol. V. pp. 360, 373, and Vol. XXV. p. 355.]

[5] [For a fuller reference to the relations of France to Cordelia (*King Lear*, Act I.), see Vol. XXV. p. 417; for the Princess Katherine (*Henry V.*), *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 21; for *Twelfth Night*, Vol. XXV. p. 419.]

the lower animals. I could easily prove this, if it were apposite to my immediate purpose, and if the subject were not too painful, by the evidence given me in a single evening, during which I watched the enthusiastic acceptance by an English audience of Salvini's frightful, and radically false, interpretation of Othello.

7. Were I to yield, as I was wont in the first series of these letters, without scruple, to the eddies of thought which turned the main stream of my discourse into apparently irrelevant, and certainly unprogressive inlets, I should in this place proceed to show how true-love is inconsistent with railways, with joint-stock banks, with the landed interest, with parliamentary interest, with grouse shooting, with lawn tennis, with monthly magazines, spring fashions, and Christmas cards. But I am resolute now to explain myself in one place before becoming enigmatic in another, and keep to my one point until I have more or less collected what has been said about it in former letters. And thus continuing to insist at present only on the worth or price of womanhood itself, and of the value of feminine creatures in the economy of a state, I must ask the reader to look back to Letter 4, § 7,[1] where I lament my own poverty in not being able to buy a white girl of (in jeweller's language) good lustre and facetting; as in another place I in like manner bewail the present order of society in that I cannot make a raid on my neighbour's house, and carry off three graceful captives at a time;[2] and in one of the quite most important pieces of all the book, or of any of my books, the essential nature of real property in general is illustrated by that of the two primary articles of a man's wealth, Wife, and Home;[3] and the meaning of the word "mine," said to be only known in its depth by any man with reference to the first.[4] And here, for further, and in its sufficiency I hope it may be received as a final,

[1] [Vol. XXVII. p. 68.]
[2] [See Letter 54, § 20 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 353).]
[3] [See Letter 62, §§ 9, 10 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 519, 520).]
[4] [See Letter 28, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 521).]

illustration, read the last lines (for I suppose the terminal lines can only be received as epilogue) of the play by which, in all the compass of literature, the beauty of pure youth has been chiefly honoured; there are points in it deserving notice besides the one needful to my purpose:—

Prince. "Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd."
Cap. "O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand."
Mont. "But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet."
Cap. "As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity."[1]

8. I do not know if in the tumultuous renderings and reckless abridgments of this play on the modern stage, the audience at any theatre is ever led to think of the meaning of the Prince's saying, "That Heaven finds means to *kill your joys with love.*" Yet in that one line is the key of Christian theology and of wise natural philosophy; the knowledge of the law that binds the yoke of inauspicious stars, and ordains the slumber of world-wearied flesh.

Look back to Friar Laurence's rebuke of the parents' grief at Juliet's death,—

"Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all;"[2]

and you will find, in the concluding lines, not only the interpretation of the Prince's meaning, but a clear light thrown on a question lately, in some one of our critical magazines, more pertinently asked than intelligently answered—

[1] [*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v. sc. 3.]
[2] [*Ibid.*, Act iv. sc. 5.]

I do not know if in the tumultuous renderings and ~~analyses~~ reckless abridgments of this play the audience at any theater is ever led to think of the meaning of the Prince's saying, "That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with Love". Yet in that one line is the seed of Christian Theology, and of ~~Human~~ ~~[illegible]~~ wise natural philosophy: the knowledge of the law that binds ~~the~~ yoke of inauspicious stars, and ordains ~~the resting place~~ slumber of world-wearied flesh.

Look back to Friar Laurence's rebuke of the parents' grief at Juliet's death, "Heaven and yourself, Had part in this fair maid, — now Heaven ~~hath all~~ hath all. and you will find in the ~~rest~~ form of his ~~pleading~~ following lesson not only the interpretation of the Prince's meaning, but ~~an answer~~ a key also to a question which ~~in one of our manifold recent~~ I saw lately ~~[illegible]~~ in some one of our critical

[illegible]

magazines, more pertinently asked than ~~satisfactorily~~ intelligently answered, "— why Shakespeare wrote tragedies"?

~~And indeed, I~~ One of my chief reasons for withdrawing, from the later edition of Sesame and Lilies, the closing lecture, in the Mystery of Life, was the feeling afterward that I had not with enough care examined the spirit of Faith in God and hope in Futurity which, though unexpressed, were ~~tristed to~~ meant by ~~him~~ the Master of Tragedy to be felt by the spectator, what they were to himself as the solution and consolation of all ~~perplexity~~ the wonderfulness of sorrow, (a faith ~~usually~~, for the most part, as I have just ~~admitted~~ said, unexpressed ~~a conviction here~~ ~~and in which he wrote~~ but here summed in a ~~the~~ single line, which explains the instinction ~~[illegible]~~ fastening of the heart on the great poetic stories of grief —

'For Nature's tears are Reason's ~~at~~ merriment.'

Returning to the terminal passage of the play, may I now ask the reader to meditate on the ~~change~~ alchemy of Fate which changes ~~of~~ the youth and girl, into two golden statues?

A PAGE OF THE MS. OF LETTER 91 (§§ 8, 9)

pp. 446–447

"Why Shakespeare wrote tragedies?"[1] One of my chief reasons for withdrawing from the later edition of *Sesame and Lilies* the closing lecture,[2] on the "Mystery of Life," was the feeling that I had not with enough care examined the spirit of faith in God, and hope in Futurity, which, though unexpressed, were meant by the master of tragedy to be felt by the spectator, what they were to himself, the solution and consolation of all the wonderfulness of sorrow; —a faith for the most part, as I have just said, unexpressed; but here summed in a single line, which explains the instinctive fastening of the heart on the great poetic stories of grief,—

"For Nature's tears are Reason's merriment."[3]

9. Returning to the terminal passage of the play, may I now ask the reader to meditate on the alchemy of fate, which changes the youth and girl into two golden statues? Admit the gain in its completeness; suppose that the gold had indeed been given down, like Danaë's from heaven,[4] in exchange for them; imagine, if you will, the perfectest art-skill of Bezaleel or Aholiab[5] lavished on the imperishable treasures. Verona is richer, is she, by so much bullion? Italy, by so much art? Old Montague and Capulet have their boy's and girl's "worth" in gold, have they? And though for every boy and girl whom now you exile from the gold of English harvest and the ruby of Scottish heath, there return to you, O loving friends, their corpses' weight, and more, in Californian sand,—is your bargain with God's bounty wholly to your mind? or if so, think you that it is to His, also?

10. Yet I will not enter here into any debate of loss

[1] [See an article, entitled "Why did Shakespeare write Tragedies?" by "J. S.," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for August 1880 (vol. 42, p. 153); and on Shakespearean tragedy, compare Vol. XVIII. p. 162 *n.*]

[2] [See further on this subject, Vol. XVIII. pp. lviii.–lix.]

[3] [*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv. sc. 5.]

[4] [For other references to the myth of Danaë, see Vol. VII. pp. 184–185 *n.*, and Vol. XIX. p. 311.]

[5] [Exodus xxxvi. 1: compare Vol. XXIII. pp. 266, 274.]

by exile, and national ostracism of our strongest. I keep to the estimate only of our loss by helpless, reckless, needless death, the enduring torture at the bolted theatre door of the world, and on the staircase it has smoothed to Avernus.[1]

"Loss of life"! By the ship overwhelmed in the river, shattered on the sea; by the mine's blast, the earthquake's burial—you mourn for the multitude slain. You cheer the lifeboat's crew: you hear, with praise and joy, of the rescue of one still breathing body more at the pit's mouth:—and all the while, for one soul that is saved from the momentary passing away (according to your creed, to be with its God), the lost souls, yet locked in their polluted flesh, haunt, with worse than ghosts, the shadows of your churches, and the corners of your streets; and your weary children watch, with no memory of Jerusalem, and no hope of return from *their* captivity, the weltering to the sea of your Waters of Babylon.[2]

[1] [The first draft of this passage was different, thus:—

"... our loss by absolute, total, constant, and innocent death, the everlasting torture at the narrow barred theatre door, in which, while we draw our daily breath and play out our daily play, our English children, moment by moment, are trampled into clay on the staircase to Avernus' deep."

It is interesting to note that in Ruskin's later, as in his earlier writings, his revisions were in the nature of compression and greater simplicity.]

[2] [See Psalm cxxxvii.]

LETTER 92

ASHESTIEL

ABBOTSFORD, *September 26th*, 1883.

1. I CAN never hear the whispering and sighing of the Tweed among his pebbles, but it brings back to me the song of my nurse, as we used to cross by Coldstream Bridge, from the south, in our happy days.

> "For Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
> With her barefooted lassies, and mountains so blue."[1]

Those two possessions, you perceive, my poor Euryclea[2] felt to be the chief wealth of Scotland, and meant the epithet "barefooted" to be one of praise.

In the two days that have past since I this time crossed the Border, I have seen but one barefooted lassie, and she not willingly so,—but many high-heeled ones:—who willingly, if they might, would have been heeled yet higher. And perhaps few, even of better minded Scots maidens, remember, with any due admiration, that the greater part of Jeanie Deans' walk to London was done barefoot,[3] the days of such pilgrimage being now, in the hope of Scotland, for ever past; and she, by help of the high chimneys built beside Holyrood and Melrose, will henceforward obtain the beatitude of Antichrist,—Blessed be ye Rich.[4]

2. Nevertheless, it is worthy of note that in the village where Bruce's heart is buried,[5] I could yesterday find no

[1] [Quoted also in Letter 51, § 4 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 273).]
[2] [For Euryclea, nurse of Ulysses, see *Odyssey*, i. 429, iv. 742, xix. 357.]
[3] [See *Heart of Midlothian*, ch. xxviii.]
[4] [Compare Ruskin's Introduction to *Usury and the English Bishops* (in a later volume of this edition), where he draws up a complete series of the New Beatitudes.]
[5] [Melrose.]

better map of Scotland than was purchaseable for a penny, —no clear sign, to my mind, either of the country's vaster wealth, or more refined education. Still less that the spot of earth under which the king's heart lies should be indicated to the curious observer by a small white ticket, pegged into the grass; which might at first sight seem meant to mark the price of that piece of goods; and indeed, if one meditates a little on the matter, verily does so; this piece of pasteboard being nothing less than King Robert Bruce's monument and epitaph; and the devotional offering of Scotland in the nineteenth century, at his shrine. Economical, even in pasteboard, as compared with the lavish expenditure of that material by which the "Scots wha hae," etc.,[1] receive on all their paths of pilgrimage the recommendation of Colman's mustard.

So much, looking out on the hillside which Scott planted in his pride, and the garden he enclosed in the joy of his heart, I perceive to be the present outcome of his work in literature. Two small white tickets—one for the Bruce, the other for Michael Scott:[2] manifold acreage of yellow tickets—for Colman's mustard. Thus may we measure the thirst for knowledge excited by modern Scottish religion, and satisfied by modern Scottish education.

Whithorn, *October 3rd*, 1883.

3. As the sum of Sir Walter's work at Melrose, so here the sum of St. Ninian's at Candida Casa,[3] may be set down in few and sorrowful words. I notice that the children of the race who now for fifteen hundred years

[1] [For another reference to Burns's *Bannockburn*, see Preface, § 4, to *Rock Honeycomb* (Vol. XXXI.).]

[2] [For Michael Scott, the Wizard, see Vol. XIV. p. 97. The tomb, supposed to be his (see *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto ii.), is by others asserted to be that of Sir Brian Latoun.]

[3] [The White House is the ancient name of Whithorn, or Whitherne, Abbey, on the Solway, where the first Christian church in Scotland was built, by St. Ninian, in the fourth century, according to Bede. "Candida Casa" is the title of a chapter written by Ruskin for the intended Sixth Part of his *Our Fathers Have Told Us*: see a later volume of this edition.]

have been taught in this place the word of Christ, are divided broadly into two classes: one very bright and trim, strongly and sensibly shod and dressed, satchel on shoulder, and going to or from school by railroad; walking away, after being deposited at the small stations, in a brisk and independent manner. But up and down the earthy broadway between the desolate-looking houses which form the main street of Whithorn, as also in the space of open ground which borders the great weir and rapid of the Nith at Dumfries, I saw wistfully errant groups of altogether neglected children, barefoot enough, tattered in frock, begrimed in face, their pretty long hair wildly tangled or ruggedly matted, and the total bodies and spirits of them springing there by the wayside like its thistles,—with such care as Heaven gives to the herbs of the field,—and Heaven's Adversary to the seed on the Rock.

They are many of them Irish, the Pastor of Whithorn tells me,—the parents too poor to keep a priest, one coming over from Wigton sometimes for what ministration may be imperative. This the ending of St. Ninian's prayer and fast in his dark sandstone cave, filled with the hollow roar of Solway,—now that fifteen hundred years of Gospel times have come and gone.

This the end: but of what is it to be the beginning? of what new Kingdom of Heaven are *these* children the nascent citizens? To what Christ are these to be allowed to come for benediction, unforbidden?[1]

BRANTWOOD, *October 10th*, 1883.

4. The above two entries are all I could get written of things felt and seen during ten days in Scott's country, and St. Ninian's; somewhat more I must set down before the impression fades.[2] Not irrelevantly, for it is my instant

[1] [See Matthew xix. 14.]

[2] [At this time Lord Reay had been at Brantwood, and Ruskin afterwards went on a visit to him in Scotland: see the Introduction, above, p. xxvi. The ten days in Scotland were September 23 to October 4.]

object in these resumed letters to index and enforce what I have said hitherto on early education; and while, of all countries, Scotland is that which presents the main questions relating to it in the clearest form, my personal knowledge and feelings enable me to arrange aught I have yet to say more easily with reference to the Scottish character than any other. Its analysis will enable me also to point out some specialties in the genius of Sir Walter, Burns, and Carlyle, which English readers cannot usually discern for themselves. I went into the Border country, just now, chiefly to see the house of Ashestiel: and this morning have re-read, with better insight, the chapter of Lockhart's Life which gives account of the sheriff's settlement there;[1] in which chapter there is incidental notice of Mungo Park's last days in Scotland, to which I first pray my readers' close attention.

5. Mungo had been born in a cottage at Fowlsheils on the Yarrow, nearly opposite Newark Castle. He returns after his first African journey to his native cottage, where Scott visits him, and finds him on the banks of Yarrow, which in that place passes over ledges of rock, forming deep pools between them. Mungo is casting stone after stone into the pools, measuring their depths by the time the bubbles take to rise, and thinking (as he presently tells Scott) of the way he used to sound the turbid African rivers. Meditating, his friend afterwards perceives, on further travel in the distant land.

With what motive, it is important for us to know. As a discoverer—as a missionary—or to escape from ennui? He is at that time practising as a physician among his own people. A more sacred calling cannot be;—by faithful missionary service more good could be done among fair Scotch laddies in a day, than among black Hamites in a lifetime;—of discovery, precious to all humanity, more might be made among the woods and rocks of Ettrick than in

[1] [Vol. ii. ch. i.; the following quotations are from pp. 11–13 (1837 edition).]

the thousand leagues of desert between Atlas and red Edom. Why will he again leave his native stream?

It is clearly not mere baseness of petty vanity that moves him. There is no boastfulness in the man:—

"'On one occasion,' says Scott, 'the traveller communicated to him some very remarkable adventures which had befallen him in Africa, but which he had not recorded in his book.' On Scott's asking the cause of this silence, Mungo answered that, 'in all cases where he had information to communicate, which he thought of importance to the public, he had stated the facts boldly, leaving it to his readers to give such credit to his statements as they might appear justly to deserve; but that he would not shock their faith, or render his travels more marvellous, by introducing circumstances which, however true, were of little or no moment, as they related solely to his own personal adventures and escapes.'"

Clearly it is not vanity, of Alpine-club kind,[1] that the Old Serpent is tempting this man with. But what then?

"His thoughts had always continued to be haunted with Africa. He told Scott that whenever he awoke suddenly in the night, he fancied himself still a prisoner in the tent of Ali; but when Scott expressed surprise that he should intend again to re-visit those scenes, he answered that he would rather brave Africa and all its horrors, than *wear out his life in long and toilsome rides over the hills of Scotland, for which the remuneration was hardly enough to keep soul and body together.*"

I have italicized the whole sentence, for it is a terrific one. It signifies, if you look into it, almost total absence of the instinct of personal duty,—total absence of belief in the God who chose for him his cottage birthplace, and set him his life-task beside it;—absolute want of interest in his profession, of sense for natural beauty, and of compassion for the noblest poor of his native land. And, with these absences, there is the clear presence of the fatallest of the vices, Avarice,—in the exact form in which it was the ruin of Scott himself,—the love of money for the sake of worldly position.

6. I have purposely placed the instinct for natural beauty, and compassion for the poor, in the same breath of

[1] [On this subject, see *Sesame and Lilies*, Vol. XVIII. pp. 90, 21-26.]

the sentence;—their relation, as I hope hereafter to show,[1] is constant. And the *total* want of compassion, in its primary root of sympathy, is shown in its naked fearsomeness in the next sentence of the tale:—

"Towards the end of the autumn, Park paid Scott a farewell visit, and slept at Ashestiel. Next morning his host accompanied him homewards over the wild chain of hills between the Tweed and the Yarrow. Park talked much of his new scheme, and mentioned his determination *to tell his family that he had some business for a day or two in Edinburgh, and send them his blessing from thence without returning to take leave.* He had married not long before a pretty and amiable woman; and when they reached the Williamhope Ridge, 'the autumnal mist floating heavily and slowly down the valley of the Yarrow' presented to Scott's imagination 'a striking emblem of the troubled and uncertain prospect which his undertaking afforded.' He remained however unshaken, and at length they reached the spot where they had agreed to separate. A small ditch divided the moor from the road, and in going over it, Park's horse stumbled and nearly fell.

"'I am afraid, Mungo,' said the sheriff, 'that is a bad omen.' To which he answered, smiling, '*Freits* (omens) follow those who look to them.' With this expression Mungo struck the spurs into his horse, and Scott never saw him again."

"Freits follow those who look to them." Words absolutely true (with their converse, that they cease to follow those who do *not* look to them): of which truth I will ask the consenting reader to consider a little while.

He may perhaps think Mungo utters it in all wisdom, as already passing from the darkness and captivity of superstition into the marvellous light of secure Science and liberty of Thought. A wiser man, are we to hold Mungo, than Walter,—then? and wiser—how much more, than his forefathers?

I do not know on what authority Lockhart interprets "freit," as only meaning "omen."[2] In the Douglas glossary it means "aid," "or protection"; it is the word used by Jove, declaring that he will not give "freit" from heaven

[1] [The subject is not resumed in *Fors;* but see *Art of England*, § 15, and *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 54. Compare Vol. XX. p. 90.]

[2] [See King James's work, *Dæmonologie*, pp. 99, 100: "all kind of practiques, freites, or other extraordinary actions, which cannot abide the trew touch of natural reason."]

either to Trojan or Rutulian;[1] and I believe it always to have the sense of *serviceable* warning—protective, if watched and obeyed. I am not here concerned with the question how far such guidance has been, or is still, given to those who look for it; but I wish the reader to note that the form of Celtic intellect which rejected the ancient faith was certainly not a higher one than that which received it. And this I shall best show by taking the wider ground of inquiry, how far Scott's own intellect was capable of such belief,—and whether in its strength or weakness.

7. In the analysis of his work, given in the *Nineteenth Century* in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*,[2] I have accepted twelve novels as characteristic and essentially good,—naming them in the order of their production. These twelve were all written in twelve years, before he had been attacked by any illness; and of these, the first six exhibit the natural progress of his judgment and faith, in the prime years of his life, between the ages of forty-three and forty-eight.

In the first of them, *Waverley*, the supernatural element is admitted with absolute frankness and simplicity, the death of Colonel Gardiner being foretold by the, at that time well-attested, faculty of second sight,—and both the captivity and death of Fergus McIvor by the personal phantom, hostile and fatal to his house.[3]

In the second, *Guy Mannering*, the supernatural warning is not allowed to reach the point of actual vision. It

[1] [The reference is to the version by Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, the first complete translation of the *Æneid* into a British tongue (1553), and to the glossary appended in the edition of 1710. See *Æneid*, x. 110–113; translated on p. 317 of Douglas (1710):—

"Nouthir Troianis nor Rutulianis freith will I,
Let aithir of thame thare awin fortoun stand by . . .
King Jupiter sal be to all equale."]

For other references to the Bishop's translation, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 500; and below, p. 557.]

[2] [The reference is to the first (*Nineteenth Century*, June 1880) of a series of papers, reprinted in *On the Old Road* (see a later volume of this edition, §§ 24–27). Ruskin does not there say that the twelve novels were written "before he had been attacked by any illness," but that the first six were; which statement, however, is incorrect, as his illness began before *Rob Roy* and the *Heart of Midlothian* were written (see note now appended to the passage in *On the Old Road*).]

[3] [*Waverley*, chaps. xlvi., lix., lxix.]

is given by the stars, and by the strains in the thread spun at the child's birth by his gipsy guardian.[1]

In the third, the *Antiquary*, the supernatural influence reduces itself merely to a feverish dream, and to the terror of the last words of Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot: "I'm coming, my leddy—the staircase is as mirk as a Yule midnight."[2]

In the fourth, *Old Mortality*, while Scott's utmost force is given to exhibit the self-deception of religious pride, imagining itself inspired of heaven, the idea of prophetic warning is admitted as a vague possibility, with little more of purpose than to exalt the fortitude of Claverhouse; and in the two last stories of his great time, *Rob Roy*, and the *Heart of Midlothian*, all suggestion whatever of the interference of any lower power than that of the Deity in the order of this world has been refused, and the circumstances of the tales are confined within the limits of absolute and known truth.

I am in the habit of placing the *Heart of Midlothian* highest of all his works,[3] because in this element of intellectual truth, it is the strictest and richest;—because, being thus rigid in truth, it is also the most exalted in its conception of human character;—and lastly, because it is the clearest in acknowledgment of the overruling justice of God, even to the uttermost, visiting the sin of the fathers upon the children,[4] and purifying the forgiven spirit without the remission of its punishment.

In the recognition of these sacred laws of life it stands alone among Scott's works, and may justly be called the greatest: yet the stern advance in moral purpose which it indicates is the natural consequence of the discipline of age—not the sign of increased mental faculty. The entire range of faculty, imaginative and analytic together, is unquestionably the highest when the sense of the supernatural

[1] [*Guy Mannering*, chaps. iii. and iv.]
[2] [*Antiquary*, ch. xl. ("My lady calls us!—Bring a candle;—the grand staircase is as mirk as a Yule midnight. We are coming, my lady!").]
[3] [See Letter 83, § 10 (above, p. 267).]
[4] [Exodus xx. 5.]

is most distinct,[1]—Scott is *all himself* only in *Waverley* and the *Lay*.[2]

8. No line of modern poetry has been oftener quoted with thoughtless acceptance than Wordsworth's:

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."[3]

It is wholly untrue in the implied limitation; if life be led under heaven's law, the sense of heaven's nearness only deepens with advancing years, and is assured in death. But the saying is indeed true thus far, that in the dawn of virtuous life every enthusiasm and every perception may be trusted as of divine appointment; and the *maxima reverentia* is due not only to the innocence of children,[4] but to their inspiration.

And it follows that through the ordinary course of mortal failure and misfortune, in the career of nations no less than of men, the error of their intellect, and the hardening of their hearts, may be accurately measured by their denial of spiritual power.

In the life of Scott, beyond comparison the greatest intellectual force manifested in Europe since Shakespeare, the lesson is given us with a clearness as sharp as the incision on a Greek vase.[5] The very first mental effort for which he obtained praise was the passionate recitation of the passage in the *Æneid*, in which the ghost of Hector appears to Æneas.[6] And the deadliest sign of his own approaching death is in the form of incredulity which dictated to his weary hand the *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*.[7]

[1] [See Ruskin's reference to this passage in his "Notes on Gipsy Character" in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII.).]
[2] [Compare an additional passage in Appendix 8 (below, p. 541).]
[3] [Ode, *Intimations of Immortality*, stanza v.]
[4] [Juvenal, xiv. 47:—

"Maxima debetur puero reverentia. Si quid
Turpe paras, ne tu pueri contemperis annos,
Sed peccaturo obstet titi filius infans."]

[5] [With this simile, compare *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 100.]
[6] [Book ii. 268–317.]
[7] [Written in 1830.]

9. Here, for the present, I must leave the subject to your own thought,—only desiring you to notice, for general guidance, the gradations of impression on the feelings of men of strong and well-rounded intellect, by which fancy rises towards faith.

(I.) The lowest stage is that of wilfully grotesque fancy, which is recognized as false, yet dwelt upon with delight and finished with accuracy, as the symbol or parable of what is true.

Shakespeare's Puck, and the Dwarf Goblin of the *Lay*, are precisely alike in this first level of the imagination. Shakespeare does not believe in Bottom's translation; neither does Scott that, when the boy Buccleugh passes the drawbridge with the dwarf, the sentinel only saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.[1] Yet both of them permit the fallacy, because they acknowledge the Elfin power in nature, to make things, sometimes for good, sometimes for harm, seem what they are not. Nearly all the grotesque sculpture of the great ages, beginning with the Greek Chimæra,[2] has this nascent form of Faith for its impulse.

(II.) The ghosts and witches of Shakespeare, and the Bodach Glas[3] and White Lady of Scott, are expressions of real belief, more or less hesitating and obscure. Scott's worldliness too early makes him deny his convictions, and in the end effaces them. But Shakespeare remains sincerely honest in his assertion of the uncomprehended spiritual presence; with this further subtle expression of his knowledge of mankind, that he never permits a spirit to show itself but to men of the highest intellectual power. To Hamlet, to Brutus, to Macbeth, to Richard III.; but the royal Dane does not haunt his own murderer,—neither does Arthur, King John; neither Norfolk, King Richard II.; nor Tybalt, Romeo.

[1] [*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii. sc. 1; *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto iii. stanza xii.]

[2] [See *Queen of the Air*, § 29 (Vol. XIX. p. 325).]

[3] [*Waverley*, ch. lix. For another reference to Scott's conception of the White Lady of Avenel, in the *Monastery*, see *Præterita*, i. § 174.]

(III.) The faith of Horace in the spirit of the fountain of Brundusium,[1] in the Faun of his hill-side, and in the help of the greater gods, is constant, vital, and practical; yet in some degree still tractable by his imagination, as also that of the great poets and painters of Christian times. In Milton, the tractability is singular; he hews his gods out to his own fancy, and then believes in them; but in Giotto and Dante the art is always subjected to the true vision.[2]

(IV.) The faith of the saints and prophets, rising into serenity of knowledge, "I know that my Redeemer liveth,"[3] is a state of mind of which ordinary men cannot reason; but which, in the practical power of it, has always governed the world, and must for ever. No dynamite will ever be invented that can rule;—it can but dissolve and destroy. Only the Word of God and the heart of man can govern.

10. I have been led far, but to the saving of future time, by the examination of the difference in believing power between the mind of Scott and his unhappy friend. I now take up my immediate subject of inquiry, the effect upon Scott's own mind of the natural scenery of the native land he loved so dearly. His life, let me first point out to you, was in all the joyful strength of it, spent in the valley of the Tweed. Edinburgh was his school, and his office; but his home was always by Tweedside: and more perfectly so, because in three several places during the three clauses of life. You must remember also the cottage at Lasswade for the first years of marriage, and Sandy-Knowe for his childhood; but, allowing to Smailholm Tower and Roslin Glen whatever collateral influence they may rightly claim over the babe and the bridegroom, the constant influences of home remain divided

[1] [A slip of the pen for Bandusia (*Odes*, III. xiii.). For other references to it, as also to the Ode "Faune Nympharum," see Vol. XIX. p. 173. On the faith of Horace, see also *Bible of Amiens*, iii. § 52.]

[2] [With what is here said of Milton and Dante, compare *Sesame and Lilies*, §§ 110, 111 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 156–158).]

[3] [Job xix. 25.]

strictly into the three æras at Rosebank, Ashestiel, and Abbotsford.[1]

11. Rosebank, on the lower Tweed, gave him his close knowledge of the district of Flodden Field; and his store of foot-traveller's interest in every glen of Ettrick, Yarrow, and Liddel-water.

The vast tract of country to which these streams owe their power is composed of a finely-grained dark and hard sandstone, whose steep beds are uniformly and simultaneously raised into masses of upland, which nowhere present any rugged or broken masses of crag, like those of our Cumberland mountains, and are rarely steep enough anywhere to break the grass by weathering; a moderate shaly —or, rather, gritty—slope of two or three hundred feet opposite Ashestiel itself, being noticeable enough, among the rounded monotony of general form, to receive the separate name of "the Slidders." Towards the bottom of a dingle, here and there, a few feet of broken bank may show what the hills consist of; but the great waves of them rise against the horizon without a single peak, crest, or cleft to distinguish one from another, though in their true scale of mountain strength heaved into heights of 1500 or 2000 feet; and covering areas of three or four square leagues for each of the surges. The dark rock weathers easily into surface soil, which forms for the greater part good pasture, with interspersed patches of heath or peat, and, Liddesdale-way, rushy and sedgy moorland, good for little to man or beast.

Much rain falls over the whole district; but, for a great part of its falling time, in the softly-diffused form of Scotch mist, absorbed invisibly by the grass soil; while even the heavier rain, having to deal with broad surfaces of serenely set rock, and finding no ravines in which it can concentrate force, nor any loose lighter soil to undermine, threads its way down to the greater glens in gradual and deliberate

[1] [At Rosebank, the seat of his uncle, Captain Richard Scott, Sir Walter spent much of his youth. At Ashestiel, he lived from 1804 to 1812; at Abbotsford, thenceforward.]

As I drove from Abbotsford to Ashestiel, Tweed and Ettrick
were both in flood; not dun nor wrathful, but ~~in~~
the clear fulness of [their] perfect strength and from the bridge of
Ettrick I saw the two streams join, and the Tweed
—for miles down ~~the~~ [his] vale, and the Ettrick for miles
up among his hills,— each of them in ~~its~~ [a] multitude
of their windlap waves, a march of [infinite lights, dazzling,— interminable]
~~lights and~~ intervaled [indeed], with eddies of ~~pause and shadow~~ ~~so lower darkness~~;
but, for the most part, two ~~smooth~~ [gliding] paths of sunshine
[far swept beside] ~~between~~ the green glow of their [level] inches, ~~and~~ the
blessing of them, and the guard;— the stately
moving of the ~~rippled~~ many waters, [more peaceful than their calm], and [mighty as] their rippled spaces
fixed like orient clouds, their pools of ~~amber~~ [pausing] current
~~laws so~~ binding the silver edges with a gloom of [amber and] gold;
and all along their shore, [beyond the sward, and the murmurous shingle], processions of dark forest
in strange [majesty of sweet] order and ~~unruffled~~ [unwounded] grace of glorious age

A PAGE OF THE MS. OF LETTER 92 (§ 12)

influence, nobody can well see how: there are no Lodores nor Bruar waters, still less Staubbachs or Giessbachs; unnoticed, by million upon million of feebly glistening streamlets, or stealthy and obscure springs, the cloudy dew descends towards the river, and the mysterious strength of its stately water rises or declines indeed, as the storm impends or passes away; yet flows for ever with a serenity of power unknown to the shores of all other mountain lands.[1]

And the more wonderful, because the uniformity of the hill-substance renders the *slope* of the river as steady as its supply. In all other mountain channels known to me, the course of the current is here open, and there narrow—sometimes pausing in extents of marsh cord lake, sometimes furious in rapids, precipitate in cataracts, or lost in subterranean caves. But the classic Scottish streams have had their beds laid for them, ages and ages ago, in vast accumulations of rolled shingle, which, occupying the floor of the valleys from side to side in apparent level, yet subdue themselves with a steady fall towards the sea.[2]

12. As I drove from Abbotsford to Ashestiel, Tweed and Ettrick were both in flood; not dun nor wrathful, but in the clear fulness of their perfect strength: and from the bridge of Ettrick I saw the two streams join, and the Tweed for miles down the vale, and the Ettrick for miles up among his hills,—each of them, in the multitude of their windless waves, a march of infinite light, dazzling, —interminable,—intervaled indeed with eddies of shadow, but, for the most part, gliding paths of sunshine, far-swept beside the green glow of their level inches, the blessing of them, and the guard:—the stately moving of the many waters, more peaceful than their calm, only mighty, their

[1] [Compare *Art of England*, § 167, where Ruskin, referring to this Letter as an "analysis of the main character of the scenery by which Scott was inspired," adds to the beauty of its rivers "the collateral charm, in a Borderer's mind, of the very mists and rain that feed them."]

[2] [The MS. adds: ". . . towards the sea, so that the river current, here and there eddying indeed for a moment in deeper pools, yet in its mass rolls on in an endless multitude of glittering or glooming waves."]

rippled spaces fixed like orient clouds, their pools of pausing current binding the silver edges with a gloom of amber and gold; and all along their shore, beyond the sward, and the murmurous shingle, processions of dark forest, in strange majesty of sweet order, and unwounded grace of glorious age.

The house of Ashestiel itself is only three or four miles above this junction of Tweed and Ettrick.* It has been sorrowfully changed since Sir Walter's death, but the essential make and set of the former building can still be traced. There is more excuse for Scott's flitting to Abbotsford than I had guessed,[1] for *this* house stands, conscious of the river rather than commanding it, on a brow of meadowy bank, falling so steeply to the water that nothing can be seen of it from the windows. Beyond, the pasture-land rises steep three or four hundred feet against the northern sky, while behind the house, south and east, the moorlands lift themselves in gradual distance to still greater height, so that virtually neither sunrise nor sunset can be seen from the deep-nested dwelling. A tricklet of stream wavers to and fro down to it from the moor, through a grove of entirely natural wood,—oak, birch, and ash, fantastic and bewildering, but nowhere gloomy, or decayed, and carpeted with anemone. Between this wild avenue and the house, the old garden remains as it used to be, large, gracious, and tranquil; its high walls swept round it in a curving line like a war rampart, following the ground; the fruit-trees, trained a century since, now with grey trunks a foot wide, flattened to the wall like sheets of crag; the strong bars of their living trellis charged, when I saw them, with clusters of green-gage, soft bloomed into gold and blue; and of orange-pink magnum bonum, and crowds of ponderous pear, countless as leaves. Some open space of grass and path,

* I owe to the courtesy of Dr. Matthews Duncan the privilege of quiet sight both of the house and its surroundings.

[1] [See Letter 47, § 14 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 198). Plate V. here gives views of Ashestiel and Abbotsford respectively.]

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Photo. Valentine, Dundee. Allen & Co. Sc.

Photo. Frith & Co. Reigate. Allen & Co. Sc.

Ashestiel and Abbotsford.

now all redesigned for modern needs, must always have divided the garden from what was properly the front of the house, where the main entrance is now, between advanced wings, of which only the westward one is of Sir Walter's time: its ground floor being the drawing-room, with his own bedroom of equal size above, cheerful and luminous both, enfilading the house front with their large side windows, which commanded the sweep of Tweed down the valley, and some high masses of Ettrick Forest beyond, this view being now mostly shut off by the opposite wing, added for symmetry! But Sir Walter saw it fair through the morning clouds when he rose, holding himself, nevertheless, altogether regardless of it, when once at work. At Ashestiel and Abbotsford alike, his work-room is strictly a writing-office, what windows they have being designed to admit the needful light, with an extremely narrow vista of the external world.[1] Courtyard at Abbotsford, and bank of young wood beyond: nothing at Ashestiel but the green turf of the opposite fells with the sun on it, if sun there were, and silvery specks of passing sheep.

The room itself, Scott's true "memorial" if the Scotch people had heart enough to know him, or remember, is a small parlour on the ground-floor of the north side of the house, some twelve feet deep by eleven wide; the single window little more than four feet square, or rather four feet *cube*, above the desk, which is set in the recess of the mossy wall, the light thus entering in front of the writer, and reflected a little from each side. This window is set to the left in the end wall, leaving a breadth of some five feet or a little more on the fireplace side, where now, brought here from Abbotsford, stands the garden chair of the last days.[2]

[1] [In a note on the MS. of the first draft of this Letter Ruskin gives the dimensions of the rooms: "Dining-room about 16½ × 15¾. Study 11 × 12, not including deep window recess in wall. Drawing-room 18½ × 15½. Bedroom same."]

[2] [It was stated shortly afterwards in the *Scotsman* that Sir Walter Scott's study had been turned into a passage, in the recent improvements. See below, Letter 95, § 27 (p. 515).]

Contentedly, in such space and splendour of domicile, the three great poems were written,[1] *Waverley* begun; and all the make and tenure of his mind confirmed, as it was to remain, or revive, through after time of vanity, trouble, and decay.

18. A small chamber, with a fair world outside:—such are the conditions, as far as I know or can gather, of all greatest and best mental work. At heart, the monastery cell always, changed sometimes, for special need, into the prison cell. But, as I meditate more and more closely what reply I may safely make to the now eagerly pressed questioning of my faithful scholars, what books I would have them read, I find the first broadly-swept definition may be—Books written in the country. None worth spending time on, and few that are quite safe to touch, have been written in towns.

And my next narrowing definition would be, Books that have good music in them,—that are rightly-rhythmic: a definition which includes the delicacy of perfect prose, such as Scott's; and which *ex*cludes at once a great deal of modern poetry, in which a dislocated and convulsed versification has been imposed on the ear in the attempt to express uneven temper, and unprincipled feeling.

By unprincipled feeling, I mean whatever part of passion the writer does not clearly discern for right or wrong, and concerning which he betrays the reader's moral judgment into false sympathy or compassion. No really great writer ever does so: neither Scott, Burns, nor Byron ever waver for an instant, any more than Shakespeare himself, in their estimate of what is fit and honest, or harmful and base. Scott always punishes even error, how much more fault, to the uttermost; nor does Byron, in his most defiant and mocking moods, ever utter a syllable that defames virtue or disguises sin.

In looking back to my former statement in the third

[1] [The *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, previously begun, was finished at Ashestiel. *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake* were wholly written there.]

volume of *Modern Painters*, of the influence of natural scenery on these three men,[1] I was unjust both to it and to them, in my fear of speaking too favourably of passions with which I had myself so strong personal sympathy. Recent Vandalism has taught me, too cruelly, and too late, the moral value of such scenes as those in which I was brought up; and given it me, for my duty to the future, to teach the Love of the fair Universe around us as the beginning of Piety, and the end of Learning.

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14. The reader may be interested in comparing with the description in the text, Scott's first fragmentary stanzas relating to the sources of the Tweed. (Lockhart, vol. i., p. 314.)

"Go sit old Cheviot's crest below,
And pensive mark the lingering snow
In all his scaurs abide,
And slow dissolving from the hill
In many a sightless, soundless rill,
Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide.

"Fair shines the stream by bank and lea,
As wimpling to the eastern sea
She seeks Till's sullen bed,
Indenting deep the fatal plain,
Where Scotland's noblest, brave in vain,
Around their monarch bled.

"And westward hills on hills you see,
Even as old Ocean's mightiest sea
Heaves high her waves of foam,
Dark and snow-ridged from Cutsfeld's wold
To the proud foot of Cheviot roll'd,
Earth's mountain billows come."

[1] [See Vol. V. (*Modern Painters*, iii.) p. 360.]

LETTER 93

INVOCATION

1. My Christmas letter, which I have extreme satisfaction in trusting this little lady to present to you, comes first to wish the St. George's Company, and all honest men, as merry a Christmas as they can make up their minds to (though, under present circumstances, the merriment, it seems to me, should be temperate, and the feasting moderate);—and in the second place, to assure the St. George's Company both of its own existence, and its Master's, which, without any extreme refinement of metaphysics, the said Company might well begin to have some doubt of—seeing that there has been no report made of its business, nor record of its additional members, nor catalogue of its additional properties, given since the—I don't know what day of —I don't know what year.[1]

I am not going to ask pardon any more for these administrative defects, or mysterious silences, because, so far as they are results of my own carelessness or procrastination,

[1] [The last mention in *Fors* of accounts relating to the Guild was in Letter 86 (February 1878), § 13, p. 351. The last Report issued to members of the Guild had been dated December 6, 1881 (see Vol. XXX.).]

they are unpardonable; and so far as they might deserve indulgence if explained, it could only be justified by the details, otherwise useless, of difficulty or disappointment in which more than one of our members have had their share —and of which *their* explanations might sometimes take a different shape from mine. Several have left us, whose secession grieved me; one or two, with my full consent. Others, on the contrary, have been working with their whole hearts and minds, while the Master was too ill to take note of their labour: and, owing, I believe, chiefly to that unpraised zeal, but in a measure also to the wider reading and better understanding of *Fors* itself, new members are rapidly joining us, and, I think, all are at present animated with better and more definite hope than heretofore.

2. The accounts of the Company,—which, instead of encumbering *Fors*, as they used to do, it seems to me now well to print in a separate form, to be presented to the Companions with the recommendation not to read it, but to be freely purchasable by the public who may be curious in literature of that kind,[1]—do not, in their present aspect, furnish a wide basis for the confidence I have just stated to be increasing. But, in these days, that we are entirely solvent, and cannot be otherwise, since it is our principal law of business never to buy anything till we have got the money to pay for it,—that whatever we have bought, we keep, and don't try to make a bad bargain good by swindling anybody else,—that, at all events, a certain quantity of the things purchased on such terms are found to be extremely useful and agreeable possessions by a daily increasing number of students, readers, and spectators, at Sheffield and elsewhere,—and that we have at this Christmas-time of 1883 £4000 and some odd hundreds of stock, with, besides the lands and tenements specified in my last report, conditional promise of a new and better site for the St. George's Museum at Sheffield, and of £5000 to begin

[1] [For such Reports and Accounts, see Vol. XXX.]

the building thereof,[1]—these various facts and considerations do, I think, sufficiently justify the Companions of St. George in sitting down peaceful-minded, so far as regards their business matters, to their Christmas cheer; and perhaps also the Master in calling with confidence on all kind souls whom his words may reach, to augment the hitherto narrow fellowship.

8. Of whose nature, I must try to sum in this *Fors* what I have had often to repeat in private letters.

First, that the St. George's Guild is not a merely sentimental association of persons who want sympathy in the general endeavour to do good. It is a body constituted for a special purpose: that of buying land, holding it inviolably, cultivating it properly, and bringing up on it as many honest people as it will feed. It means, therefore, the continual, however slow, accumulation of landed property, and the authoritative management of the same; and every new member joining it shares all rights in that property, and has a vote for the re-election or deposition of its Master. Now, it would be entirely unjust to the Members who have contributed to the purchase of our lands, or of such funds and objects of value as we require for the support and education of the persons living on them, if the Master allowed the entrance of Members who would have equal control over the Society's property, without contributing to it. Nevertheless, I sometimes receive Companions whose temper and qualities I like, though they may be unable to help us with money, (otherwise it might be thought people had to pay for entrance,) but I can't see why there should not be plenty of people in England both able and willing to help us; whom I once more[2] very solemnly call upon to do so, as thereby exercising the quite healthiest and straightforwardest power of Charity. They can't make the London or Paris landlords emancipate *their* poor (even if it were according to sound law to make such an endeavour). But

[1] [On this subject, see again Vol. XXX.]
[2] [For the last appeal of this kind, see Letter 88 (p. 396).]

they can perfectly well become landlords themselves, and emancipate their *own*.

4. And I beg the readers alike, and the despisers of my former pleadings in this matter, to observe that all the recent agitation of the public mind, concerning the dwellings of the poor,[1] is merely the sudden and febrile (Heaven be thanked, though, for such fever!) recognition of the things which I have been these twenty years trying to get recognized, and reiterating description and lamentation of—even to the actual printing of my pages blood-red[2]—to try if I could catch the eye at least, when I could not the ear or the heart. In my index, under the head of "Misery,"[3] I know not yet what accumulation of witness may be gathered, —but let the reader think, now, only what the single sentence meant which I quoted from the Evening news in the last *Fors* I wrote before my great illness (March, 1878, § 7[4]), "The mother got impatient, *thrust the child into the snow*, and hurried on—not looking back." *There* is a Christmas card, with a picture of English "nativity" for you—O suddenly awakened friends! And again, take this picture of what Mr. Tenniel calls John Bull guarding his Pudding,[5] authentic from the iron-works of Tredegar, 11th February, 1878 (§ 16[6]):

"For several months the average earnings have been six shillings a week, and out of that they have to pay for *coal*, and *house rent* and other expenses (the rent-collector never out of *his* work), leaving very little for food or clothing. In my district there are a hundred and thirty families

[1] [The reference is to a pamphlet by Mr. G. R. Sims (1883) on *How the Poor Live*, and to the "inquiry into the condition of the abject poor" conducted by the London Congregational Union. The results of the inquiry had been published, shortly before Ruskin wrote this Letter, in a pamphlet entitled *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London* (October 1883). The pamphlets had a large sale, and were widely noticed in the press.]

[2] [Part of § 36 of *Sesame and Lilies* (Vol. XVIII. pp. 91–93). Among other "former pleadings in this matter" (elsewhere than in *Fors*) reference may be made to *A Joy for Ever*, § 7 (Vol. XVI. pp. 18–19); *Munera Pulveris*, § 108 (Vol. XVII. pp. 233–234); and *Queen of the Air*, § 68 (Vol. XIX. p. 362).]

[3] [Ruskin's Notes for Index did not, however, include a heading "Misery." See now, below, p. 650.]

[4] [Letter 87; above, p. 367.]

[5] [The reference is to a cartoon of 1859: see *Art of England*, § 151.]

[6] [Letter 87; above, p. 378.]

in distress; they have nothing but rags to cover them by day, and very little beside that wearing apparel to cover them on their beds at night,—they have sold or pawned their furniture, and everything for which they could obtain the smallest sum of money; many of them are some days every week without anything to eat,—and with nothing but water to drink"—

and *that* poisoned, probably.

Was not this, the last message I was able to bring to John Bull concerning his Pudding, enough to make him think how he might guard it better? But on first recovery of my power of speech,[1] was not the news I brought of the state of La Belle France worth *her* taking to thought also?—

"In a room two yards and a half broad by four yards and three-quarters long, a husband, wife, and four children, of whom two were dead two months afterwards,—of those left, the eldest daughter 'had still the strength to smile.' Hunger had reduced this child, who would have been beautiful, nearly to the state of a skeleton."

(*Fors*, Letter 88, § 12, and see the sequel.[2])

5. And the double and treble horror of all this, note you well, is not only that the tennis-playing and railroad-flying public trip round the outskirts of it, and whirl over the roofs of it,—blind and deaf; but that the persons interested in the maintenance of it have now a whole embodied Devil's militia of base littérateurs in their bound service;—the worst form of serfs that ever human souls sank into—partly conscious of their lying, partly, by dint of daily repetition, believing in their own babble, and totally occupied in every journal and penny magazine all over the world, in declaring this present state of the poor to be glorious and enviable, as compared with the poor that have been. In which continual pother of parroquet lie, and desperately feigned defence of all things damnable, this nineteenth century stutters and shrieks alone in the story of mankind.

[1] [That is, on recovery from the illness in the spring of 1878, which caused *Fors* to be suspended after the number for March 1878 (Letter 87) till March 1880 (Letter 88).]

[2] [Above, p. 392.]

Whatever men did before now, of fearful or fatal, they did openly. Attila does not say his horse-hoof is of velvet. Ezzelin deigns no disguise of his Paduan massacre.[1] Prince Karl of Austria fires his red-hot balls in the top of daylight, "at stroke of noon, on the shingle roofs of the weavers of Zittau in dry July, ten thousand innocent souls shrieking in vain to Heaven and Earth, and before sunset Zittau is ashes and red-hot walls,—not Zittau, but a cinder-heap,"* —but Prince Karl never says it was the best thing that could have been done for the weavers of Zittau,—and that all charitable men hereafter are to do the like for all weavers, if feasible. But your nineteenth century prince of shams and shambles sells for his own behoof the blood and ashes, preaches, with his steam-throat, the gospel of gain from ruin, as the only true and only Divine, and fills at the same instant the air with his darkness, the earth with his cruelty, the waters with his filth, and the hearts of men with his lies.

6. Of which the primary and all-pestilentialest is the one formalized now into wide European faith by political economists, and bruited about, too, by frantic clergymen! that you are not to give alms[2] (any more than you are to fast, or pray),—that you are to benefit the poor entirely by your own eating and drinking, and that it is their glory and eternal praise to fill your pockets and stomach, —and themselves die, and be thankful. Concerning which falsehood, observe, whether you be Christian or not, *this* unquestionable mark it has of infinite horror, that the persons who utter it have themselves lost their *joy* in giving —cannot conceive that strange form of practical human felicity—it is more "blessed" (not *benedictum* but *beatum*) to give than to receive[3]—and that the entire practical life

* *Friedrich*, v. 124. [Book xviii. ch. v.]

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[1] [Compare Letter 84, § 3 (p. 287); and see Vol. XII. p. 137 *n.*]
[2] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 136 (Vol. XVIII. p. 182).]
[3] [Acts xx. 35.]

and delight of a "lady" is to be a "loaf-*giver*,"[1] as of a lord to be a land-giver. It is a degradation—forsooth—for your neighbour's child to receive a loaf, and you are pained in giving it one; your own children are not degraded in receiving their breakfast, are they? and you still have some satisfaction of a charitable nature in seeing *them* eat it? It is a degradation to a bedridden pauper to get a blanket from the Queen! how, then, shall the next bedded bride of May Fair boast of the carcanet from her?[2]

7. Now, therefore, my good Companions of the Guild,—all that are, and Companions all, that are to be,—understand this, now and evermore, that you come forward to be Givers, not Receivers, in this human world: that you are to *give* your time, your thoughts, your labour, and the reward of your labour, so far as you can spare it, for the help of the poor and the needy (they are not the same personages, mind: the "poor" are in constant, healthy, and accepted relations to you,—the needy, in conditions requiring change); and observe, in the second place, that you are to work, so far as circumstances admit of your doing so, with your own hands, in the production of substantial means of life—food, clothes, house, or fire—and that *only by such* labour can you either make your own living, or anybody else's. One of our lately admitted Companions wrote joyfully and proudly to me the other day that she was "making her own living," meaning that she was no burden to her family, but supported herself by teaching. To whom I answered,—and be the answer now generally understood by all our Companions,—that *nobody* can live by teaching, any more than by learning: that both teaching and learning are proper duties of human life, or pleasures of it, but have nothing whatever to do with the support of it.

[1] [Compare Letter 45, § 17 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 162); and *Sesame and Lilies*, § 88 (Vol. XVIII. p. 138).]

[2] [Compare what Ruskin says, in *Unto this Last*, about Government pensions and the workhouse, Vol. XVII. pp. 22, 23.]

Food can only be got out of the ground, or the air, or the sea. What you have done in fishing, fowling, digging, sowing, watering, reaping, milling, shepherding, shearing, spinning, weaving, building, carpentering, slating, coal-carrying, cooking, coster-mongering, and the like,—that is St. George's *work*, and means of power. All the rest is St. George's play, or his devotion—not his labour.

8. And the main message St. George brings to you is that *you* will not be degraded by this work nor saddened by it,—*you*, who in righteous will and modest resignation, take it upon you for your servant-yoke, as true servants, no less than children, of your Father in Heaven; but, so far as it *does* mean an acknowledgment that you are not better than the poor, and are content to share their lowliness in that humility, you enter into the very soul and innermost good of sacred monastic life, and have the loveliness and sanctity of it, without the sorrow or the danger; separating yourselves from the world and the flesh, only in their sin and in their pain. Nor, so far as the praise of men may be good and helpful to you, and, above all, good for *them* to give you, will it ever be wanting. Do you yourself—even if you are one of these who glory in idleness—think less of Florentine Ida because she is a working girl? or esteem the feeling in which "everybody called her 'Signora'" less honourable than the crowd's stare at my lady in her carriage?[1]

But above all, you separate yourself from the world in its sorrow. There are no chagrins so venomous as the chagrins of the idle; there are no pangs so sickening as the satieties of pleasure. Nay, the bitterest and most enduring sorrow may be borne through the burden and heat of day[2] bravely to the due time of death, by a true worker. And, indeed, it is this very dayspring and fount of peace in the bosoms of the labouring poor which has

[1] [See *The Story of Ida*, by Francesca Alexander (Vol. XXXII.).]
[2] [Matthew xx. 12.]

till now rendered their oppression possible. Only the idle among *them* revolt against their state;—the brave workers die passively, young and old—and make no sign. It is for you to pity them, for you to stand with them, for you to cherish, and save.

9. And be sure there are thousands upon thousands already leading such life—who are joined in no recognized fellowship, but each in their own place doing happy service to all men. Read this piece of a friend's letter, received only a day or two since, while I was just thinking what plainest examples I could give you from real life:—

"I have just returned from W——, where I lived in a house of which the master was a distributor of sacks of grain, in the service of a dealer in grain, while his two daughters did, one of them the whole work of the house, including attendance on the old mother who was past work, and the other the managing of a little shop in the village,—work, with all" (father and daughters) "beginning at five A.M. I was there for some months, and was perfectly dealt with, and never saw a fault. What I wanted to tell you was that the daughter, who was an admirable cook, was conversant with her poets, quoted Wordsworth and Burns, when I led her that way, and knew all about Brantwood, as she had carefully treasured an account of it from an old Art Journal."[1]

"*Perfectly* dealt with." Think what praise is in those three words!—what straightforward understanding, on both sides, of true hospitality! Think (for one of the modes of life quickest open to you—and serviceablest),—what roadside-inns might be kept by a true Gaius and Gaia![2] You have perhaps held it—in far back *Fors*—one of my wildest sayings, that every village should have, as a Holy Church at one end, a Holy Tavern at the other![3] I will better the saying now by adding—"they may be side by side, if you will." And then you will have entered into another mystery of monastic life, as you shall see by the plan given of a Cistercian Monastery in the second forthcoming

[1] [For the account in question, entitled "A Lakeside Home," see Vol. XXIII p. xxvii.]

[2] ["Gaius mine host" (Romans xvi. 23).]

[3] [See Letter 36, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 671); and compare Letters 83, § 15, and 84, § 14 (above, pp. 272, 295).]

number of *Valle Crucis*[1]—where, appointed in its due place with the Church, the Scriptorium and the school, is the Hospitium for entertaining strangers unawares.[2] And why not awares also? Judge what the delight of travelling would be, for nice travellers (read the word "nice" in any sense you will)—if at every village there were a Blue Boar, or a Green Dragon, or Silver Swan *—with Mark Tapley of the Dragon for Ostler—and Boots of the Swan for Boots—and Mrs. Lupin or Mrs. Lirriper[3] for Hostess—only trained at Girton in all that becomes a Hostess in the nineteenth century! Gentle girl-readers mine, is it any excess of Christianity in you, do you think, that makes you shrink from the notion of being such an one, instead of the Curate's wife?[4]

* "And should I once again, as once I may,
Visit Martigny, I will not forget
Thy hospitable roof, Marguerite de Tours,
Thy sign the Silver Swan. Heaven prosper thee."
(ROGERS'S *Italy*.)

In my schools at Oxford I have placed, with Mr. Ward's beautiful copy of Turner's vignette of the old Cygne, at Martigny, my own early drawing of the corridor of its neighbour inn "La Poste,"—once itself a convent.[5]

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[1] [*Valle Crucis* was to have been the sixth volume in *Our Fathers have Told Us*, and "occupied with the monastic architecture of England and Wales" (see *Bible of Amiens*). The volume was never published; but two chapters for it—"Candida Casa" and "Mending the Sieve"—were included in *Verona and Other Lectures*. They are in this edition printed with the *Bible of Amiens* in Vol. XXXIII., where the plan, here referred to, will be found.]

[2] [See Hebrews xiii. 2.]

[3] [For Mark Tapley, compare Letter 28 (Vol. XXVII. p. 519). For Mrs. Lupin, afterwards Mark's wife, see *Martin Chuzzlewit*, chaps. iii., iv., etc. For other references to *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, see *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 455, and the other passages there noted.]

[4] [Compare Letter 38, § 8 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 36).]

[5] [Ruskin had again stayed at the inn in 1870, when he wrote to his mother (May 11): "I have had a lovely morning walk, and enjoy being in the old Hôtel de la Poste, where I drew the corridor when I was fifteen;" and again (May 13), "It is exceedingly pretty to see the swallows flying in and out of the corridor here, without minding anybody: they come in at the open arches, and satisfy me that the air is better than is usually thought." His "own early drawing" of the inn was not, however, given to Oxford, and the editors are unable to say where it is. Turner's vignette is No. 212 in the National Gallery (Vol. XIII. p. 617); Mr. Ward's copy, No. 146 in the Rudimentary Series at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 213).]

10. My time fails me—my thoughts how much more—in trying to imagine what this sweet world will be, when the meek inherit it indeed, and the lowliness of *every* faithful handmaiden has been regarded of her Lord. For the day *will* come, the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever. Not by might, nor by power, but by His Spirit—the meek shall He guide in judgment, and the meek shall He teach His way.[1]

CHRISTMAS POSTSCRIPT

11. In the following alphabetical list of our present Companions, I have included only those who, I believe, will not blame me for giving their names in full,* and in whose future adherence and support I have entire trust; for, although some of them have only lately joined us, they have done so, I think, with clearer knowledge of the nature and working of the Guild than many former Companions who for various causes have seen good to withdraw. But some names of members may be omitted, owing to the scattered registry of them while I was travelling, or perhaps forgotten registry during my illnesses. I trust that in the better hope and more steady attention which I am now able to bring to the duties of the Mastership, the list may soon be accurately completed, and widely enlarged. One Companion, ours no more, sends you, I doubt not, Christmas greeting from her Home,—FLORENCE BENNETT. Of her help to us during her pure brief life, and afterwards,

* I only give the first Christian name, for simplicity's sake, unless the second be an indication of family.

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[1] [The Bible references in § 10 are Psalms ix. 18; Psalms xxv. 9; Zechariah iv. 6. Compare Matthew v. 5, and Luke i. 48.]

by her father's fulfilment of her last wishes, you shall hear at another time.[1]

* ADA HARTNELL.
ALBERT FLEMING.
ALICE KNIGHT.
* ANNIE SOMERSCALES.
* BLANCHE ATKINSON.
DAVID CAMPBELL,
* DORA LEES.
DORA THOMAS.
EDITH HOPE SCOTT.
EDITH IRVINE.
* EGBERT RYDINGS.
* ELIZABETH BARNARD.
EMILIE SISSISON.
EMMELINE MILLER.
ERNEST MILLER.
* FANNY TALBOT.
FERDINAND BLADON.
* FRANCES COLENSO.
* GEORGE ALLEN.
GEORGE NEWLANDS.
GRACE ALLEN.
HELEN ORMEROD.
* HENRIETTA CAREY.
* HENRY LARKIN.
HENRY LUXMORE.
HENRY WARD.
JAMES GILL.
* JOHN FOWLER.
* JOHN MORGAN.
* JULIA FIRTH.
KATHLEEN MARTIN.
MARGARET COX.
MAUD BATEMAN.
* REBECCA ROBERTS.
* ROBERT SOMERVELL.
SARAH THOMAS.
* SILVANUS WILKINS.
* SUSAN BEEVER.
WILLIAM MONK.
* WILLIAM SHARMAN.
* WILLIAM SMITHERS.

The names marked with a star were on the original roll of the Guild, when it consisted of only thirty-two Members and the Master.

[1] [See the Trustee's Report for 1883, appended to *The Guild of St. George: Master's Report, 1884* (Vol. XXX.).]

LETTER 94

RETROSPECT

BRANTWOOD, *31st December*, 1883.[1]

1. IT is a provoking sort of fault in our English language, that while one says defect, defection, and defective; retrospect, retrospection, and retrospective, etc.,—one says prospect and prospective, but not prospection; respect and respective, but not respection; perspective, but not perspect, nor perspection; præfect, but not præfection; and refection, but not refect,—with a quite different manner of difference in the uses of each admitted, or reasons for refusal of each refused, form, in every instance: and therefore I am obliged to warn my readers that I don't mean the above title of this last *Fors* of 1883 to be substantive, but participle;—that is to say, I don't mean that this letter will be *a* retrospect, or back-prospect, of all *Forses* that have been; but that it will be in its own tenor, and to a limited distance, Retrospect*ive*: only I cut the "ive" from the end of the word, because I want the retrospection to be complete as far as it reaches.

[1] [Not issued till March 1884.]

Namely, of the essential contents of the new series[1] of *Fors* up to the date of this letter; and in connection with them, of the First letter, the Seventeenth, and the Fiftieth, of the preceding series.

2. I will begin with the seventeenth letter; which bears directly on the school plan given in my report for this year.[2] It will be seen that I struck out in that plan the three R's from among the things promised to be taught,[3] and I wrote privately with some indignation to the Companion who had ventured to promise them, asking her whether she had never read this seventeenth letter; to which she answered that "inspectors of schools" now required the three R's imperatively,—to which I again answered, with indignation at high pressure, that ten millions of inspectors of schools collected on Cader Idris[4] should not make me teach in my schools, come to them who liked, a single thing I did not choose to.

And I do not choose to teach (as usually understood) the three R's; first, because, as I *do* choose to teach the elements of music, astronomy, botany, and zoology, not only the mistresses and masters capable of teaching these should not waste their time on the three R's; but the children themselves would have no time to spare, nor should they have. If their fathers and mothers can read and count, *they* are the people to teach reading and numbering, to earliest intelligent infancy. For orphans, or children whose fathers and mothers can't read or count, dame schools in every village (best in the almshouses, where there might be dames enow) are all that is wanted.

Secondly. I do not care that St. George's children, as a rule, should learn either reading or writing, because

[1] [Letters 85–96 were originally issued as Letters 1–12, New Series.]

[2] [The Report, which seems to be referred to, though in the main "ready for publication before Christmas of 1883," was not issued till 1885. In its ultimate form, it contains no detailed "school plans," but contains (§ 6) references to "a design long entertained by me of making mineralogy, no less than botany, a subject of elementary education, even in ordinary parish schools" (see Vol. XXX.).]

[3] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 296.]

[4] [Ruskin's correspondent was writing from Barmouth.]

there are very few people in this world who get any good by either. Broadly and practically, whatever foolish people *read*, does *them* harm, and whatever they *write*, does other people harm (see my notes on Narrs in general, and my own Narr friend in particular, *Fors*, Letter 53, § 7[1]): and nothing can ever prevent this, for a fool attracts folly as decayed meat attracts flies, and distils and assimilates it, no matter out of what book;[2]—he can get as much out of the Bible as any other, though of course he or she usually reads only newspaper or novel.*

3. But thirdly. Even with children of good average sense,—see, for example, what happened in our own Coniston school, only the other day. I went in by chance during the hour for arithmetic; and, inserting myself on the nearest bench, learned, with the rest of the class, how much seven-and-twenty pounds of bacon would come to at ninepence farthing a pound, with sundry the like marvellous consequences of the laws of number; until, feeling myself a little shy in remaining always, though undetectedly, at the bottom of the class, I begged the master to let us

* Just think, for instance, of the flood of human idiotism that spent a couple of years or so of its life in writing, printing, and reading the Tichborne trial,[3]—the whole of that vital energy and time being not only direct loss, but loss in loathsome thoughts and vulgar inquisitiveness. Had it been spent in pure silence, and prison darkness, how much better for all those creatures' souls and eyes! But, if they had been unable to read or write, and made good sailors or woodcutters, they might, instead, have prevented two-thirds of the shipwrecks on our own coast, or made a pestilential province healthy on Ganges[4] or Amazon.

Then think farther—though which of us by any thinking can take measure?—of the pestilence of popular literature, as we perceive it now accommodating itself to the tastes of an enlightened people, in chopping up its formerly loved authors—now too hard for its understanding, and too pure for its appetite—into crammed sausages, or blood-puddings swiftly gorgeable. Think of Miss Braddon's greasy mince-pie of Scott![5]—and buy,

[1] [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 321–323.]
[2] [Compare above, p. 205.]
[3] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 41, 143.]
[4] [For references in *Fors* to Indian famines, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 67; and above, Letters 81 and 83 (pp. 208, 281).]
[5] [*The Waverley Novels*, abridged and edited by M. E. Braddon (vol. i., 1881). Compare *A Knight's Faith*, ch. xiv. n.]

all rest a little; and in this breathing interval, taking a sovereign out of my pocket, asked the children if they had ever been shown the Queen's Arms on it?

(Unanimous silence.)

"At any rate, you know what the Queen's Arms *are?*" (Not a whisper.)

"What! a roomful of English boys and girls, and nobody know what the Queen's or the King's Arms are—the Arms of England?" (Mouths mostly a little open, but with no purpose of speech. Eyes also, without any immediate object of sight.)

"Do you not even remember seeing such a thing as a harp on them?" (Fixed attention,—no response.) "Nor a lion on his hind legs? Nor three little beasts running in each corner?" (Attention dissolving into bewilderment.)

"Well, next time I come, mind, you must be able to tell me all about it;—here's the sovereign to look at, and when you've learnt it, you may divide it—if you can. How many of you are there here to-day?" (Sum in addition, taking more time than usual, owing to the difficulty

for subject of awed meditation, "No. 1, One penny, complete in itself" (published by Henry Vickers, 317, Strand), the Story of Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens,—re-arranged and sublimed into Elixir of Dickens, and Otto of Oliver, and bottled in the following series of aromatic chapters, headed thus:—

Chap. I. At the Mercy of the Parish.
„ II. In the Clutches of the Beadle.
„ III. Among the Coffins.
„ IV. Among Thieves.
„ V. Fagin the Jew.
„ VI. Before the "Beak."
„ VII. Bill Sikes.
„ VIII. Nancy.
„ IX. Nancy Carries on.
„ X. The Burglary planned.
„ XI. The Burglary.
„ XII. A Mysterious Stranger.
„ XIII. The Murdered Girl.
„ XIV. The Murderer's Flight.
„ XV. The Murderer's Death.
„ XVI. The Jew's Last Night Alive.

of getting the figures to stand still. It is established finally that there are thirty-five.)

"And how many pence in a sovereign?" (Answer instantaneous and vociferous.)

"And thirty-fives in two hundred and forty?" (All of us at pause. The master comes to the rescue, and recommends us to try thirties instead of thirty-fives.)

"It seems, then, if five of you will stand out, the rest can have eightpence apiece. Which of you will stand out?"

And I left *that* question for them to resolve at their leisure, seeing that it contained the essence of an examination in matters very much higher than arithmetic.

And now, suppose that there were any squire's sons or daughters down here, for Christmas, from Christ-Church or Girton, who could and would accurately and explicitly tell these children "all about" the Queen's Arms: what the Irish Harp meant, and what a Bard was, and ought to be;—what the Scottish Lion meant, and how he got caged by the tressure of Charlemagne,* and who Charlemagne was;—what the English leopards meant, and who the Black Prince was, and how he reigned in Aquitaine,[1] —would not all this be more useful, in all true senses, to the children, than being able, in two seconds quicker than children outside, to say how much twenty-seven pounds of bacon comes to at ninepence farthing a pound? And if then they could be shown, on a map, without any railroads on it,—where Aquitaine was, and Poitiers, and where Picardy, and Crécy, would it not, for children who are likely to pass their lives in Coniston, be more entertaining and more profitable than to learn where "New Orleans" is (without any new Joan to be named from it), or New Jerusalem, without any new life to be lived in it?

* See *Fors*, Letter 25, §§ 10, 11, 12. [Vol. XXVII. pp. 455–458.]

[1] [Here, again, see Letter 25; *ibid.*, pp. 454–455.]

4. Fourthly. Not only do the arts of literature and arithmetic continually hinder children in the *acquisition* of ideas,—but they are apt greatly to confuse and encumber the *memory* of them. Read now, with renewed care, Plato's lovely parable of Theuth and the King of Egypt (17, § 5[1]), and observe the sentences I translated, though too feebly. "It is not medicine (to give the power) of divine memory, but a quack's drug for memorandum, leaving the memory idle." I myself, for instance, have written down memoranda of many skies, but have forgotten the skies themselves. Turner wrote nothing,—but remembered all. And this is much more true of things that depend for their beauty on sound and accent; for in the present fury of printing, bad verses, that could not be *heard* without disgust, are continually printed and read as if there was nothing wrong in them; while all the best powers of minstrel, bard, and troubadour depended on the memory and voice, as distinct from writing.* All which was perfectly known to wise men ages ago, and it is continually intimated in the different forms which the myth of Hermes takes, from this Ibis Theuth of Egypt down to Correggio's most perfect picture of Mercury teaching Cupid to read;[2]—where, if you will look at the picture wisely, you see that it really ought to be called, Mercury trying, and *failing*,† to teach Cupid to read! For, indeed, from the beginning and to the end of time, Love reads without letters, and counts without arithmetic.

But, lastly and chiefly, the personal conceit and ambition

* See lives of Beatrice and Lucia, in the first number of *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* [Vol. XXXII.].

† Sir Joshua, with less refinement, gives the same meaning to the myth, in his picture of Cupid pouting and recusant, on being required to decipher the word, "pin-money."[3]

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[1] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 294–295.]

[2] [No. 10 in the National Gallery; for other references to the picture, see Vol. XIX. p. 29, and *n.*]

[3] [The picture of "Venus chiding Cupid" in Lord Northbrook's collection; engraved by Bartolozzi, 1784; exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1883.]

developed by reading, in minds of selfish activity, lead to the disdain of manual labour, and the desire of all sorts of unattainable things, and fill the streets with discontented and useless persons, seeking some means of living in town society by their wits. I need not enlarge on this head; every reader's experience must avow the extent and increasing plague of this fermenting imbecility, striving to make for itself what it calls a "position in life."[1]

5. In sight, and thought of all these sources of evil in our present staples of education, I drew out the scheme of schooling, which incidentally and partially defined in various passages of *Fors* (see mainly Letter 67, § 19[2]), I now sum as follows.

Every parish school to have garden, playground, and cultivable land round it, or belonging to it, spacious enough to employ the scholars in fine weather mostly out of doors.[3]

Attached to the building, a children's library, in which the scholars who *care* to read may learn that art as deftly as they like, by themselves, helping each other without troubling the master;—a sufficient laboratory always, in which shall be specimens of all common elements of natural substances, and where simple chemical, optical, and pneumatic experiments may be shown; and according to the size and importance of the school, attached workshops, many or few,—but always a carpenter's, and first of those added in the better schools, a potter's.

In the school itself, the things taught will be music, geometry, astronomy, botany, zoology, to all; drawing, and history, to children who have gift for either. And finally, to all children of whatever gift, grade, or age, the laws of Honour, the habit of Truth, the Virtue of Humility, and the Happiness of Love.

6. I say, the "virtue of Humility," as including all the habits of Obedience and instincts of Reverence which are

[1] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, §§ 2, 3 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 54–55).]
[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 655–656, and the other passages there noted.]
[3] [Compare Letter 95, § 4 (p. 495).]

dwelt on throughout *Fors*, and all my other books*—but the things included are of course the primary ones to be taught, and the thirteenth Aphorism of that sixty-seventh letter cannot be too often repeated, that "Moral education begins in making the creature we have to educate, clean, and obedient." In after time, this "virtue of humility" is to be taught to a child chiefly by gentleness to its failures, showing it that by reason of its narrow powers, it cannot *but* fail. I have seen my old clerical master, the Rev. Thomas Dale,[1] beating his son Tom hard over the head with the edge of a grammar, because Tom could not construe a Latin verse, when the rev. gentleman ought only with extreme tenderness and pitifulness to have explained to Tom that—he wasn't Thomas the Rhymer.[2]

For the definitely contrary cultivation of the vice of Pride, compare the education of Steerforth by Mr. Creakle. (*David Copperfield*, chap. vi.)

But it is to be remembered that humility can only be truly, and therefore only effectively taught, when the master is swift to recognize the special faculties of children, no less than their weaknesses, and that it is his quite highest and most noble function to discern these, and prevent their discouragement or effacement in the vulgar press for a common prize. See the beautiful story of little George, *Friends in Council*.[3]

* Compare especially *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 144 to end of Lecture IV. I repeat emphatically the opening sentence—"Educate, or Govern,—they are one and the same word. Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know—it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth of England the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls,—by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise,—but above all, by example."[4]

[1] [See Vol. I. pp. xxxiii., xlix.]

[2] [For other references to Thomas of Erceldoune (*circa* 1220–1297), called "the Rhymer," see Vol. XIII. p. 49; and *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, §§ 38, 41, 47.]

[3] [A wrong reference, and the right one has not been traced. For Ruskin's references to Sir Arthur Helps' works, see General Index.]

[4] [Vol. XVIII. p. 502.]

7. Next, as to writing. A certain kind of writing, which will take from half-an-hour to an hour for a line, will indeed be taught—as long ago promised, in St. George's schools; examples being given of the manner of it at § 7 of Letter 16, and Letter 64, § 16;[1] but, so far from qualifying the pupil for immediately taking a lucrative clerkship in a Government office, or a county banking-house, or a solicitor's ante-room, the entire aim of our training will be to *dis*qualify him, for ever, from writing with any degree of current speed; and especially from producing any such æschrography (as everybody writes Greek-English nowadays, I use this term in order more clearly to explain myself) as the entry in my own Banker's book facsimiled at § 8 of Letter 61,[2] and the "Dec." for December here facsimiled from a London tradesman's bill just sent in, or the ornamental R engrossed on my Father's executor's articles of release, engraved at § 8 of Letter 16;[3] but to compel him, on the contrary, to write whatever words deserve to be written in the most perfect and graceful and legible manner possible to his hand.

And in this resolution, stated long since,[4] I am now more fixed than ever; having had much experience lately of handwriting, and finding, first, that the scholar who among my friends does the *most* as well as the best work,[5] writes the most deliberately beautiful hand: and that all the hands of sensible people agree in being merely a reduction of good print to a form producible by the steady motion of a pen, and are therefore always round, and extremely upright, becoming more or less picturesque according to the humour of the writer, but never slurred into any unbecoming speed, nor subdued by any merely

[1] [Vol. XXVII. p. 284; Vol. XXVIII. p. 573.]
[2] [Vol. XXVIII. p. 494.]
[3] [Vol. XXVII. p. 280.]
[4] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 276.]
[5] [Dr. Caspar Gregory, of Leipsic.]

adi 28 dito
R. io iacomo tentoreto dal magnifico
m. domenego fero degnissimo uardian
per comprar tele et colori per depenzer
li doi quadri grandi in la Sala
val ducati trenta ——— val d. 30 —

adi 3 decembrio 1577
R. io iacomo tentoretto dal mag.co m. paulo donna
degnissimo uardian della scola di m. San Rocco
ducati quatro per la mia provision anticipata
de anno uno prossimo venturo giusta dal parte
presa sotto di dì dito in capitolo general val d. 100 —

adi 13 dito 1579
R. io iacomo robusti dito tentoretto dal mag.co m. bortolamio
sopra dito ducati cento quali sono per la mia
provision del depenzer li quadri in sala de questo anno del 79 d. 100 —
R. io iacomo sopra dito dal sopra dito ducati sedese per li
azuri oltra marini messi in li quadri di questo anno
et questo di ordine deli 3 deputati sopra li quadri val d. 16 —

mechanical habit,* whereas the writing of foolish people is almost always mechanically monotonous; and that of begging-letter writers, with rare exception, much sloped, and sharp at the turns.

8. It will be the law of our schools, therefore, that the children who want to write clerk's and begging-letter hands, must learn them at home; and will not be troubled by *us* to write at all. The children who want to write like gentlemen and ladies (like St. Jerome, or Queen Elizabeth, for instance[1]) will learn, as aforesaid, with extreme slowness. And, if you will now read carefully the fiftieth letter, above referred to, you will find much to meditate upon, respecting home as well as school teaching; more especially the home-teaching of the mining districts (§ 11), and the home library of cheap printing, with the small value of it to little Agnes (§ 4).[2] And as it chances—for I have no more time for retrospect in this letter—I will close it with the record of a lesson received again in Agnes's cottage, last week. Her mother died three years ago; and Agnes, and her sister Isabel, are at service:—another family is in the cottage—and another little girl, younger than Agnes, "Jane Anne,"[3] who has two elder brothers, and one little one. The family have been about a year there, beginning farmer's

* Sir Walter's hand, from the enormous quantity and constancy of his labour, becomes almost mechanical in its steadiness, on the pages of his novels; but is quite free in his letters. Sir Joshua's hand is curiously slovenly; Tintoret's, grotesque and irregular in the extreme; Nelson's, almost a perfect type: especially in the point of not hurrying, see facsimile just before Trafalgar, *Fors*, Letter 66.[4] William the Conqueror and his queen Matilda could only sign a cross for their names.

[1] ["Like St. Jerome" means presumably "like the Greek writing which Carpaccio represents St. Jerome reading": see Letter 61, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 495). Specimens of Queen Elizabeth's handwriting are exhibited in the British Museum.]

[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 262–263, 256–257.]

[3] [Ruskin refers again to this little girl in Part iv. of *Christ's Folk in the Apennine* (Vol. XXXII.).]

[4] [See Plate VI. in Vol. XXVIII. p. 625. For an example of Scott's hand in the Novels, see above, p. 264. To show Tintoret's hand (as also to illustrate his scale of payment), Ruskin placed on sale, through Mr. William Ward, facsimiles of "Twenty-three Receipts given by Tintoretto between 1553 and 1554 for money received by him from the Confraternity of S. Rocco for paintings." A sheet of these is here reproduced.]

life, after miner's, with much ill-fortune, the last stroke of which was the carrying away of the entire roof of their grange, at midnight, by the gale of 11th December, the timbers of it thundering and splintering over the roof of the dwelling-house. The little girl was so terrified that she had a succession of fainting fits next day, and was sent for a week to Barrow, for change of scene. When I went up on Wednesday last to see how things were going on, she had come back that morning, and was sitting with her child-brother on her lap, in the corner by the fireside. I stayed talking to the mother for half-an-hour, and all that time the younger child was so quiet that I thought it must be ill; but, on my asking,—"Not he," the mother said, "but he's been jumping about all the morning, and making such a fuss about getting his sister back, that now he's not able to stir."

But the dearest child of the cottage was not there.

Last spring they had a little boy, between these two, full of intelligent life, and pearl of chief price to them. He went down to the field by the brookside (Beck Leven), one bright morning when his elder brother was mowing. The child came up behind without speaking; and the back sweep of the scythe caught the leg, and divided a vein. His brother carried him up to the house; and what swift binding could do was done—the doctor, three miles away, coming as soon as might be, arranged all for the best, and the child lay pale and quiet till the evening, speaking sometimes a little to his father and mother. But at six in the evening he began to sing. Sang on, clearer and clearer, all through the night,—so clear at last, you might have heard him, his mother said, "far out on the moor there." Sang on till the full light of morning, and so passed away.

"Did he sing with words?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; just the bits of hymns he had learnt at the Sunday-school."

So much of his education finally available to him, you observe.

Not the multiplication table *then*, nor catechism then, nor commandments then,—these rhymes only remained to him for his last happiness.

"Happiness in delirium only," say you?

All true love, all true wisdom, and all true knowledge, seem so to the world: but, without question, the forms of weakness of body preceding death, or those during life which are like them, are the testing states, often the strongest states, of the soul. The "Oh, I could prophesy!"[1] of Harry Percy, is neither dream, nor delirium.

9. And the lesson I received from that cottage history, and which I would learn with my readers, is of the power for good in what, rightly chosen, has been rightly learned by heart at school, whether it show at the time or not.[2] The hymn may be forgotten in the playground, or ineffective afterwards in restraining contrary habits of feeling and life. But all that is good and right retains its unfelt authority; and the main change which I would endeavour to effect in ordinary school discipline is to make the pupils read less, and remember more; exercising them in committing to memory, not by painful effort, but by patient repetition, until they cannot but remember (and observing always that the accentuation is right,—for if *that* be once right, the understanding will come in due time), helping farther with whatever elementary music, both of chant and instrument, may be familiarly attainable. To which end, may I modestly recommend all musical clergymen, and churchwardens, to dispense—if funds are limited—with organs in the church, in favour of harp, harpsichord, zittern, or peal of bells, in the schoolroom:[3] and to endeavour generally to make the parish enjoy *proper* music out of the church as well as in it, and on Saturday as well as Sunday.

10. I hope to persevere in these summaries through next letter; meantime, this curiously apposite passage in

[1] [*1 King Henry IV.*, Act v. sc. 4.]

[2] [Compare the *Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*, § 82, where Ruskin refers to this passage and reinforces it, giving a passage from the Wisdom of Solomon.]

[3] [Ruskin, it may be mentioned, gave a set of hand-bells to Coniston School.]

one received this morning, from a much valued Companion, needs instant answer (she is the second tutress in a school for young girls, which has been lately begun by a German lady, who is resolved to allow no "cramming"):—

"We have nineteen pupils now, and more are promised. The children are all progressing satisfactorily, and seem happy, but our path will be uphill for some time to come. Sewing is in a very backward condition; the children think it would be better done in the machine. Hardly any of them can write, and we can't get any decent large-hand copy-books. And they don't like poetry! What is to be done with such matter-of-fact young persons? On the other hand, they are lovable and intelligent children, much interested in the garden (they are to have little gardens of their own when the spring comes) and the birds. *Birds*, you observe, not merely sparrows; for though we are only on the edge of the Liverpool smoke we have plenty of robins and starlings, besides one tomtit, and a visit from a chaffinch the other day. We have not been able to begin the cookery class yet, for we are not actually living at the school; we hope to take up our abode there next term. Mrs. Green, my 'principal,'—I don't see why I shouldn't say mistress, I like the word much better,—*could* teach spinning if she had a wheel, only then people would say we were insane, and take the children away from us.

"I am very much obliged for last *Fors*, and delighted to hear that there is a new one nearly ready. But would you please be a little bit more explicit on the subject of 'work' and 'ladyhood'?[1] Not that what you have said already seems obscure to me, but people disagree as to the interpretation of it. The other night I proposed to a few fellow-disciples that we should make an effort to put ourselves in serviceable relationship to some few of our fellow-creatures, and they told me that 'all that was the landlord's business or the capitalist's.' Rather disheartening, to a person who has no hope of ever becoming a landlord or capitalist."

11. Yes, my dear, and very finely the Landlord and Capitalist—in the sense these people use the words—of land-taxer and labour-taxer, have done that business of theirs hitherto! Land and labour appear to be discovering —and rather fast nowadays—that perhaps they might get along by themselves, if they were to try. Of that, more next letter;[2]—for the answers to your main questions in this,—the sewing is a serious one. The "little wretches"—(this is a well-trained young lady's expression, not mine—interjectional on my reading the passage to her) must be

[1] [See above, pp. 471–472.]
[2] [See Letter 96, § 2 (p. 493).]

got out of all that as soon as you can. For plain work, get Miss Stanley's book,[1] which gives you the elements of this work at Whitelands,—(I hope, however, to get Miss Greenaway to sketch us a pattern frock or two, instead of the trimmed water-butts of Miss Stanley's present diagrams) —and for fine work, make them every one sew a proper sampler, with plenty of robins in it, and your visitors the tomtit and chaffinch, and any motto they like in illuminated letters, finished with gold thread,—the ground, silk. Then, for my meaning as to women's work, what *should* I mean, but scrubbing furniture, dusting walls, sweeping floors, making the beds, washing up the crockery, ditto the children, and whipping them when they want it,—mending their clothes, cooking their dinners,—and when there are cooks more than enough, helping with the farm work, or the garden, or the dairy? Is *that* plain speaking enough? Have I not fifty times over,[2] in season and out of season, dictated and insisted and asseverated and—what stronger word else there may be—that the essentially right life for all woman-kind is that of the Swiss Paysanne,—and given Gotthelf's Freneli for the perfect type of it, and dedicated to her in *Proserpina* the fairest pansy in the world,[3] keeping only the poor little one of the sand-hills for Ophelia?

12. But in a rougher way yet—take now the facts of such life in old Scotland, seen with Walter Scott's own eyes:[4]—

"I have often heard Scott mention some curious particulars of his first visit to the remote fastness of one of these Highland friends; but whether he told the story of Invernahyle, or of one of his own relations of the Clan Campbell, I do not recollect; I rather think the latter was the case. On reaching the brow of a bleak eminence overhanging the primitive tower and its tiny patch of cultivated ground, he found his host and three sons, and perhaps half a dozen attendant *gillies*, all stretched half asleep

[1] [*Needlework and Cutting-out; being Hints, Suggestions, and Notes for the use of Teachers in dealing with the difficulties in the Needlework Schedule*, by Kate Stanley, Head Governess and Teacher of Needlework at Whitelands College, 1883. The little book is dedicated to Ruskin.]

[2] [See, for instance, Letters 5 and 91 (Vol. XXVII. p. 88; and above, p. 441).]

[3] [Compare Letter 91, § 4 (p. 441).]

[4] [Lockhart, vol. i. pp. 141, 142.]

in their tartans upon the heath, with guns and dogs, and a profusion of game about them; while in the courtyard, far below, appeared a company of women, actively engaged in loading a cart with manure. The stranger was not a little astonished when he discovered, on descending from the height, that among these industrious females were the laird's own lady, and two or three of her daughters; but they seemed quite unconscious of having been detected in an occupation unsuitable to their rank—retired presently to their 'bowers,' and when they reappeared in other dresses, retained no traces of their morning's work, except complexions glowing with a radiant freshness, for one evening of which many a high-bred beauty would have bartered half her diamonds. He found the young ladies not ill informed, and exceedingly agreeable; and the song and the dance seemed to form the invariable termination of their busy days."

You think such barbarism for ever past? No, my dears; it is only the barbarity of idle gentlemen that must pass. *They* will have to fill the carts—you to drive them; and never any more evade the burden and heat of the day—they, in shooting birds and each other, or you in walking about in sun-hats and parasols,—like this

LETTER 95

FORS INFANTIÆ

1. I DO not well know whether it has more distressed, or encouraged me, to find how much is wanting, and how much to be corrected, in the hitherto accepted modes of school education for our youngest children. Here,[1] for the last year or two, I have had the most favourable opportunities for watching and trying various experiments on the minds of country children, most thankfully recognizing their native power; and most sorrowfully the inefficiency of the means at the schoolmaster's disposal, for its occupation and development. For the strengthening of his hands, and that of our village teachers and dames in general, I have written these following notes at speed, for the brevity and slightness of which I must pray the reader's indulgence: he will find the substance of them has been long and deeply considered.

2. But first let me fulfil the pledge given in last number of *Fors*[2] by a few final words about the Land Question —needless, if people would read my preceding letters with

[1] [In the Coniston village school.]
[2] [See Letter 94, § 11 (p. 490).]

any care, but useful, as a general heading of them, for those who have not time to do so.

The plan of St. George's Guild is wholly based on the supposed possession of land by hereditary proprietors, inalienably; or if by societies, under certain laws of responsibility to the State.

In common language, and in vulgar thought, the possession of land is confused with "freedom." But no man is so free as a beggar; and no man is more solemnly a servant to God, the king, and the laws of his country, than an honest land-holder.

The nonsense thought and talked about "Nationalization of Land," like other nonsense, must have its day, I suppose,—and I hope, soon, its night. All healthy states from the beginning of the world, living on land,* are founded on hereditary tenure, and perish when either the lords or peasants sell their estates, much more when they let them out for hire. The single line of the last words of John of Gaunt to Richard II., "Landlord of England art thou now, not King,"[1] expresses the root of the whole matter; and the present weakness of the Peers in their dispute with the Commons[2] is because the Upper House is composed now no more of Seigneurs, but of Landlords.

8. Possession of land implies the duty of living on it, and by it, if there is enough to live on; then, having got one's own life from it by one's own labour or wise superintendence of labour, if there is more land than is enough

* As distinct from those living by trade or piracy.

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[1] [*King Richard II.*, Act ii. sc. 1.]

[2] [A conflict between the House of Lords and the House of Commons was now at its height, owing to the action of the Lords in declining to accept the Reform Bill for the extension of the County franchise, unless it were coupled with a measure for the redistribution of seats (July 9). A vigorous agitation against the House of Lords marked the autumn recess. Ultimately a compromise was arrived at, on the basis of the Government promise to pass a Redistribution Bill, if the Lords first passed the Reform Bill, and to discuss the lines of redistribution with the leaders of the opposition: see Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, vol. iii. pp. 126–139.]

for one's self, the duty of making it fruitful and beautiful for as many more as can live on it.

The owner of land, necessarily and justly left in a great measure by the State to do what he will with his own, is nevertheless entirely responsible to the State for the generally beneficial management of his territory; and the sale of his land, or of any portion of it, only allowed under special conditions, and with solemn public registry of the transference to another owner: above all, the landmarks by which estates are described are never to be moved.

4. A certain quantity of public land (some belonging to the king and signory, some to the guilds of craftsmen, some to the town or village corporations) must be set aside for public uses and pleasures, and especially for purposes of education, which, rightly comprehended, consists, half of it, in making children familiar with natural objects, and the other half in teaching the practice of piety towards them (piety meaning kindness to living things, and orderly use of the lifeless).

And throughout the various passages referring to this subject in *Fors*, it will be found that I always presuppose a certain quantity of carefully tended land to be accessible near our schools and universities, not for exercise merely, but for instruction;—see last *Fors*, § 5 [p. 484].

5. Of course, schools of this kind cannot be in large towns,—the town school must be for townspeople; but I start with the general principle that every school is to be fitted for the children in its neighbourhood who are likely to grow up and live in its neighbourhood. The idea of a general education which is to fit everybody to be Emperor of Russia,[1] and provoke a boy, whatever he is, to want to be something better, and wherever he was born to think it a disgrace to die, is the most entirely and directly diabolic of all the countless stupidities into which the British nation has been of late betrayed by its avarice and irreligion. There are, indeed, certain elements of education which are

[1] [Compare Letter 9, § 6 (Vol. XXVII. p. 150).]

alike necessary to the inhabitants of every spot of earth. Cleanliness, obedience, the first laws of music, mechanics, and geometry, the primary facts of geography and astronomy, and the outlines of history, should evidently be taught alike to poor and rich, to sailor and shepherd, to labourer and shopboy. But for the rest, the efficiency of any school will be found to increase exactly in the ratio of its direct adaptation to the circumstances of the children it receives; and the quantity of knowledge to be attained in a given time being equal, its value will depend on the possibilities of its instant application. You need not teach botany to the sons of fishermen, architecture to shepherds, or painting to colliers; still less the elegances of grammar to children who throughout the probable course of their total lives will have, or ought to have, little to say, and nothing to write.*

6. Farther, of schools in all places, and for all ages, the healthy working will depend on the total exclusion of the stimulus of competition in any form or disguise. Every child should be measured by its own standard, trained to its own duty, and rewarded by its just praise. It is the *effort* that deserves praise, not the success; nor is it a question for any student whether he is cleverer than others or duller, but whether he has done the best he could with the gifts he has. The madness of the modern cram and examination system arises principally out of the struggle to get lucrative places; but partly also out of the radical blockheadism of supposing that all men are naturally equal,[1] and can only make their way by elbowing;—the facts being that every child is born with an accurately defined and absolutely limited capacity; that he is naturally (if able at all) able for some things and unable for others;

* I am at total issue with most preceptors as to the use of grammar to *any* body. In a recent examination of our Coniston school I observed that the thing the children did exactly best, was their parsing, and the thing they did exactly worst, their repetition. Could stronger proof be given that the dissection of a sentence is as bad a way to the understanding of it as the dissection of a beast to the biography of it?

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 96, and the other places there noted.]

that no effort and no teaching can add one particle to the granted ounces of his available brains; that by competition he may paralyse or pervert his faculties, but cannot stretch them a line; and that the entire grace, happiness, and virtue of his life depend on his contentment in doing what he can, dutifully, and in staying where he is, peaceably. So far as he regards the less or more capacity of others, his superiorities are to be used for *their* help, not for his own pre-eminence; and his inferiorities to be no ground of mortification, but of pleasure in the admiration of nobler powers. It is impossible to express the quantity of delight I used to feel in the power of Turner and Tintoret, when my own skill was nascent only; and all good artists will admit that there is far less personal pleasure in doing a thing beautifully than in seeing it beautifully done. Therefore, over the door of every school, and the gate of every college, I would fain see engraved in their marble the absolute Forbidding

μηδὲν κατὰ ἐρίθειαν ἢ κενοδοξίαν:
"Let *nothing* be done through strife or vain glory:"[1]

and I would have fixed for each age of children and students a certain standard of pass in examination, so

[1] [Philippians ii. 3. The MS. at Brantwood has an additional passage (headed "*Fors* 10. 31st June"):—

"As over the main entrance of every school I would have written the words, 'Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory," so over the door of its library I would have written the words which define the manner of doing—

ἐν παντὶ ἔργῳ ἀγαθῷ καρποφοροῦντες—

'in every good work bearing fruit'; and, as the children become able to understand its meaning, the whole context of that sentence should be explained to them, namely, the eleven verses from the 9th to the 20th of 1st Colossians which define the relations of knowledge to labour, and of both to eternal life, according to the faith of ancient Christendom.

"It may be that the child as it advances in years may become a Mahometan, Buddhist, Positivist, or Materialist. But, supposing it to retain common human intelligence, it will always be glad to have learned as an historical fact what the faith of European Christendom once was; while for Mahometan, Buddhist, Positivist, and Materialist, no less securely than for the Christian, the words of the inscribed text remain the true description of every wise man. To the end of time, for humanity it will remain the law of its being, that truth can only be perceived by the innocent, and knowledge only reached through duty."]

adapted to average capacity and power of exertion, that none need fail who had attended to their lessons and obeyed their masters; while its variety of trial should yet admit of the natural distinctions attaching to progress in especial subjects and skill in peculiar arts. Beyond such indication or acknowledgment of merit, there should be neither prizes nor honours; these are meant by Heaven to be the proper rewards of a man's consistent and kindly life, not of a youth's temporary and selfish exertion.

7. Nor, on the other hand, should the natural torpor of wholesome dulness be disturbed by provocations, or plagued by punishments. The wise proverb ought in every schoolmaster's mind to be deeply set—"You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear;" expanded with the farther scholium that the flap of it will not be the least disguised by giving it a diamond earring. If, in a woman, beauty without discretion be as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout,[1] much more, in man, woman, or child, knowledge without discretion—the knowledge which a fool receives only to puff up his stomach, and sparkle in his cockscomb. As I said,* that in matters moral, most men are not intended to be any better than sheep and robins, so, in matters intellectual, most men are not intended to be any wiser than their cocks and bulls,—duly scientific of their yard and pasture, peacefully nescient of all beyond. To be proud and strong, each in his place and work, is permitted and ordained to the simplest; but ultra,—ne sutor, ne fossor.[2]

And it is in the wholesome indisposition of the average mind for intellectual labour that due provision is made for the quantity of dull work which must be done in stubbing the Thornaby wastes[3] of the world. Modern Utopianism

* Notes on the life of Santa Zita (*Songs of Tuscany*, Part II.).[4]

[1] [Proverbs xi. 22.]
[2] [Pliny, 35, 10, 36: "ne sutor supra crepidam (judicaret)."]
[3] [Tennyson, *Northern Farmer, Old Style:* compare Vol. XX. p. 87, and (in a later volume of this edition) "Mending the Sieve," § 24.]
[4] [See Vol. XXXII. Part II. of the *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* had been issued in July 1884.]

imagines that the world is to be stubbed by steam, and human arms and legs to be eternally idle; not perceiving that thus it would reduce man to the level of his cattle indeed, who can only graze and gore, but not dig! It is indeed certain that advancing knowledge will guide us to less painful methods of human toil; but in the true Utopia, man will rather harness himself, with his oxen, to his plough, than leave the devil to drive it.

8. The entire body of teaching throughout the series of *Fors Clavigera* is one steady assertion of the necessity that educated persons should share their thoughts with the uneducated, and take also a certain part in their labours. But there is not a sentence implying that the education of all should be alike, or that there is to be no distinction of master from servant, or of scholar from clown. That education should be open to all, is as certain as that the sky should be; but, as certainly, it should be enforced on none, and benevolent Nature left to lead her children, whether men or beasts, to take or leave at their pleasure. Bring horse and man to the water, let them drink if, and when, they will;—the child who desires education will be bettered by it, the child who dislikes it, only disgraced.

Of course, I am speaking here of intellectual education, not moral. The laws of virtue and honour are, indeed, to be taught compulsorily to all men; whereas our present forms of education refuse to teach them to any; and allow the teaching, by the persons interested in their promulgation, of the laws of cruelty and lying, until we find these British islands gradually filling with a breed of men who cheat without shame, and kill without remorse.

It is beyond the scope of the most sanguine thought to conceive how much misery and crime would be effaced from the world by persistence, even for a few years, of a system of education thus directed to raise the fittest into positions of influence, to give to every scale of intellect its natural sphere, and to every line of action its unquestioned principle. At present wise men, for the most part, are silent, and good

men powerless; the senseless vociferate, and the heartless govern; while all social law and providence are dissolved by the enraged agitation of a multitude, among whom every villain has a chance of power, every simpleton of praise, and every scoundrel of fortune.

9. Passing now to questions of detail in the mode of organizing school instruction, I would first insist on the necessity of a sound system in elementary music. Musicians, like painters, are almost virulently determined in their efforts to abolish the laws of sincerity and purity; and to invent, each for his own glory, new modes of dissolute and lascivious sound. No greater benefit could be conferred on the upper as well as the lower classes of society than the arrangement of a grammar of simple and pure music, of which the code should be alike taught in every school in the land. My attention has been long turned to this object, but I have never till lately had leisure to begin serious work upon it. During the last year, however, I have been making experiments with a view to the construction of an instrument by which very young children could be securely taught the relations of sound in the octave; unsuccessful only in that the form of lyre which was produced for me, after months of labour, by the British manufacturer, was as curious a creation of visible deformity as a Greek lyre was of grace, besides being nearly as expensive as a piano! For the present, therefore, not abandoning the hope of at last attaining a simple stringed instrument, I have fallen back—and I think, probably, with final good reason—on the most sacred of all musical instruments, the "Bell."

Whether the cattle-bell of the hills, or, from the cathedral tower, monitor of men, I believe the sweetness of its prolonged tone the most delightful and wholesome for the ear and mind of all instrumental sound. The subject is too wide to be farther dwelt on here; of experiment or progress made, account will be given in my reports to the St. George's Guild.[1]

[1] [This, however, was not done.]

10. Next for elocution. The foundational importance of beautiful speaking has been disgraced by the confusion of it with diplomatic oratory, and evaded by the vicious notion that it can be taught by a master learned in it as a separate art. The management of the lips, tongue, and throat may, and perhaps should, be so taught; but this is properly the first function of the singing master. Elocution is a moral faculty; and no one is fit to be the head of a children's school who is not both by nature and attention a beautiful speaker.

By attention, I say, for fine elocution means first an exquisitely close attention to, and intelligence of, the meaning of words, and perfect sympathy with what feeling they describe; but indicated always with reserve. In this reserve, fine reading and speaking (virtually one art) differ from "recitation," which gives the statement or sentiment with the explanatory accent and gesture of an actor. In perfectly pure elocution, on the contrary, the accent ought, as a rule, to be much lighter and gentler than the natural or dramatic one, and the force of it wholly independent of gesture or expression of feature. A fine reader should read, a great speaker speak, as a judge delivers his charge; and the test of his power should be to read or speak unseen.

11. At least an hour of the school-day should be spent in listening to the master's or some trustworthy visitor's reading, but no children should attend unless they were really interested; the rest being allowed to go on with their other lessons or employments; a large average of children, I suppose, are able to sew or draw while they yet attend to reading, and so there might be found a fairly large audience, of whom however those who were usually busy during the lecture should not be called upon for any account of what they had heard; but, on the contrary, blamed, if they had allowed their attention to be diverted by the reading from what they were about, to the detriment of their work. The real audience consisting of the few for whom the book had

been specially chosen, should be required to give perfect and unbroken attention to what they heard; to stop the reader always at any word or sentence they did not understand, and to be prepared for casual examination on the story next day.

I say "on the *story*," for the reading, whether poetry or prose, should always be a story of some sort, whether true history, travels, romance, or fairy-tale. In poetry, Chaucer, Spenser, and Scott, for the upper classes, lighter ballad or fable for the lower, contain always some thread of pretty adventure. No merely didactic or descriptive books should be permitted in the reading room, but so far as they are used at all, studied in the same way as grammars; and Shakespeare, accessible always at play time in the library in small and large editions to the young and old alike, should never be used as a school book, nor even formally or continuously read aloud. He is to be known by thinking, not mouthing.

12. I have used, not unintentionally, the separate words "reading room" and library. No school should be considered as organized at all, without these two rooms, rightly furnished; the reading room, with its convenient pulpit and students' desks, in good light, skylight if possible, for drawing, or taking notes—the library with its broad tables for laying out books on, and recesses for niched reading, and plenty of lateral light[1] kept carefully short of glare: both of them well shut off from the schoolroom or rooms, in which there must be always more or less of noise.

The Bible-reading, and often that of other books in which the text is divided into verses or stanzas, should be frequently conducted by making the children read each its separate verse in important passages, afterwards committing them to memory,—the pieces chosen for this exercise should

[1] [The Building Schedule to the Elementary Education Code has for some years required that light should as far as possible be admitted from the left side of scholars.]

of course be the same at all schools,—with wider scope given within certain limits for choice in profane literature: requiring for a pass, that the children should know accurately out of the passages chosen, a certain number, including not less than five hundred lines, of such poetry as would always be helpful and strengthening to them; therefore never melancholy, but didactic, or expressive of cheerful and resolute feeling.

18. No discipline is of more use to a child's character, with threefold bearing on intellect, memory, and morals, than the being accustomed to relate accurately what it has lately done and seen. The story of Eyes and No Eyes in *Evenings at Home*[1] is intended only to illustrate the difference between inattention and vigilance; but the exercise in narration is a subsequent and separate one; it is in the lucidity, completeness, and honesty of statement. Children ought to be frequently required to give account of themselves, though always allowed reserve, if they ask: "I would rather not say, mamma," should be accepted at once with serene confidence on occasion; but of the daily walk and work the child should take pride in giving full account, if questioned; the parent or tutor closely lopping exaggeration, investigating elision, guiding into order, and aiding in expression. The finest historical style may be illustrated in the course of the narration of the events of the day.

14. Next, as regards arithmetic: as partly stated already in the preceding *Fors*, § 2 [p. 479], children's time should never be wasted, nor their heads troubled, with it. The importance at present attached to it is a mere filthy folly, coming of the notion that every boy is to become first a banker's clerk and then a banker,—and that every woman's principal business is in checking the cook's accounts. Let children have small incomes of pence won by due labour,—they will soon find out the difference between a threepenny-piece and a fourpenny, and how many of each go to

[1] [For particulars of this book, see Vol. XXVI. p. 114 n.]

a shilling. Then, watch the way they spend their money,* and teach them patience in saving, and the sanctity of a time-honoured hoard (but for use in a day of need, not for lending at interest); so they will painlessly learn the great truth known to so few of us—that two and two make four, not five. Then insist on perfect habits of order and putting-by of things; this involves continually knowing and counting how many there are. The multiplication table may be learned when they want it—a longish addition sum will always do instead; and the mere mechanism of multiplication and division and dotting and carrying can be taught by the monitors; also of fractions, as much as that ½ means a half-penny and ¼ a farthing.†

15. Next for geography. There is, I suppose, no subject better taught at elementary schools; but to the pursuit of it, whether in advanced studentship or in common life, there is now an obstacle set so ludicrously insuperable, that for ordinary people it is simply an end to effort. I happen at this moment to have the first plate to finish for the *Bible of Amiens*, giving an abstract of the features of France.[1] I took for reduction, as of convenient size, probably containing all I wanted to reduce, the map in the *Harrow Atlas of Modern Geography*,[2] and found the only clearly visible and the only accurately delineated things in it, were the railroads! To begin with, there are two Mont

* Not in Mrs. Pardiggle's fashion:[3] a child ought to have a certain sum given it to give away, and a certain sum to spend for itself wisely; and it ought not to be allowed to give away its spending money. Prudence is a much more rare virtue than generosity.

† I heard an advanced class tormented out of its life the other day at our school to explain the difference between a numerator and denominator. I wasn't sure myself, for the minute, which was which; and supremely didn't care.

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[1] [The plate lettered "The Dynasties of France," illustrating ch. i. § 12.]

[2] [*The Harrow Atlas of Modern Geography, with Index.* Selected from the maps published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Stanford & Co., 1856. Harrow: Crowley and Clarke, Booksellers to Harrow School. See the map of "France in Departments."]

[3] [See *Bleak House*, ch. viii.]

Blancs, of which the freeborn British boy may take his choice. Written at some distance from the biggest of them, in small italics, are the words "Grand St. Bernard," which the boy cannot but suppose to refer to some distant locality; but neither of the Mont Blancs, each represented as a circular pimple, is engraved with anything like the force and shade of the Argonne hills about Bar-le-Duc; while the southern chain of the hills of Burgundy is similarly represented as greatly more elevated than the Jura. Neither the Rhine, Rhone, Loire, nor Seine is visible except with a lens; nor is any boundary of province to be followed by the eye; patches of feeble yellow and pale brown, dirty pink and grey, and uncertain green, melt into each other helplessly across wrigglings of infinitesimal dots; while the railways, not merely black lines, but centipede or myriapede caterpillars,[1] break up all France, as if it were crackling clay, into senseless and shapeless divisions, in which the eye cannot distinguish from the rest even the great lines of railway themselves, nor any relative magnitudes of towns, nor even their places accurately,—the measure of nonsense and misery being filled up by a mist of multitudinous names of places never heard of, much less spoken of, by any human being ten miles out of them.

16. For maps of this kind, there can be no question with any reasonable human creature that, first, proper physical maps should be substituted; and secondly, proper historical ones; the diagrams of the railways being left to Bradshaw; and the fungus growths of modern commercial towns to the sellers of maps for counting-houses. And the Geological Society should, for pure shame, neither write nor speak another word, till it has produced effectively true models to scale of the known countries of the world.[2] These, photographed in good side light, would give all that

[1] [The MS. adds "like this ."]

[2] [For another reference to the Geological Society in this sense, see Vol. XXVI. pp. 568–569 *n.*]

was necessary of the proportion and distribution of mountain ranges;* and these photographs should afterwards be made the basis of beautiful engravings, giving the character of every district completely, whether arable, wooded, rocky, moor, sand, or snow, with the carefullest and clearest tracing of the sources and descent of its rivers; and, in equally careful distinction of magnitude, as stars on the celestial globe, the capitals and great provincial towns; but absolutely without names or inscriptions of any kind. The boy who cannot, except by the help of inscription, know York from Lancaster, or Rheims from Dijon, or Rome from Venice, need not be troubled to pursue his geographical studies. The keys to every map, with the names, should form part of the elementary school geography, which should be the same over the whole British Empire, and should be extremely simple and brief; concerning itself in no wise with manners and customs, number of inhabitants, or species of beasts, but strictly with geographical fact, completed by so much intelligible geology, as should explain whether hills were of chalk, slate, or granite, and remain mercifully silent as to whether they were Palæo- or Kaino-zoic, Permian or Silurian. The age, or ages of the world, are not of the smallest consequence either to ants or myrmidons,—either to moths or men. But the ant and man must know where the world, now existent, is soft or flinty, cultivable or quarriable.

Of course, once a system of drawing rightly made universal, the hand-colouring of these maps would be one of the drawing exercises, absolutely costless, and entirely instructive. The historical maps should also, as a matter of course, be of every county in successive centuries;[1]—the

* Of the cheap barbarisms and abortions of modern cram, the frightful method of representing mountain chains by black bars is about the most ludicrous and abominable. All mountain chains are in groups, not bars, and their watersheds are often entirely removed from their points of greatest elevation.

[1] [Of late years such maps have been prepared: see, for instance, the *Historical Atlas of Modern Europe*, edited by R. Lane Poole (Clarendon Press, 1902), in which

state of things in the nineteenth century being finally simplified into a general brown fog, intensified to blackness over the manufacturing centres.

17. Next, in astronomy, the beginning of all is to teach the child the places and names of the stars when it can see them, and to accustom it to watch for the nightly change of those visible. The register of the visible stars of first magnitude and planets should be printed largely and intelligibly for every day of the year, and set by the schoolmaster every day; and the arc described by the sun, with its following and preceding stars, from point to point of the horizon visible at the place, should be drawn, at least weekly, as the first of the drawing exercises.

These, connected on one side with geometry, on the other with writing, should be carried at least as far, and occupy as long a time, as the exercises in music; and the relations of the two arts, and meaning of the words "composition," "symmetry," "grace," and "harmony" in both, should be very early insisted upon and illustrated. For all these purposes, every school should be furnished with progressive examples, in facsimile, of beautiful illuminated writing: for nothing could be more conducive to the progress of general scholarship and taste than that the first natural instincts of clever children for the imitation or, often, the invention of picture writing, should be guided and stimulated by perfect models in their own kind.

18. The woodcut prefixed to this number[1] shows very curiously what complete harmony there is between a clever child's way of teaching itself to draw and write—(and no teaching is so good for it as its own, if that can be had) —and the earliest types of beautiful national writing. The indifference as to the places of the letters, or the direction in which they are to be read, and the insertion of any that

Maps XV.-XXIV. are of England; and Emil Reich's *A New Student's Atlas of English History* (Macmillan, 1903). So, again, a really good physical atlas, by J. G. Bartholomew (recently awarded the gold medal of the Geographical Society), is now in preparation (vol. iii. was issued in 1899).]

[1] [In the original edition; now transferred to the present place (Plate VII.).]

are to spare for the filling of corners or otherwise blank spaces in the picture, are exactly the modes of early writing which afterwards give rise to its most beautiful decorative arrangements—a certain delight in the dignity of enigma being always at the base of this method of ornamentation. The drawing is by the same little girl whose anxiety that her doll's dress might not hurt its feelings has been already described in my second lecture at Oxford, on the Art of England.[1] This fresco, executed nearly at the same time, when she was six or seven years old, may be compared by antiquarians, not without interest, with early Lombardic MSS. It needs, I think, no farther elucidation than some notice of the difficulty caused by the substitution of T for J in the title of "The Jug," and the reversal of the letter Z in that of "The Zebra," and warning not to mistake the final E of "The Cake" for the handle of a spotted tea-cup. The most beautifully Lombardic involution is that of "The Fan," written—

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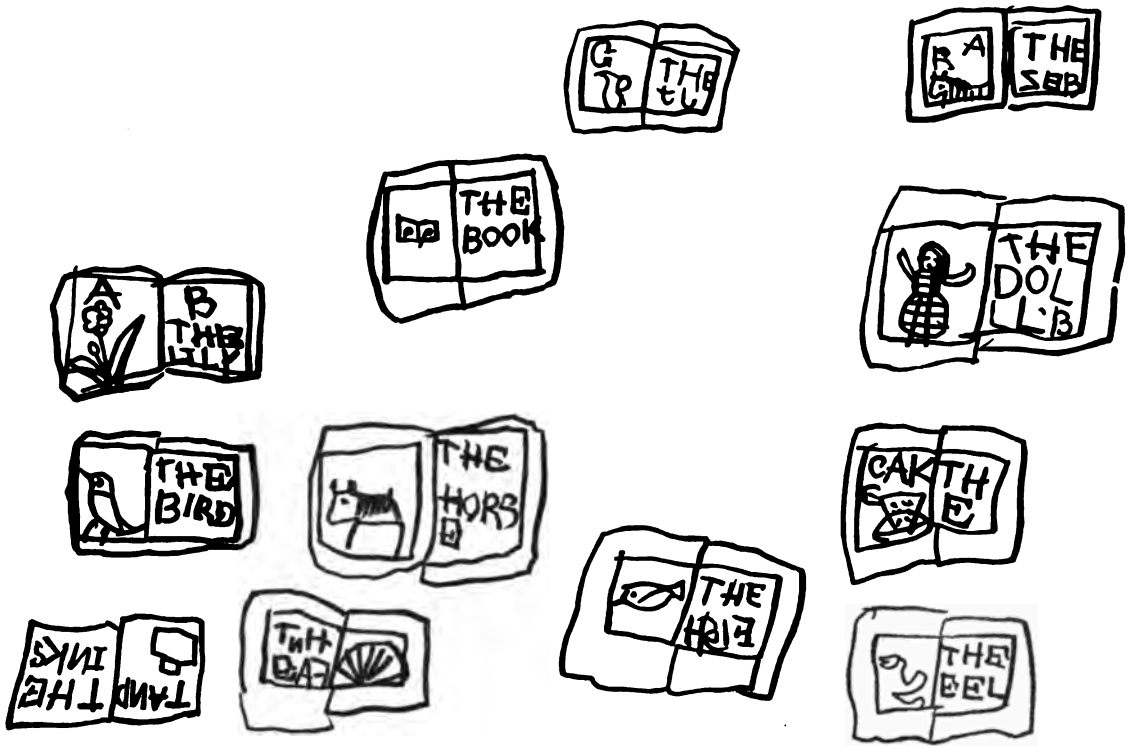
19. Next, for zoology, I am taking the initiative in what is required myself, by directing some part of the funds of the St. George's Guild to the provision of strongly ringed frames, large enough to contain the beautiful illustrations given by Gould, Audubon, and other such naturalists;[2] and I am cutting my best books to pieces for the filling of these frames, which can be easily passed from school to school; and I hope to prepare with speed a general text for them, totally incognizant of all quarrel or inquiry concerning species, and the origin thereof; but simply calling a hawk a hawk, and an owl an owl; and trusting to the scholar's sagacity to see the difference; but giving him all

[1] [In the fourth lecture as printed: see *Art of England*, § 91.]
[2] [See, in the Catalogue of the Sheffield Museum (Vol. XXX.), the account of the Eyton Collection of such prints. For Audubon, see Vol. XXV. p. 181.]



Theuth's Earliest Lesson

attainable information concerning the habits and talents of every bird and beast.[1]

20. Similarly in botany, for which there are quite unlimited means of illustration, in the exquisite original drawings and sketches of great botanists, now uselessly lying in inaccessible cupboards of the British Museum and other scientific institutions.[2] But the most pressing need is for a simple handbook of the wild flowers of every country —French flowers for French children, Teuton for Teuton, Saxon for Saxon, Highland for Scot—severely accurate in outline, and exquisitely coloured by hand (again the best possible practice in our drawing schools); with a text regardless utterly of any but the most popular names, and of all microscopic observation; but teaching children the beauty of plants as they grow, and their culinary uses when gathered, and that, except for such uses, they should be left growing.[3]

21. And lastly of needlework. I find among the materials of *Fors*, thrown together long since, but never used, the following sketch of what the room of the Sheffield Museum, set apart for its illustration, was meant to contain.[4]

"All the acicular art of nations, savage and civilized—from Lapland boot, letting in no snow water, to Turkey cushion bossed with pearl,—to valance of Venice gold in needlework,—to the counterpanes and samplers of our own lovely ancestresses—imitable, perhaps, once more, with good help from Whitelands College and Girton. It was but yesterday my own womankind were in much wholesome and sweet excitement, delightful to behold, in the practice of some new device of remedy for Rents (to think how

[1] [The continuation, or revision, of *Love's Meinie*, here contemplated, was not carried out.]

[2] [For the collection of Sowerby's drawings in the British Museum, see Vol. XXV. p. 421 *n.*]

[3] [Ruskin refers in Part iv. of *Christ's Folk in the Apennine* (Vol. XXXII.) to some experiments which he made in the spring of 1887 in teaching village children botany.]

[4] [Ruskin, however, never sent any specimens of needlework to the Museum, though recently some have been exhibited there (see Vol. XXX.) The passage which here follows (the remainder of § 21) had previously been used by Ruskin (though with a different order in the paragraphs and with some additional phrases) in his *Letters on a Museum or Picture Gallery*, 1880: see now the later volume of this edition containing *On the Old Road*.]

much of evil there is in the two senses of that four-lettered word! as in the two methods of intonation of its synonym, Tear!), whereby it might be daintily effaced, and with a newness which would never make it worse. The process began —beautiful even to my uninformed eyes—in the likeness of herring-bone masonry, crimson on white, but it seemed to me marvellous that anything should yet be discoverable in needle process, and that of so utilitarian character.

"All that is reasonable, I say, of such work is to be in our first Museum room; all that Athena and Penelope would approve. Nothing that vanity has invented for change, or folly loved for costliness.

"Illustrating the true nature of a thread and a needle, the structure first of wool and cotton, of fur and hair and down, hemp, flax, and silk:—microscope permissible, *here*, if anything can be shown of *why* wool is soft, and fur fine, and cotton downy, and down downier; and how a flax fibre differs from a dandelion stalk, and how the substance of a mulberry leaf can become velvet for Queen Victoria's crown, and clothing of purple for the housewife of Solomon.

"Then the phase of its dyeing. What azures and emeralds and Tyrian scarlets can be got into fibres of thread!

"Then the phase of its spinning. The mystery of that divine spiral, from finest to firmest, which renders lace possible at Valenciennes;—anchorage possible, after Trafalgar (if Hardy had done as he was bid[1]).

"Then the mystery of weaving. The eternal harmony of warp and woof; of all manner of knotting, knitting, and reticulation; the art which makes garments possible woven from the top throughout;[2] draughts of fishes possible, miraculous enough, always, when a pilchard or herring

[1] [See the last chapter of Southey's *Life of Nelson*, where Nelson's dying instructions—"Anchor, Hardy, anchor"—are recorded, and the biographer adds that unhappily the fleet did not anchor. In later editions, however, Southey withdrew the remark, being convinced from the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Collingwood* that the state of the weather, which Nelson could not foresee, would have rendered anchorage dangerous, if not impossible.]

[2] [Compare John xix. 23.]

shoal gathers itself into companionable catchableness;—which makes, in fine, so many nations possible, and Saxon and Norman beyond the rest.

"And finally, the accomplished phase of needlework—the 'Acu Tetigisti'[1] of all time, which does indeed practically exhibit—what mediæval theologists vainly disputed—how many angels can stand on a needle point, directing the serviceable stitch, to draw the separate into the inseparable."

22. Very thankfully I can now say that this vision of thread and needlework, though written when my fancy had too much possession of me, is now being in all its branches realised by two greatly valued friends,—the spinning on the old spinning-wheel, with most happy and increasingly acknowledged results, systematized here among our Westmorland hills by Mr. Albert Fleming;[2] the useful sewing, by Miss Stanley of Whitelands College, whose book on that subject[3] seems to me in the text of it all that can be desired, but the diagrams of dress may perhaps receive further consideration. For indeed the schools of all young womankind are in great need of such instruction in dressmaking as shall comply with womankind's natural instinct for self-decoration in all worthy and graceful ways, repressing in the rich their ostentation, and encouraging in the poor their wholesome pride.

23. On which matters, vital to the comfort and happiness of every household, I may have a word or two yet to say in next *Fors;*[4] being content that this one should close with the subjoined extract from a letter I received lately from Francesca's mother,[5] who, if any one, has right to be heard on the subject of education; and the rather that it is, in main purport, contrary to much that I have both believed and taught, but, falling in more genially with

[1] [*Plautus Rudens*, v. 2, 19.]
[2] [See Vol. XXX.]
[3] [See above, p. 491.]
[4] [This, however, was not done.]
[5] [For Miss Francesca Alexander and her mother, see *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII.).]

the temper of recent tutors and governors, may by them be gratefully acted upon, and serve also for correction of what I may have myself too servilely thought respecting the need of compulsion.

"If I have the least faculty for anything in this world, it is for teaching children, and making them good and *perfectly happy* going along. My whole principle is that no government is of the least use except self-government, and the worst children will do right, if told which is right and wrong, and that they must act for themselves. Then I have a fashion, told me by a friend when Francesca was a baby; which is this,—*never see evil, but praise good;* for instance, if children are untidy, do not find fault, or appear to notice it, but the first time possible, praise them for being neat and fresh, and they will soon become so. I dare say you can account for this, I cannot; but I have tried it many times, and have never known it fail. I have other ideas, but you might not approve of them,—the religious instruction I limited to paying my little friends for learning Dr. Watts' 'Though I'm now in younger days,' but I suppose *that*, like my system generally, is hopelessly old-fashioned. Very young children can learn this verse from it:—

"'I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.'

There was an old American sea captain who said he had been many times round the world comfortably by the help of this verse."

24. The following letters necessitate the return to my old form of notes and correspondence; but as I intend now the close of *Fors* altogether, that I may have leisure for some brief autobiography instead,[1] the old book may be permitted to retain its colloquial character to the end.

"WOODBURN, SELKIRK, N.B., 11*th December*, 1883.

"DEAR SIR,—The Ashestiel number of *Fors*[2] reaches me as I complete certain notes on the relationship of Scott to Mungo Park, which will form part of a History of Ettrick Forest, which I hope to publish in 1884.[3] This much in explanation of my presumption in writing you at all.

[1] [The first part of *Præterita*, here announced, was published in July 1885.]
[2] [Letter 92.]
[3] [The book was ultimately published in 1886: *The History of Selkirkshire; or, Chronicles of Ettrick Forest*, 2 vols. The three letters here given are printed (not quite so fully) in vol. ii. pp. 291, 297-298. On p. 298 Mr. Craig-Brown quotes the passage from *Fors*, Letter 92, to which he here takes exception, and in answer to it quotes the story here communicated to Ruskin.]

"Having now had all the use of them I mean to take, I send you copies of three letters taken by myself from the originals—and never published until last year, in an obscure local print:—

"1. Letter from Mungo Park to his sister. 2. Letter from Scott to Mrs. Laidlaw, of Peel (close to Ashestiel), written after the bankruptcy of a lawyer brother of the African traveller had involved his entire family circle in ruin. The 'merry friend' is Archibald Park, brother of Mungo (see Lockhart, ch. xiii.). It is he Sir Walter refers to in his story about the hot hounds entering Loch Katrine (see Introd. *Lady of Lake*). 3. Letter to young Mungo Park, on the death of his father, the above Archibald.

"I send you these because I know the perusal of letter No. 2 will give you deep pleasure, and I owe you much. Nothing in Sir Walter's career ever touched me more.

"May I venture a word for Mungo Park? He brought my wife's aunt into this world in the course of his professional practice at Peebles; and I have heard about his work there. He was one of the most devoted, unselfish men that stood for Scott's hero—Gideon Gray. Apropos of which, a story. Park, lost on the moors one wild night in winter, directed his horse to a distant light, which turned out to be the candle of a hill-shepherd's cottage. It so happened that the doctor arrived there in the nick of time, for the shepherd's wife was on the point of confinement. He waited till all was well over, and next morning the shepherd escorted him to where he could see the distant road. Park, noticing the shepherd lag behind, asked him the reason, on which the simple man replied—'Deed, sir, my wife said she was sure you must be an angel, and I think sa tae; so I'm just keeping ahint, to be sure I'll see you flee up.' This I have from the nephew of Park's wife, himself a worthy old doctor and ex-provost of Selkirk. The first motive of Park's second journey may have been fame; I am disposed to think it was. But I am sure if *auri fames* had anything to do with it, it was for his wife and children that he wanted it. Read his letters home, as I have done, and you will concede to the ill-fated man a character higher than last *Fors* accords him.

"If you place any value on these letters, may I venture to ask you to discharge the debt by a copy of last *F. C.* with your autograph? I am not ashamed to say I ask it in a spirit of blind worship.

"I shall not vex you by writing for your own eyes how much I honour and respect you; but shall content myself with professing myself your obedient servant,

"T. CRAIG-BROWN."

8th May, 1881.

25. Copy of letters lent to me by Mr. Blaikie, Holydean, and taken by him from boxes belonging to late Miss Jane Park, niece of Mungo Park.

(1.) Original letter from Mungo Park to his sister, Miss Bell Park, Hartwoodmires, near Selkirk. "DEAR SISTER,—I have not heard from Scotland

since I left it, but I hope you are all in good health, and I attribute your silence to the hurry of harvest. However, let me hear from you soon, and write how Sandy's marriage comes on, and how Jeany is, for I have heard nothing from her neither. I have nothing new to tell you. I am very busy preparing my book for the press, and all friends here are in good health. Mr. Dickson is running about, sometimes in the shop and sometimes out of it. Peggy is in very good health, and dressed as I think in a cotton gown of a bluish pattern; a *round-eared much* (sic,—properly mutch), or what they call here a cap, with a white ribbon; a Napkin of lawn or muslin, or some such thing; a white striped dimity petticoat. Euphy and bill (Bell *or* Bill?) are both in very good health, but they are gone out to play, therefore I must defer a description of them till my next letter.—I remain, your loving brother, MUNGO PARK.—London, Sept. 21st, 1795. *P.S.*—Both Peggy and Mr. Dickson have been very inquisitive about you and beg their compliments to you."

(2.) (Copy.) Letter from (Sir) Walter Scott to Mrs. Laidlaw, of Peel. (See Lockhart's *Life*, chap. xvii., p. 164.) "MY DEAR MRS. LAIDLAW,—Any remembrance from you is at all times most welcome to me. I have, in fact, been thinking a good deal about Mr. Park's (family ?) especially about my good merry friend Archie, upon whom such calamity has fallen. I will write to a friend in London likely to know about such matters to see if possible to procure him the situation of an overseer of extensive farms in improvements, for which he is so well qualified. But success in this is doubtful, and I am aware that their distress must be pressing. Now, 'Waterloo' has paid, or is likely to pay me a great deal more money than I think proper to subscribe for the fund for families suffering, and I chiefly consider the surplus as dedicated to assist distress or affliction. I shall receive my letter in a few days from the booksellers, and I will send Mr. Laidlaw care for £50 and three months, the contents to be applied to the service of Mr. Park's family. It is no great sum, but may serve to alleviate any immediate distress; and you can apply it as coming from yourself, which will relieve Park's delicacy upon the subject. I really think I will be able to hear of something for him; at least it shall not be for want of asking about, for I will lug him in as a postscript to every letter I write. Will you tell Mr. Laidlaw with my best compliments —not that I have bought Kaeside, for this James will have told him already, but that I have every reason to think I have got it £600 cheaper than I would at a public sale? Mrs. Scott and the young people join in best compliments, and I ever am, dear Mrs. Laidlaw, very truly yours, WALTER SCOTT.—Edinburgh, 20th Nov. (1815)."

(3.) Letter (original) from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Mungo Park, Tobermory, Isle of Mull, Oban. "SIR,—I was favoured with your very attentive letter conveying to me the melancholy intelligence that you have lost my old acquaintance and friend, your worthy father. I was using some interest to get him placed on the Superannuated Establishment of the Customs, but God has been pleased to render this unnecessary. A great charge devolves on you, sir, for so young a person, both for the comfort and support of his family. If you let me know your plans of life when settled, it is possible I may be of use to you in some shape or other, which I should desire in the circumstances, though my powers are very limited

unless in the way of recommendation. I beg my sincere condolence may be communicated to your sister, who I understand to be a very affectionate daughter and estimable young person. I remain very much your obedient servant, WALTER SCOTT.—Edinburgh, 17th May, 1820."

26. I am greatly obliged to Mr. Brown for his own letter, and for those which I have printed above; but have only to answer that no "word for Mungo Park" was the least necessary in reply to what I said of him, nor could *any* word in reply lessen its force, as far as it goes. I spoke of him[1] as the much regretted friend of Sir Walter Scott, and as a man most useful in his appointed place of a country physician. How useful, and honoured, and blessed that function was, nothing could prove more clearly than the beautiful fact of the shepherd's following him as an angel; and nothing enforce more strongly my blame of his quitting that angel's work by Tweedside to trace the lonely brinks of useless rivers. The letter to his sister merely lowers my estimate of his general culture; a common servant's letter home is usually more interesting, and not worse spelt. A "sacred" one to his wife, published lately by a rabid Scot in reply to the serene sentences of mine, which he imagines "explosive" like his own, need not be profaned by *Fors'* print. I write letters with more feeling in them to most of my good girl-friends, any day of the year, and don't run away from them to Africa afterwards.

27. A letter from Miss Russell[2] to the *Scotsman*, written soon after last *Fors* was published, to inform Scotland that Ashestiel was not a farm house,—(it would all, with the latest additions, go inside a Bernese farmer's granary)—that nobody it belonged to had ever done any farming, or anything else that was useful,—that Scott had been greatly honoured in being allowed a lease of it, that his study had been turned into a passage in the recent improvements,[3] and that in the dining-room of it, Mrs. Siddons had called

[1] [See above, p. 453.]
[2] [Ashestiel passed in 1712 to the Russells, whose descendants are still in possession: see Crockett's *The Scott Country*, 1905, p. 160.]
[3] [See above, p. 463 *n.*]

LETTER 96 (TERMINAL)

ROSY VALE

1. "St. David, having built a monastery near Menevia, which is from him since called St. David's, in a place called the Rosy Valley (Vallis Rosina), gave this strict rule of monastical profession,—'That every monk should labour daily with his hands for the common good of the Monastery, according to the Apostle's saying, He that doth not labour, let him not eat.[1] For those who spend their time in idleness debase their minds, which become unstable, and bring forth impure thoughts, which restlessly disquiet them.' The monks there *refused all gifts or possessions offered by unjust men; they detested riches;* they had no care to ease their labour by the use of oxen or other cattle, for every one was instead of riches and oxen to himself and his brethren. They never conversed together by talking but when necessity required, but each one performed the labour enjoined him, joining thereto prayer, or holy meditations on Divine things: and having finished their country work, they returned to their monastery, where they spent the remainder of the day, till the evening, in reading or writing. In the evening, at the sounding of a bell, they all left their work and immediately repaired to the church, where they remained till the stars appeared, and then went all together to their refection, eating sparingly and not to satiety, for any excess in eating, though it be only of bread, occasions luxury. Their food was bread with roots or herbs, seasoned with salt, and their thirst they quenched with a mixture of water and milk. Supper being ended, they continued about three hours in watching, prayers, and genuflexions. After this they went to rest, and at cock-crowing they arose again, and continued at prayer till day appeared. All their inward temptations and thoughts they discovered to their superior. Their clothing was of the skins of beasts. Whosoever desired to be admitted into their holy convocation was obliged to remain ten days at the door of the monastery as an offcast, unworthy to be admitted into their society, and there he was exposed to be scorned; but if, during that time, he patiently endured that mortification, he was received by the religious senior who had charge of the gate, whom he served, and was by him instructed. In that condition he continued a long time, exercised in painful labours, and grievous mortifications, and at last was admitted to the fellowship of the brethren.

[1] [2 Thessalonians iii. 10.]

"This monastery appears to have been founded by St. David, some time after the famous British synod assembled in the year 519, for crushing of the Pelagian heresy, which began again to spread after it had been once before extinguished by St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and St. Lupus, Bishop of Troyes. This monastery is not taken notice of in the *Monasticon*, any more than the other two above, and for the same reason, as not coming within any of the orders afterwards known in England, and having had but a short continuance; for what became of it, or when it finished, is not known."

2. I chanced on this passage in the second volume of Dugdale's *Monasticon*,[1] as I was choosing editions of it at Mr. Quaritch's,[2] on one of the curious days which I suppose most people recognize as "white" among the many-coloured ones of their lives; that is to say, the days when everything goes well, by no management of their own. About the same time I received the following letter from a very old and dear friend:—

"In an old *Fors*[3] you ask for information about Nanterre. If you have not had it already, here is some. As you know, it is in the plain between Paris, Sèvres, and Versailles—a station on the Versailles line; a little station, at which few persons 'descend,' and fewer still ascend; the ladies of the still somewhat primitive and rather ugly little village being chiefly laundresses, and preferring, as I should in their place, to go to Paris in their own carts with the clean linen. Nanterre has, however, two notable transactions in its community. It makes cakes, sold in Paris as 'Gâteaux de Nanterre,' and dear to childhood's soul. *And*—now prick up your ears—it yearly elects a Rosière. Not a high-falutin' æsthetic, self-conscious product, forced, and in an unsuitable sphere; but a *real* Rosière—a peasant girl, not chosen for beauty, or reading or writing, neither of which she may possibly possess; but one who has in some signal, but simple, *unself-conscious* way done her duty in the state of life unto which it has pleased God to call her,—done it in the open, fresh air, and under the bright sun, in the 'fierce white light' of village public opinion; who is known to young and old, and has been known all her life.

"She is crowned with roses in May, and has a portion of rather more than 1000 francs. She is expected soon to marry, and carry on into the higher functions of wife and mother the promise of her maidenhood."

[1] [The above account is quoted from vol. i. p. 216 of the two additional volumes to the *Monasticon* by John Stevens, 1722; it is incorporated as a footnote in vol. vi. part iii. p. 1629, of the "new edition" (1846) of Sir William Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum* (first published 1665–1673).]

[2] [Mr. Quaritch's shop in Piccadilly was a favourite haunt of Ruskin's, and with Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the founder of the business (1819–1899) he was on terms of personal friendship.]

[3] [Not "in an old *Fors*," but in ch. ii. § 5, of *The Bible of Amiens*.]

3. And with this letter came another, from Francesca, giving me this following account of her servant Edwige's * native village:—

"I have been asking her about 'Le Rose'; she says it is *such* a pretty place, and the road has a hedge of beautiful roses on each side, and there are roses about all the houses. . . . But now I can hardly finish my letter, for since she has begun she cannot stop running on about her birthplace, and I am writing in the midst of a long discourse about the chestnut-trees, and the high wooded hill, with the chapel of the Madonna at its summit, and the stream of clear water where she used to wash clothes, and I know not what else! She has a very affectionate recollection of her childhood, poor as it was; and I do think that the beautiful country in which she grew up gave a sort of brightness to her life. I am very thankful that her story is going to be printed,[1] for it has been a help to me, and will be, I think, to others."

4. Yes, a help, and better than that, a light,—as also this that follows, being an account just sent me by Francesca, of a Rosy Vale in Italy, rejoicing round its Living Rose.

THE MOTHER OF THE ORPHANS[2]

"In the beautiful city of Bassano, on the Brenta, between the mountains and the plain, Signora Maria Zanchetta has passed the eighty-five years of her busy, happy, and useful life, bringing a blessing to all who have come near her, first in her own family, and afterwards, for the last forty-five years, to one generation after another of poor orphan girls, to whom she has been more than a mother. She always had, from childhood, as she herself told me, a wish to enter a religious life, and her vocation seems to have been rather for the active than for the contemplative life. She belongs to an honourable family of Bassano, and appears to have had an especial love and reverence for her parents, whom she would never leave as long as they lived. After their death she continued to live with an invalid sister, Paola, whom she remembers always with great tenderness, and who is spoken of still, by those who knew her, as something very near a saint.

"I have often wondered how much of Signora Maria's sweet and beautiful Christian spirit, which has brought comfort into hundreds of lives, may be owing to the influence of the saintly elder sister, whose helpless condition must have made her seem, to herself and others, comparatively useless in the world, but who lived always so very near to heaven! After Paola died, Maria, being no longer needed at home, resolved to give

* See *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, No. II., p. 80.[3]

[1] [See the "Story of Edwige" in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII.).]

[2] [This account was reprinted, with some small revisions (here followed) and with some additional footnotes (here given), in Part iii. of *Christ's Folk in the Apennine* (1887): see the Bibliographical Note, above, p. xxxvi.]

[3] [In Ruskin's Postscript to the "Ballad of Santa Zita."]

herself entirely to some charitable work, and her mind turned to the Girls' Orphan Asylum, close to her own house. Her brother and other relations would have preferred that she should have become a nun in one of those convents where girls of noble families are sent for education, considering that such a life was more honourable,* and better suited to her condition. She told me this part of her story herself, and added, 'In the convent I should have been paid for my work, but I wanted to serve the Lord without recompense in this world, and so I came here to the orphans.' There she has lived ever since, *wearing the same dress as the poor girls,*† living their life, entering into all their pleasures, and troubles; *overseeing the washing, giving a hand to the mending,* leading a humble, laborious life, full, one would think, of wearisome cares and burdens,—a mother's burdens, without a mother's instinct to support them; but still, if one may judge by her face, she has lived in perpetual sunshine. And how young she looks still! She must have been a delicate blonde beauty in her youth; and she still retains a complexion like a sweet-briar rose, and her kind blue eyes are as clear and peaceful as an infant's. Her hair, still abundant as in youth, is quite white, and yet not like snow, unless it be snow with the evening sunshine upon it; one sees in a moment that it has once been golden, and it is finer than anything that I ever saw, excepting thistledown. Her dress is of the poorest and plainest, and yet I cannot feel that she would be more beautiful in any other. A blue cotton dress, and cap of the same, with a handkerchief and apron, such as are worn by the contadine,—nothing else; but all arranged with scrupulous neatness. There is nothing monastic in the dress, nor in the life; Signora Maria is free to stay or go as she will; she is bound by no vow, belongs to no order; there has been nothing but the love of God, and of the poor children, to hold her to her place all these long years. She has some property, but *she leaves the use of it to her family,*‡ taking for herself only just what is sufficient for her own maintenance in the asylum, that she may not take anything from the orphans. I had long wished to know this good Signora Maria; and finally, last May, I had the great pleasure of seeing her. I had sent to ask at what hour she could see me; to which she replied, 'Any time after six in the morning.' Which I thought was pretty well for eighty-five!

"When, the next morning, I went with Edwige to the orphan asylum, and we entered the very modest little 'bottega,' as they call it, with its low ceiling, and counter where they sell artificial flowers, and certain

* Let me earnestly pray the descendants of old Catholic families to think how constantly their pride, the primary mortal sin, has been the ruin of all they had most confidently founded it on, and all they strove to build on such foundation.

† The good Superiora's example, comparing what we are told of the dress of the girls themselves at page 525, may well take the place of all I had to say in this last *Fors*, about dress, summed in the simple advice to all women of rank and wealth,—Till you can dress your poor beautifully, dress your*selves* plainly; till you can feed all your poor healthily, live yourselves like the monks of Vallis Rosina, and the message of *Fors* is ended.

‡ How many, so-called, Reformations, disruptions, dishonours, and agonies, of the Catholic Church would have been spared her, had the Popes simply insisted on this law being observed by her religious orders! [*Note added in "Christ's Folk."*]

simple medicines of their own preparing in which the Bassano people have great faith; and where also they receive orders for ornamental laundry-work, and for embroidery of a religious description;*—when, as I was saying, we entered this room, half-a-dozen elderly women were standing talking together, all in the same old-fashioned blue dresses. I asked if I could see the Superiora, on which this very pretty and young-looking lady came forward; and I, not dreaming that she could be the aged saint for whom I was looking, repeated my question. 'A servirla!' she replied. I was obliged to explain the astonishment, which I could not conceal, by saying, that I had expected to see a much older lady. 'I *am* old,' she answered, 'but I have good health, thank the Lord!' And then she led us through a room where a number of girls were doing the peculiar laundry-work of which I have spoken,—one cannot call it ironing, *for no iron is used about it*;† but with their fingers, and a fine stick kept for the purpose, they work the starched linen into all kinds of delicate patterns. They all rose and bowed politely as we passed, and then the old lady preceded us up the stone staircase (which she mounted so rapidly that she left us some way behind her), and conducted us to a pleasant upper chamber, where we all sat down together. On this day, and on those following, when I was taking her portrait, I gathered many particulars of her own life, and also about the institution, which I must write down one by one as I can remember them, for I find it impossible to arrange them in any order. She told me that they were in all seventy-five, between women and girls. Every girl taken into the institution has a right to a home in it for life, if she will; and many never choose to leave it, or if they do, they return to it; but others have married, or gone to service, or to live with their relations. Once, many years ago, she had seven little slave girls, put temporarily under her care by a good missionary who had bought them in Africa. She seems to have a peculiar tenderness in her remembrance of the poor little unbaptized savages. 'The others call me Superiora,' she said, 'but *they* used to call me Mamma Maria.' And her voice softened to more than its usual gentleness as she said those words.

"And now I must leave the dear old lady for a moment, to repeat what Silvia told me once about those same little slave girls. It was a warm summer's evening, and Silvia and I were sitting, as we often do, on the broad stone steps of the Rezzonico Palace,[1] between the two immense old stone lions that guard the door, and watching the sunset behind the mountains. And Silvia was telling me how, when she was a very small child, those little African girls were brought to the house, and what wild black faces they had, and what brilliant eyes. As they were running about the wide lawn behind Palazzo Rezzonico (which stands in a retired country place about a mile from the city), they caught sight of those stone lions by the door, and immediately pressed about them, *and fell to*

* I should be inclined considerably to modify these directions of industry, in the organization of similar institutions here.

† I italicize here and there a sentence that might otherwise escape notice. I might italicize the whole text, if I could so express my sympathy with all it relates.

[1] [The Villa Rezzonico, outside Bassano, celebrated for its views, extending as far as the Euganean Hills, and over those of the Sette Comuni and Asolo.]

embracing them, as if they had been dear friends, and covered them with tears and kisses; * and Silvia thought that they were thinking of their own country, and perhaps of lions which they had seen in their African deserts. I asked Signora Maria if she knew what had become of those poor girls. She said that she had heard that two of them afterwards entered a convent; but she had lost sight of them all for many years; and, indeed, they had only remained in Bassano for five months.

"While I was drawing the old lady's portrait, a tall, strong, very pleasant-looking woman of fifty or so came in and stood beside me. She wore the same dress as the Superiora, excepting that she had no cap, nor other covering for her wavy black hair, which was elaborately braided, and knotted up behind, in the fashion commonly followed by the contadine in this part of the country. She had very bright eyes, in which a smile seemed to have taken up its permanent abode, even when the rest of her face was serious. Her voice was soft (there seems to be something in the atmosphere of that orphanage which makes everybody's voice soft); but her movements were rapid and energetic, and she evidently had a supply of vigour and spirit sufficient for half-a-dozen, at least, of average women. She was extremely interested in the progress of the picture (which she said was as much like the Superiora as anything could be that was *sitting still*), but it was rather a grievance to her that the old lady *would* be taken in her homely dress. 'Come now, you *might*[1] wear that other cap!' she said, bending over the little fair Superiora, putting her strong arm very softly around her neck, and speaking coaxingly as if to a baby; then looking at me: 'She has such a pretty cap, that I made up for her myself, and she will not wear it!' 'I wear it when I go out,' said Signora Maria, 'but I would rather have my likeness in the dress that I always wear at home.' I, too, said that I would rather draw her just as she was. 'I suppose you are right,' said the younger woman, regretfully, 'but she is so much prettier in that cap!' I thought her quite pretty enough in the old blue cap, and kept on with my work. Meanwhile I asked some questions about the institution. Signora Maria said that it was founded in the last century by a good priest, Don Giorgio Pirani, and afterwards farther endowed by Don Marco Cremona, whom she had herself known in his old age. How old this Don Marco was she could not remember; a cast of his face, which she afterwards showed me, and which she told me was taken after his death, represented a very handsome, benevolent-looking man, of about seventy; but I imagine (judging from the rest of the conversation) that he must have been much older. She told me that the founder, Don Giorgio, having inherited considerable property, and having no relations that needed it, had bought the land and three or four houses, which he had thrown into one; and had given it all for poor orphan girls of Bassano.

* This is to me the most lovely and the most instructive fact I ever heard, in its witness to the relations that exist between man and the inferior intelligences of creation.[2]

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[1] [Here, in *Christ's Folk*, a note was added: "These three last flashes of italic are F.'s."]

[2] [In *Christ's Folk* the following note was substituted:—

"I think this is the loveliest thing I ever heard of the relations between animals and man."]

"The place accommodates seventy-five girls and women, and is always full. Thirty centimes (3d.) a day are allowed for the maintenance of each girl, and were probably sufficient in Don Giorgio's time, but times have changed since then. However, they do various kinds of work, principally of a religious or ecclesiastical nature,—making priests' dresses, or artificial flowers for the altar, or wafers to be used at the Communion; besides sewing, knitting, and embroidery of all kinds;—and the women work for the children, and the whole seventy-five live together in one affectionate and united family. The old lady seemed very fond of her 'tose,' as she calls the girls, and said that they also loved her; which I should think they would, for a more entirely lovable woman it would be hard to find.

"She has the delightful manners of an old-fashioned Venetian, full of grace, sweetness, and vivacity, and would think that she failed in one of the first Christian duties if she did not observe all the laws of politeness. She never once failed, during our rather frequent visits at the institution, to come downstairs to meet us, receiving me always at the outside door with a kiss on both cheeks; and when we came away she would accompany us into the cortile, and stand there, taking leave, with the sun on her white hair. When, however, she found this last attention made me rather uncomfortable, she desisted; for her politeness being rather of the heart than of etiquette, she never fails in comprehending and considering the feelings of those about her.

"But to return to our conversation. The woman with the black, wavy hair, whose name was, as I found out, Annetta, remarked, with regard to the good Don Giorgio Pirani, that 'he died so young, poor man!' As it seemed he had accomplished a good deal in his life, I was rather surprised, and asked, 'How young?' To which she replied, in a tone of deep compassion, 'Only seventy-five, poor man! But then he had worn himself out with the care of the institution, and he had a great deal of trouble.' Annetta calculated age in the Bassano fashion; in this healthy air, and *with the usually simple habits of life of the people*, longevity is the rule, and not the exception. The portrait of Don Giorgio's mother hangs beside his in the refectory, with an inscription stating that it was painted 'in the year of her age eighty-nine'; also that her name was Daciana Pirani, and that she assisted her two sons, Giorgio and Santi, in their charitable work for the orphans. The picture itself bears the date 1774, and represents a fresh-coloured, erect, very pleasant-looking lady, with bright, black eyes; very plainly dressed in a long-waisted brown gown and blue apron, with a little dark-coloured cap, which time has rendered so indistinct that I cannot quite make out the fashion of it. A plain handkerchief, apparently of fine white linen, is folded over her bosom, and her arms are bare to the elbows, with a fine Venetian gold chain wound several times around one of them,—her only ornament, excepting her little round earrings. She is standing by a table, on which are her crucifix, prayer-book, and rosary. The Superiora told me that when Don Giorgio was engaged in building and fitting up his asylum, sometimes, at the table his mother would observe that he was absent and low-spirited, and had little appetite, at which she would ask him anxiously, 'What ails you, my son?' and he would reply, 'I have no more money for my workmen.' At this she always said, 'Oh,

if that is all, do not be troubled! I will see to it!' And, rising from the table, she would leave the room, to return in a few minutes with a handful of money, sufficient for the immediate expenses. Don Giorgio himself must have had, if his portrait tells the truth, a singularly kind, sensible, and cheerful face, with more regular beauty than Don Marco Cremona, but less imposing, with dark eyes and white curling hair. Of Santi Pirani I could learn nothing, excepting that he was a priest, an excellent man, and his brother's helper.

"But to return to what I was saying about the Bassano fashion of reckoning age. It is not long since a Bassano gentleman, himself quite a wonderful picture of vigorous health, was complaining to me that the health of the city was not what it used to be. 'Indeed,' he said, with the air of one bringing forward an unanswerable proof of his assertion, 'at this present time, among all my acquaintances, I know only one man past a hundred! My father knew several; but now they all seem to drop off between eighty and ninety!' And he shook his head sadly. I asked some questions about his centenarian friend, and was told that he was a poor man, and lived on charity. 'We all give to him,' he said; 'he always worked as long as he could, and at his age we do not think it ought to be expected of him.'

"As nearly as I can understand, people here begin to be considered elderly when they are about eighty, but those who die before ninety are thought to have died untimely. Signora Maria's family had an old servant, by name Bartolo Mosca, who lived with them for seventy-two years. He entered their service at fourteen, and left it—for a better world, I hope—at eighty-six. He was quite feeble for some time before he died, and his master kept a servant expressly to wait upon him. A woman servant, Maria Cometa, died in their house of nearly the same age, having passed all her life in their service.

"I was much interested in observing Annetta's behaviour to her Superiora; it was half reverential, half caressing. I could hardly tell whether she considered the old lady as a patron saint or a pet child. Anxious to know what was the tie between them, I asked Annetta how long she had been in the place. She did a little cyphering on her fingers, and then said, 'Forty years.' In answer to other questions, she told me that her father and mother had both died within a few weeks of each other, when she was a small child, the youngest of seven; and her uncle, finding himself left with the burden of so large a family on his shoulders, had thought well to relieve himself in part by putting the smallest and most helpless 'with the orphans.' '*She* has been my mother ever since,' she said, dropping her voice, and laying her hand on the little old lady's shoulder. She added that some of her brothers had come on in the world, and had wished to take her home, and that she had gone at various times and stayed in their families; but that she had always come back to her place in the institution, because she could never be happy, for any length of time, anywhere else. I asked if the girls whom they took in were generally good, and repaid their kindness as they should do, to which the old lady replied, 'Many of them do, and are a great comfort; but others give us much trouble. What can we do? We must have patience; we are here on purpose.' 'Besides,' said Annetta, cheerfully, 'it would never

do for us to have all our reward in this world; if we did, we could not expect any on the other side.'

"The Superiora told me many interesting stories about the institution, and of the bequests that had been left to it by various Bassano families, of which the most valuable appeared to be *some land in the country with one or two contadine houses*, where the girls are sent occasionally to pass a day in the open air and enjoy themselves. Many families had bequeathed furniture and pictures to the institution, so that one sees everywhere massive nutwood chairs and tables, carved and inlaid, all of old republican * times. One picture, of which I do not recollect the date, but it is about two hundred years old, I should think, represents a young lady with fair curls, magnificently dressed in brocade and jewels, by name Maddalena Bernardi, who looks always as if wondering at the simple unworldliness of the life about her; and beside her hangs the last of her race (her son, I suppose, for he is much like her in feature; but no one knows, now); a poor Franciscan frate, 'who did a great deal for the orphans,' Signora Maria says. Next to the frate, between him and good Don Giorgio, she showed me a Venetian senator, all robe and wig, with a face like nobody in particular, scarlet drapery tossed about in confusion, and a background of very black thunder-clouds. 'This picture,' she said, 'was left us by the Doge Erizzo, and represents one of his family. He left us also a hundred and twenty staia of Indian corn, and two barrels of wine, yearly; and we still continue to receive them.' She showed me also a room where the floor was quite covered with heaps of corn, saying, 'I send it to be ground as we need it; but it will not last long, there are so many mouths!'

"During the many days that I visited Signora Maria, I noticed several things which seemed to me different from other orphan asylums which I have seen. To be sure, I have not seen a great many; but from what little I have been able to observe, I have taken an impression that orphan girls usually have their hair cut close to their heads, and wear the very ugliest clothes that can possibly be obtained, and that their clothes are made so as to fit no one in particular. Also I think that they are apt to look dull and dispirited, with a general effect of being educated by machinery, which is not pleasant. Signora Maria's little girls, on the contrary, *are made to look as pretty as is possible* in the poor clothes which are the best that can be afforded for them. Their cotton handkerchiefs are of the gayest patterns, their hair is arranged becomingly, so as to make the most of the light curls of one, or the heavy braids of another, and most of them wear little gold earrings. And if one speaks to them, they answer with a pleasant smile, and do not seem frightened. I do not think that the dear old lady keeps them under an iron rule, by any means. Another thing which I noticed was that while many of the younger children, who had been but a little while in the place, looked rather sickly, and showed still the marks of poverty and neglect, the older girls, who had been there for several years, had, almost without exception, an appearance of vigorous health. It was my good fortune to be there once on washing-day, when a number of girls, apparently from

* Old stately times, Francesca means, when Bassano and Castelfranco, Padua and Verona, were all as the sisters of Venice.

fifteen to twenty years old, bare-armed (and some of them bare-footed), were hanging out clothes to dry in the cortile; and such a picture of health and beauty I have seldom seen, nor such light, strong, rapid movements, nor such evident enjoyment of their work.

"Next to the room where I did most of my work was a long narrow room where many of the women and elder girls used to work together. An inscription in large black letters hung on the wall, 'Silentium.' I suppose it must have been put there with an idea of giving an orderly conventual air to the place; perhaps it may have served that purpose, it certainly did no other! The door was open between us, and the lively talking that went on in that room was incessant. Once the old lady by my side called to them, 'Tose!' and I thought that she was calling them to order, but it proved that she only wanted to have a share in the conversation. When not sitting for her portrait, she used to sew or knit, as she sat beside me. She could do beautiful mending, and never wore spectacles. She told me that she *had* worn them until a few years before, *when her sight had come back quite strong as in youth.*

"But I must allow, in speaking of my friends of the orphan asylum, that some of their religious observances are a little—peculiar. In the large garden, on the side where Signora Maria has her flower border ('We cannot afford much room for flowers,' Annetta says, 'but they are the delight of the Superiora!') is a long walk under a canopy of grape-vines, leading to a niche where stands, under the thick shade, a large wooden Madonna of the Immaculate Conception. She is very ugly, and but a poor piece of carving; a stout, heavy woman in impossible drapery, and with no expression whatsoever. The seven stars (somewhat rusty and blackened by the weather) are arranged on a rather too conspicuous piece of wire about the head. The last time I saw her, however, she had much improved, if not in beauty or sanctity, at least in cleanliness of appearance; which Annetta accounted for by saying complacently: 'I gave her a coat of white paint myself, *oil* paint; so now she will look well for a long time to come, and the rain will not hurt her.' I observed that some one had placed a rose in the clumsy wooden hand, and that her ears were ornamented with little garnet earrings. Annetta said, 'The girls put together a few soldi and bought those earrings for the Madonna; they are very cheap ones; and I bored the holes in her ears myself with a gimlet.' * Before this Madonna the girls go on summer afternoons to sing the litanies, and apparently find their devotion in no way disturbed by the idea of Annetta's tinkering. She seems to do pretty much all the carpentering and repairing that are wanted about the establishment, and is just as well pleased to 'restore' the Madonna as anything else. I was very sorry, at last, when the time came to say good-bye to the peaceful old house and its inmates. The Superiora, on the occasion of her last sitting, presented me with a very pretty specimen of the girls'

* There is no passage in all these histories which claims from the general reader more tender and loving attention; or in reading which he ought to repent more solemnly of light thought and scornful mood, or to remember with more shame the iconoclasm of Churches that had neither sense nor charity. [*Note added in "Christ's Folk."*]

work—a small pin-cushion, surrounded with artificial flowers, and surmounted by a dove, with spread wings, in white linen; its shape, and even feathers, quite wonderfully represented by means of the peculiar starching process which I have tried to describe. I can only hope that the dear old lady may be spared to the utmost limit of life in Bassano, which would give her many years yet; for it is sad to think of the change that must come over the little community when she is taken away. She is still the life of the house; her influence is everywhere. She reminds me always of the beautiful promise, 'They shall yet bear fruit in old age.' Once I was expressing to her my admiration for the institution, and she said, 'It is a *happy* institution.' And so it is, but it is she who has made it so."

5. This lovely history, of a life spent in the garden of God, sums, as it illumines, all that I have tried to teach in the series of letters which I now feel that it is time to close.

The "Go and do thou likewise,"[1] which every kindly intelligent spirit cannot but hear spoken to it, in each sentence of the quiet narrative, is of more searching and all-embracing urgency than any appeal I have dared to make in my own writings. Looking back upon my efforts for the last twenty years, I believe that their failure has been in very great part owing to my compromise with the infidelity of this outer world, and my endeavour to base my pleading upon motives of ordinary prudence and kindness, instead of on the primary duty of loving God,—foundation other than which can no man lay.[2] I thought myself speaking to a crowd which could only be influenced by visible utility; nor was I the least aware how many entirely good and holy persons were living in the faith and love of God as vividly and practically now as ever in the early enthusiasm of Christendom, until, chiefly in consequence of the great illnesses which, for some time after 1878, forbade my accustomed literary labour,[3] I was brought into

[1] [Luke x. 37.]
[2] [1 Corinthians iii. 11.]
[3] [For the illness of 1878, see Vol. XXV. p. xxvi. Ruskin was again seriously ill in 1881 and 1882: see the Introduction to Vol. XXXIII. The friends to whom he here alludes include, no doubt, Professor Norton in America, Dr. John Brown in Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. Le Touche in Ireland, and Mrs. and Miss Francesca Alexander in Italy.]

closer personal relations with the friends in America, Scotland, Ireland, and Italy, to whom, if I am spared to write any record of my life, it will be seen that I owe the best hopes and highest thoughts which have supported and guided the force of my matured mind. These have shown me, with lovely initiation, in how many secret places the prayer was made which I had foolishly listened for at the corners of the streets;[1] and on how many hills which I had thought left desolate, the hosts of heaven still moved in chariots of fire.[2]

6. But surely the time is come when all these faithful armies should lift up the standard of their Lord,—not by might, nor by power, but by His spirit,[3] bringing forth judgment unto victory. That they should no more be hidden, nor overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. If the enemy cometh in like a flood, how much more may the rivers of Paradise? Are there not fountains of the great deep that open to bless, not destroy?

And the beginning of blessing, if you will think of it, is in that promise, "Great shall be the peace of thy *children*." All the world is but as one orphanage, so long as its children know not God their Father; and all wisdom and knowledge is only more bewildered darkness, so long as you have not taught them the fear of the Lord.

Not to be taken out of the world in monastic sorrow, but to be kept from its evil in shepherded peace;—ought not this to be done for all the children held at the fonts beside which we vow, in their name, to renounce the world? Renounce! nay, ought we not, at last, to redeem?

The story of Rosy Vale is not ended;—surely out of its silence the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and round it the desert rejoice, and blossom as the rose!

[1] [Compare Matthew vi. 5, 6.]
[2] [2 Kings vi. 17.]
[3] [Zechariah iv. 6. The other Bible references in § 6 are Matthew xii. 20; Romans xii. 21; Isaiah lix. 19; Genesis vii. 11; Isaiah liv. 13; Isaiah lv. 12; and Isaiah xxxv. 1.]

APPENDIX

ADDITIONAL PASSAGES FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF, AND LETTERS RELATING TO, "FORS CLAVIGERA"

1. PROFIT AND LOSS IN THE IRON TRADE
2. THE DUTIES OF LANDLORDS. THE SHEPHERD, LORD CLIFFORD
3. COMMON SENSE. CASH DOWN
4. OBSERVATION AND DESCRIPTION
5. THE TRUE MEANING OF "MINE" AND "WORK"
6. THE WORTH OF A VOTE
7. RUSKIN AND SCOTT
8. NOTES ON THE LIFE OF SCOTT
9. STREAMS AND THEIR USE: TRANSLATION FROM PLATO
10. ON THE USE OF MACHINERY: LETTERS TO A MANCHESTER MANUFACTURER
11. THE DEFINITION OF MONEY: LETTERS TO THE REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE
12. DISCRIMINATION IN ART TEACHING
13. LAWS FOR THE WINE TRADE
14. ECONOMY: GOD'S AND THE DEVIL'S
15. THE EIGHTEENTH PSALM

16. THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY: LETTERS TO MR. FREDERIC HARRISON

17. INTEREST; AND RAILWAYS:—

(*a*) AN ADDITIONAL PASSAGE

(*b*) A LETTER TO MR. W. WALKER

18. MORNING THOUGHTS AT GENEVA

19. "THESE THY CREATURES OF BREAD AND WINE"

20. WHISTLER *v.* RUSKIN:—

(*a*) REPORT OF THE TRIAL

(*b*) "MY OWN ARTICLE ON WHISTLER"

21. MYTHS AND NOVELS

22. CORRESPONDENCE WITH T. C. HORSFALL

23. PLATO'S "MUSIC" AND LUDWIG RICHTER

24. GOOD AND EVIL

25. NOTES ON THE LAND QUESTION

26. EPILOGUE

1

PROFIT AND LOSS IN THE IRON TRADE

A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF A PAMPHLET ON "WAGES"[1]

[See Letter 2, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 35–37)]

HERNE HILL, LONDON,
January 5th, 1874.

SIR,—I have been much interested by your pamphlet on *Wages*, which I suppose your publisher sent me by your direction. As I observe you honour me by quoting a sentence of mine in it, you will perhaps pardon my intruding a question on you privately, which otherwise I should only have ventured to state in any notice I may have to take of this important address in public.

You limit your estimates and inquiries (as far as I can see) to the profit and loss, prosperity or depression, of the iron trade only. Have you arrived at any conclusions as to the effect of that trade on other businesses? For instance: in consequence of its flourishing condition, I pay twice as much for the fire by which I am writing as I did last year. You examine the effect of that rise of price on the coal owner; and you congratulate him and the country generally on his better remuneration. But you do not examine the effect of the change on *me*, nor congratulate me. Again. The sum I pay extra for firing is withdrawn from that which I am able to spend on art patronage. The coal owner becomes the art patron, instead of me. Have you examined the effect upon the art of the country which is likely to result from making the coal owner its patron, instead of the persons who are occupied in the study of it?

Again. You speak of iron as if it were always useful. Can you give me any estimate of the capital sunk unproductively in the merely ornamental iron railings of London;—or perhaps it will be better to say, the iron railings[2] simply;—I suppose it would be difficult to separate the cost of ornamentation with any definiteness from that of general make. But I have long wished to obtain from some competent authority a rough estimate of the total sum thus withdrawn from productive labour.

[1] [This letter was first printed in *Poet-Lore*, July 1891, vol. iii. pp. 361–362; and next in the privately issued *Letters upon Subjects of General Interest from John Ruskin to Various Correspondents*, 1892, pp. 54–57.]

[2] [The "iron railings" problem is a favourite one of Ruskin's: see Vol. XXVII. pp. 35–37, 68; and the other places noted at *ibid.*, p. 36 *n.*]

These three questions are strictly only branches of the main one; the effect of the iron and coal trade on other trades or occupations.

But I permit myself one more inquiry in another direction. You point with exultation to the various incapacities of Belgium and Russia for production of iron: do you think, then, that if a little more iron existed in those countries, or in the world generally, and if Belgians and Russians were less stupid than they are, the British Nation would find existence impossible—or even greatly inconvenienced by the increased sagacity and wealth of its neighbours? And might not the sentence in the close of your address concerning the dignity of those who are the least dependent upon the favours of others, be advisably coupled with an assertion of the dignity of those who are least dependent on the stupidity of others?

I am, Sir,
Your faithful Servant,
J. Ruskin.

2

THE DUTIES OF LANDLORDS

[See Letter 12, § 17 (Vol. XXVII. p. 210)]

Denmark Hill, S.E.,
9th August, 1871.

Dear Mr. Woodd,[1]—I am getting fast better, but am obliged to economise returning strength,[2] and Joan writes for me, which is an excuse to get still a little of the "star-light."

Some day she will tell you what need of human comfort I have felt, and the story of my endeavours to get it—in vain. If I had not had the unfailing comfort of Joan herself, I should not even be dictating now. Meantime, I have been more and more drawn away from my own vexations into the plans in which I rejoice to have your sympathy, nor do I doubt ultimately that you will be able one way or another to help me in no small degree.

My chief hope is, indeed, to get the proprietors of land, on which there is still an uncorrupted English race of peasants, to look upon these as their greatest possession, and to bring back for good, instead of evil, the organization of the Feudal System. You must wait for the forthcoming numbers of the *Fors* before you can judge of my purpose—or, at all definitely, see your way to help me. I go slowly, being resolved that nothing shall interfere with the work in Oxford, which is my immediate duty, and knowing also that if I am right, the work will be taken up in due

[1] [The late Charles H. Woodd, Esq., Oughtershaw Hall, Langstroth Dale, Skipton. These letters have not before been published. A letter from Mr. Woodd is given in Letter 38, § 18 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 43–45).]

[2] [After his illness at Matlock: see Vol. XXII. p. xviii. "Joan" is Mrs. Arthur Severn.]

time by stronger hands than mine; and that if I am wrong, I shall gain nothing by hurry, except the chance of falling into grosser error.

I have often heard of the Shepherd, Lord Clifford, but have never seen a full account of him. Where can I find one? My impression from what I remember is, that his life was the very type of what I want to urge on our nobles as evermore their duty, and at this crisis the only chance they have of saving England from revolution, and themselves from contemptible ruin; but they are far lost, I know not how far redeemable.

I wish I could come to see you, but cannot at present leave my mother, who was much shaken by my illness, nor can I leave the arrangement of plans for schools at Oxford, which are now entirely under my care. You will write to me as things occur to you when you see the next pamphlet? and believe in the unfailing regard which makes your sympathy to me at once more delightful and more helpful as the years pass on.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Hand not so shaky as that from illness, but it's a hot day.

THE SHEPHERD, LORD CLIFFORD

DENMARK HILL, S.E.

DEAR MR. WOODD,—Will you forgive my writing with a prettier hand, for mine's very tired just now—and here I've had your books since 9th December it seems without so much as acknowledging them. Whitaker's *Craven* is of great interest to me—in many other matters than this of the Shepherd Lord—and makes me long to come and see your Yorkshire home; but life has been with me nothing but a longing now, except that day by day I get some little bit of old plans accomplished—only they always branch in execution into so many new ones. The Shepherd Lord, however, disappoints me, for he seems to have been made a shepherd against his will, and his accusation of his son, if just in any wise, takes away one's respect for him, as having so little influence, and if unjust, as the book partly hints . . .

Did not you say that there are still vestiges of pleasant tradition in the hills about him?

I forget whether I told you that I have got a little place on Coniston Water with six acres of heather and ten of wood coming down on the house so steeply that the place is called Brantwood—"Brant" being "steep" in old Cumberland.

I will send your books back in the course of this week.

A good New Year to you.

Your affectionate,
J. RUSKIN.

8

COMMON SENSE. CASH DOWN[1]

[See Letter 26, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. p. 473)]

We never enough observe that "common sense" is, at least in one-half of it, a *virtue;* because the habit of self-command enables us constantly to perceive truths to which self-indulgence renders us blind. For instance, in my work with the street sweepers in London,[2] it became a question for how much one of them could get a pair of boots. And I found the conditions under which the boots were to be got, were always that some intermediate person should answer for the payment to the bootmaker. The price of the boots was then to be paid by instalments to the intermediate person. It was impossible to explain to my street sweeper, that he paid sixpence extra for his boots, in commission to this intermediate person. He remained stolidly blind to that calculable fact, because he had never in his life possessed self-command enough to save the price of his boots before he bought them.

The want of intellectual power, definitely connected with the absence of self-command, is not, as I am sure all of us in some time of our lives have painfully felt, confined to uneducated persons. The entire system of credit on which modern commerce is based assumes for its first principle —that the facility of payment increases by its delay! The actual results to the commercial body are a grievous loss of time and labour, through complexity of accounts, and debate respecting them;* a still greater loss of health through anxiety, and the maintenance of a certain number of rogues at the expense of honest persons. But the community remains intellectually blind to these entirely demonstrable consequences, because no one has the self-command to delay purchases till he has the money to make them! Without delaying you by farther instances, I will venture to state positively that the especial power which we term "common sense," is nothing else than the method of action given by absolute moral self-command to the faculties of art, of knowledge, and of wit, granting first that these are of a certain rank.

* I have seen my father over and over again lose the pleasant hours of his summer evening in writing letters to explain to pertinacious customers why they couldn't have credit for nine months instead of six.

[1] [This passage was printed as Notes 7 ("Common Sense. Cash Down") and 8 ("Wastefulness of Credit") in Mr. Faunthorpe's *Index to "Fors Clavigera,"* pp. 502–503.]

[2] [See Letter 48, § 3 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 204); and the Introduction to that volume, pp. xvi.–xviii.]

4

OBSERVATION AND DESCRIPTION[1]

[See Letter 28, §§ 17, 18 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 519–520)]

So that this relation of Master and Servant, in the full breadth of it, embraces your whole existence, but we must begin study of it in various examples, as one would analyse a small stone that we might understand the nature of a rock. And Sir Walter shows, and describes, every honest form of it, as no other man ever did.

Describes, observe, because he can show; that is to say, has himself known in reality, and can therefore make manifest to others. No other description is of any value, nay, is other than deadly and venomous. From Dante's Paradise to Dickens' Prison every word of noble description is written by personal vision of the facts. Dante had seen Heaven as truly as Dickens the Marshalsea. Understand at once and for ever, if you can, this eternal difference between good and bad work. Dante had seen Love, and Honour, and Learning, and Patience, and Shame in living human creatures, and the glory and happiness of the creatures in them, and can triumphantly declare that these things make the faces of God's children shine as the sun in their Father's Kingdom. And Dickens had seen Lust, and Fraud, and Ignorance, and Covetousness, and Insolent Shame, and all the other gods whom England now serves, in their nakedness, and truly wrote of the conditions of their service. And Scott is the greatest of imaginative artists in fiction,* because he is the faithfullest of observers.[2]

* I know the outcry which ordinary critics will raise against this statement. They can understand the Flemish art of De Balzac or Thackeray, but have no conception of the power, scarcely a sense of the purpose, of Scott's Gainsborough-touch.

[1] [This passage is printed from a sheet of MS. at Brantwood.]

[2] [For Scott's "imaginative power," see Letter 34, § 8 (Vol. XXVII. p. 630); for his faithfulness of observation, compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 42), where Ruskin says that Scott's imagination consists in the involuntary remembrance of things actually seen.]

5

THE MEANING OF "MINE" AND "WORK"[1]

[See Letter 28, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 521)]

But the Greeks have another word for "their own"—very different from this "idios." That is the real power of a fine language, to have separate words for separate thoughts.

When Athena is undressing to arm herself, the *Iliad* says of her that she lets fall on the floor of Heaven "her robe, which she herself had made, and laboured with her hands."[2]

Whatever you have thus made with your hands is yours indeed, utterly and justly, and if well done, to be claimed eternally—with honour; or if ill done, to be eternally answered for with shame. In the best wrought picture which I know in Italy—that in which equality and tranquillity of right emotion have animated the workman's hand most surely from the beginning of it to the end—the said workman has painted himself kneeling at the side of it; and an angel (one of many imagined there) points down to him, saying, "This one carried the work through." Not merely did it, but did it thoroughly,—per-fecit.[3] Perfected it. What you have so done, is yours indeed, yet all men's besides; of that, though truly your possession, you will find the theory of Common Property holds in a divine way; and what is nobly done is done for all: that which is rightly pleasing to yourself is also pleasing to all. You cannot sell it, if you would. You have given it, without selling, as the earth gives her fruit.

A certain portion of the work of man must be for his bread. That is his Labour—with the sweat of his face; accomplished as a daily task, and ended as a daily task, with the prayer: "Give us each day our daily bread." But another portion of Man's work is that in which, according to

[1] [The first passage is printed from a sheet of MS. at Brantwood; the second is from a sheet, formerly in Mr. Collingwood's possession, given by him in facsimile as the frontispiece to vol. ii. of the first edition (1893) of his *Life and Work of John Ruskin*. The facsimile is here reproduced.]

[2] [Book v. 735: compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 106 (Vol. XX. p. 269).]

[3] [For this inscription—"Iste perfecit opus"—on Fra Filippo Lippi's "Coronation of the Virgin" at Florence, see *Ariadne Florentina*, § 189 (Vol. XXII. p. 428). Studies of the picture are in the Sheffield Museum (Vol. XXX.).]

A certain portion of the work of man must be for his bread: ~~and~~ That is his Labour; – with the sweat of his face, for accomplished as a daily task – and ended as a daily task – with the prayer – Give us each day our daily bread. But another portion of Man's work is that in which according to his separate poor gift and strength, he carries forward the purposes of God for his Race: accepts from his Sires their Morality ~~Knowledge and~~ and their Art; adds to the temple as little ~~to it~~ his stone of true craftsmans cutting – bequeaths his own piece and ~~work~~ a part of the Immortal of work of this Worlds – and ~~of all other~~ therefore of all others to the Future. ~~be it here~~ in his own place – And the [illegible]

[illegible] year the work of our hands, Establish thou it
this work is — . ~~They will be done, on earth~~ as
~~it is in Heaven~~ honestly, for our own life of today
And the toil of the hands, for the life —
is our 'labour'.
But the toil of hand and heart, honestly — for
the future of life of others — is our 'Opus: — of
which when well done — the angels may say.
Perfecit opus' — Perfected — Did it throughly. and
of which before his eyes are closed. the promise is
to every Servant of God. 'He shall see of the travail
of his Soul, and shall be satisfied'.

MS. OF AN UNPUBLISHED PASSAGE

pp. 536–537

his poor separate gift and strength, he carries forward the purposes of God for his Race; accepts from his Sires their Morality and their Art; adds to the temple his little stone of true craftsman's cutting; bequeaths his own piece and part of the Immortal work of *this* World, and therefore of all others, to the Future, in his own place. And the prayer for this work is: "Yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it." And the toil of the hands, honestly, for our own life of to-day, is our "labour."

But the toil of hand and heart, honestly, for the future life of others, is our "Opus"; of which, when well done, the angels may say, "Perfecit opus"—Perfected. Did it *thoroughly*, and of which, before his eyes are closed, the promise is to every servant of God: "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."

6

THE WORTH OF A VOTE[1]

[See Letter 29, § 16 (Vol. XXVII. p. 544)]

THAT is the value I set on my own right of voting. But my correspondent is in a passion with me because I would deprive him (he thinks) of his; I never said so. He may be perhaps one of the persons to whose vote I should attach particular importance. His vote, respecting me, for instance, is that I treat politics with levity, because after separating ten of the best years of life for the study of political economy, and writing a book upon it in the most finished accuracy of terms I could contrive,[2] I now decline to teach him the science by private correspondence. Can he not vote, with similar perspicacity, for somebody who is capable of treating politics with seriousness? Who on earth can hinder him, however much they wished it? May not he vote, he and his unanimous friends, for any man, woman, or child in the United Kingdom whose politics they approve; set their elect on the top of Wrekin—within telescopic view of all England and Wales—and listen to his, or her, or its oratory, from that position without any shadow of opposition from the other side of the House—and proceed also to whatever proceedings they may be thereby persuaded—without the smallest reference to me? Who am I, to stand in their way? And if the police happened to do so, why, the police have also, I suppose, a right to their votes: but may be outvoted, with a sufficient number of sticks.

My correspondent will, I hope, not allow his mind to be disturbed further on the subject of his vote. No mortal, nor any mass of mortals, can take *that* from him. But they can seriously interfere with his other properties, which, for my part, I hold even of greatly more importance than my vote. For instance, those little properties of wife and children, which the *Cornhill Magazine* says, looking from its Arable standing-point, are inadmissible for the Agricultural labourer till he is forty-five?[3] How of his rights to these. If my general readers, to whom I must now pass, though closing with regret my talk with my republican correspondent, will look back to the piece of translation from Marmontel's *Contes Moraux*,[4] they will find that the French peasant there described, says of *his* wife and children that "there is nothing else worth having but that." And I may now further confess that it was for the sake of that sentence alone that I translated the whole passage. For it is a divinely and eternally true sentence.

[1] [This passage, headed "*Fors*—May," is printed from sheets of MS. at Brantwood. It was written to follow the note where Ruskin says, "I have never in my life voted for any candidate for Parliament."]

[2] [For the care with which *Unto this Last* was written, see Vol. XVII. p. xxv., and Letter 48, § 18 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 218).]

[3] [See Letter 28, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 521).

[4] [See Letter 17, Vol. XXVII. p. 301.]

7

RUSKIN AND SCOTT[1]

[See Letter 33, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. p. 616)]

I MUST speak a few words about myself, to-day, before entering on our subject. I should not venture to say anything to you of Scott, or of any other great man, unless I knew myself to be in closer sympathy with them than you can generally be yourselves; but observe, in claiming this sympathy I do not claim the least approach to any equality of power. I had sympathy with Tintoret, with Scott, with Turner, with Carlyle—as a child with its father or mother, not as friend with friend. What they feel, I, in a feeble and inferior way, feel also; what they are, I can tell you, because in a poor and weak way I am like them—of their race—but no match for them. It has curiously happened to me also to have been educated in many particulars under the same conditions as Scott, and often in the same places. My father was a High School lad of Edinburgh; the first picture I ever saw with conscious eyes was of Edinburgh Castle; the earliest patriotic delight I can remember, in my life, distinctly, is the delight of crossing the Tweed into Scotland;[2] and I was educated—to all intents and purposes—by my Puritan mother and aunt, first by thorough training in the Bible, and secondly by being let loose into Homer and Scott.

I translated half the *Monastery* into jingling rhyme when I was ten years old,[3] and had seen before I was twelve every castle in Scotland, England, and Wales, from Stirling to Dover, and every abbey, from Dunkeld to St. Frideswide. Seen them, I say; meaning a very different thing from what you call "seeing" nowadays. On our journeys, above described,[4] either my father, or mother, or nurse Ann used to take me in the quiet summer afternoons to play or look, as long as I chose, wherever I chose —which was always by a river side, or under an abbey or castle wall. Among other inferiorities of power, one good flow in my gifts of thought has been in some ways serviceable to me, like Scott's lameness.[5] I am totally destitute of invention, while I have curiously intense and long practised habits of analysis; hence I am always happy in contemplating or explaining other people's work, and have been—it will be found hereafter—a sound interpreter of the genius of others, without being able to

[1] [This passage is printed from sheets of MS. at Brantwood, headed "Fors."]
[2] [Letter 51 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 273).]
[3] [See Vol. II. p. 260 *n.*]
[4] [See Letter 10 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 169, 170.]
[5] [See Letter 32 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 591, 592.]

produce anything of the slightest value of my own. But in the merely contemplative and dreamy conditions of imagination, in the feelings which change material things into spiritual, I believe none, even of the strongest men, had much advantage of me; and whenever Scott speaks of sensation or impression instead of invention, I know that I can understand him better than most of his readers.

Thus much it was necessary to tell you, because henceforward I shall venture to speak of some personal experience of my own in illustration of Scott's.[1]

[1] [In this connexion, see the notes in Vol. XXVII. p. 612.]

8

NOTES ON THE LIFE OF SCOTT[1]

[See Letter 33, § 17 (Vol. XXVII. p. 621)]

1. No poet ever "collects materials" for his poetry. He lives his own life; and its casualties, good and evil, compel him into song. David lives his king's life; and the "materials" for, say, the hundredth Psalm, are All Lands,[2] seen with kingly sight. Burns lives a ploughman's life; and ploughs up his "materials," be they daisy or field-mouse,[3] with no previous search whatever.

2. Scott wrote three great poems—the "Lay," "Marmion," and the "Lady"—and two—"Rokeby" and the "Lord"—so very far from being great, that, though written in the full noon of his intellectual powers, I can scarcely admit them to the name of being poems at all. He had diligently "gathered materials" for the two last, planned both with his best skill, worked on them under the stimulus of reputation to be kept, and of fortune to be gained. They came to nothing, however, and he quits the poetical trade, silenced.

3. The three great ones had been otherwise set about. When he was a boy of fifteen or sixteen * he set out on his first independent ride on his own pony to the Highlands; saw Perth for the first time, pulling rein on the Wicks of Baiglie "without meaning to do so" ("Since that hour the recollection of that inimitable landscape has possessed the strangest influence over my mind and retained its place as a memorable thing, while much that was influential on my own fortunes has fled from my recollection" †), and stays that autumn with his dear old friend Stewart of Invernahyle, from whose life and lips he receives the "materials" of *Waverley* —not to be used yet for twenty-five years—and among whose neighbours he is taught that women may do rough country work and yet lose none of their womanly dignity.‡

* 1786 or 1787 indeterminate (Lockhart, i. 140); he himself says "not above fifteen."

† Lockhart, i. 141.

‡ Lockhart, i. 142.

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[1] [These are printed from sheets of MS. at Brantwood, headed "Scott. Recast Notes." The numbering of the paragraphs is here inserted. The notes were clearly intended for a continuation of the sketch of the Life of Scott, which is broken off in Letter 33.]

[2] ["Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands."]

[3] [For another reference to the poem of Burns, "To a mountain daisy, on turning one down with the plough," see Vol. XXV. p. 431.]

4. The brother-in-law of Invernahyle has some refractory tenants, and a year or two later the young "writer's apprentice" is sent—authoritative—with his party of a sergeant and six men, obtained from a regiment lying in *Stirling*, to enforce execution on these refractory persons, and "to see that the gallant sergeant does not exceed his part by committing violence or plunder." He rides in all the dignity of danger, with a front and rear guard and levelled arms. The sergeant is full of stories of Rob Roy and of *himself*, and thus they ride across Teith, by Lochs Vennachar and Achray, into the Trossachs. Captain Thornton's march from the Clachan of Aberfoil[1] is not written till nearly thirty years afterwards, and the Trossachs, as far as I can find, are never seen more. In that one ride from Stirling to Benvenue, the rider, wholly unconscious of any but strictly legal objects, diversified by refreshing admiration of proceedings—not altogether legal stolen delight—sees all the glories of Roderick, Helen, and King James.

5. These "materials" and spiritual provender being laid in, not according to the laws of demand and supply, but as the wild violet sows itself, the seed sown lies buried many a day. This ride is in 1786, and is the first of many such holidays, thought of literally and only as such, while the boy plods on at the work his father desires to the day of his father's death. Thirteen years of obedience, in the strength of his youth, 1786 to 1799, of his own age fifteen to twenty-eight.[2] At eight-and-twenty his father leaves him, established, as it seems, in life. He had married the year before, and was made Sheriff Depute of Selkirkshire in the autumn—an active and thorough man of business now, though with a turn for verse-making which his colleagues looked on with some disfavour.

6. The gift was of course in his true Border blood; but he had caught some further trick of song from Bürger and Monk Lewis;[3] and soon after his marriage is, as never before, elated at the honour of being asked by Lewis to dine with him at his hotel, and receives from the reverend "Monk"—whose ear for rhythm was finer even than Byron's—severe correction of his false rhymes and Scotticisms. Under such encouragement and chastisement he makes his first serious attempt in verse, "Glenfinlas." Except "Ellandonnan Castle,"[4] "Glenfinlas" is the exactly worst ballad in all the three volumes of the *Border Minstrelsy*. But, though crude and callow, yet the "materials" gathered in his boy's ride into the Trossachs, so many years ago, are beginning to move and curdle in the shell. The moon's radiance "quivering on Katrine's lakes" and "resting on Ben Ledi's head," "the lovely Flora of Glengyle," "Thy dame the Lady of the Flood," the watchfire, the hounds, the harp, the seer, the "huntress maid in beauty bright"—what compressed embryo, though as yet wholly

[1] [See *Rob Roy*, chaps. 29 and 30.]

[2] [In the outline of Scott's life in Letter 32, Ruskin makes this period end with 1796: see Vol. XXVII. pp. 587-588.]

[3] [Scott's first attempt in poetry was, it will be remembered, a version of *Leonore*—a spectre-ballad by Gottfried August Bürger (1748–1794). A version of the same ballad was one of the earliest exercises of another poet—D. G. Rossetti. For Scott's intercourse with M. G. Lewis, called "Monk Lewis," after the title of his romance *The Monk* (1795), see Lockhart, i. pp. 290 *seq.*]

[4] [By Colin Mackenzie of Portmore.]

unintelligible, in this first small nest-egg of song under his honeymoon bower of Lasswade!

7. He has the sense still to distrust himself—still to seek for better things than his own. For four years more—and only in the playtime of these, following always his sheriff's or advocate's work manfully—he collects what Border song remains in authentic memory. Even the first two volumes of the *Border Minstrelsy* were not published till January 1802.* During these years he receives his true poetical education by hard work in the Advocates' Library on Border history, and happy gathering of the true words of Border song by every cottage hearth of the dale and moors.

And at last, in the autumn of 1802, being now well over thirty, his time comes.

8. The young lady of Bowhill asks of him a ballad on the Legend of Gilpin Horner.[1] He writes the opening stanzas; reads them to his friends Erskine and Cranstoun, who are not enthusiastic; he thinks no more of them; but gets a kick of a horse on Portobello sands a few days after, and is laid up for three days in his lodgings, during which leisure he carries on his rhyme to the end of its first canto.† It proceeds—when proceeding at all—at the rate of a canto a week, but is always getting thrown aside, though meditated on doubtless in the intervals. The four first cantos were read to Wordsworth at Lasswade in September 1803;[2] but again the work is dropped for another year. At last, on 1st August 1804, he writes to Ellis of the "only 150 things he had to do,"‡ Ashestiel to furnish, Rosebank to sell, and among others to go into quarters with the cavalry. For then he wants a good horse, has not its price ready, and, thus pushed, finished the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*,§ which was published in January 1805.

In the history of British poetry nothing had ever equalled the demand for the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and from the Chancellor of England and Pitt[3] downwards through all ranks, and prevailing over all prejudices, flowed the full current of its power and praise.

Scott heard it all unmoved, his mind bent on what he still held to be the better work of others, and for his own, choosing the true history of his country, be it in prose or rhyme:—

"My present employment is an edition of John Dryden's Works, which is already gone to press. As for riding on Pegasus, depend upon it, I will never again cross him in a serious way, unless I should by some strange accident reside so long in the Highlands, and make myself master of their ancient manners, so as to paint them with some degree of accuracy in a kind of *companion* to the Minstrel Lay."[4]

* Lockhart, i. 343.
† Lockhart, i. 365, 366.
‡ Lockhart, ii. 6.
§ Thus at least must be interpreted his own statement to Crabbe (Lockhart, iii. 28); but compare Messrs. Longmans' gift of "Captain" (ii. 35).

[1] [Lockhart, ii. 24.]
[2] [Lockhart i. 403.]
[3] [Lockhart, ii. 34.]
[4] [Letter to Ellis: Lockhart, ii. 51.]

9. And in the meantime—between his edition of Dryden and his Review articles on Spenser and Froissart, Godwin's Fleetwood, Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour, and some cookery books[1]—he writes (1805) the opening chapters of *Waverley*, and copies the MS. of "True Thomas and the Quene of Elfland" in Lincoln Cathedral.[2] He is still, however, "young, *light-headed*, and happy";* his life at Ashestiel, entirely congenial to him, rhythmic as the sun; and his horses "Captain" and "Lieutenant," and Lord Moira's sham fights and sieges,[3] have exhilarating influences, hard to withstand. He represses, however, as it seems, the newly rising springs of song, until the disordered state of his brother's affairs "rendered it desirable for him to obtain immediate command of a sum," etc.† Whereupon he enters into treaty with Constable, and is paid a thousand guineas for the unseen and unfinished MS. This is at the close of 1806. He works prudently and happily on the theme already murmuring in his mind—the lovely epistles to his friends are dated from Ashestiel—as the months glide, and, "Oh, man, I had many a grand gallop among these braes when I was thinking of *Marmion*."[4] The Tantallon canto is suggested to him by Mr. Guthrie Wright during their trip to Dumfries,[5] but the full passion does not come on him till he is in quarters again with the cavalry in the autumn of 1807:—

"In the intervals of drilling, Scott used to delight in walking his powerful black steed up and down by himself upon the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surge; and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. As we rode back to Musselburgh he often came and placed himself beside me to repeat the verses that he had been composing during these pauses of our exercise."[6]

I wish I knew when the last stanzas of the poem were actually written‡ (is the MS. extant? Lockhart is always inconceivably silent about the little things one most wants to know), but probably in the Christmas time at Merton House, where "from the first days of his ballad rhyming down to the close of his life, he usually spent that season with the immediate head of his race."§

10. The immediate sales of *Marmion*, stimulated by the popularity of its

* Introduction to *Marmion*, 1830. That to the first edition of 1808 is curiously apologetic for a second trespass on public favour.

† Lockhart, ii. 114 *seq.*[7]

‡ By the last stanzas of the poem, I mean mainly the 25th to 32nd of the last canto. The actual close was scamped a little (bills pressing, it appears, again. See his letter to Byron[8]), but he was never good at a finish.

§ Lockhart, ii. 123.

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[1] [Lockhart, ii. 52.]
[2] [Lockhart, ii. 73.]
[3] [Lockhart, ii. 46, 47.]
[4] [So he said in later years to Lockhart (ii. 117).]
[5] [Lockhart, second edition, 1839, vol. iii. p. 15 (not in the first edition).]
[6] [Mr. Skene, in Lockhart, ii. 117.]
[7] [See also the prose Introduction to *Marmion*.]
[8] [Lockhart, ii. 399.]

predecessor, were of course greater than those of the *Lay*, but the admiration it excited was less joyous, for three good reasons—the villainy of the hero, the more definitely historical and severe character of the story, and the transference of affectionate description from Melrose to Edinburgh (for all the world cares for Melrose, but only High School boys for the view from Blackford Hill). Also various snappings and scribblings of criticism—partly professional and chaotic (Jeffrey), partly pedantic (Ellis),[1] partly pious and supercilious (Wordsworth)—tried their little forces on him at first, but quieted themselves gradually for shame or in better understanding, and on the whole people felt rightly the fact and enchantment of his advancing power. Wordsworth's letter is monumental of the man—we must not lose a word of it:—

"Thank you for *Marmion*. I think that your end has been attained. That it is not the end which I should wish you to propose to yourself you will be well aware, from what you know of my notions of composition, both as to matter and manner. In the circle of my acquaintance, it seems as well liked as the *Lay*, though I have heard that in the world it is not so. Had the poem been much better than the *Lay*, it could scarcely have satisfied the public, which has too much of the monster, the moral monster, in its composition. The spring has burst out upon us all at once, and the vale is now in exquisite beauty; a gentle shower has fallen this morning, and I hear the thrush, who has built in my orchard, singing amain. How happy we should be to see you here again! Ever, my dear Scott, your sincere friend, W. W."[2]

[1] [For Jeffrey's criticism (in the *Edinburgh Review*), see Lockhart, ii. pp. 146–149; and for that of Ellis, *ibid.*, pp. 143–145.]

[2] [Lockhart, ii. pp. 142–143.]

9

STREAMS AND THEIR USE:

TRANSLATION FROM THE "LAWS OF PLATO,"[1] VI. 761

[See Letter 33, § 18 (Vol. XXVII. p. 622)]

AND after they have thus made the land difficult of access to enemies, they shall make it as easy as can be, in access and traverse, to friends; and to the utmost possible for men, and beasts of burden, and herds and flocks: caring for the paths of each, that they may be tame * to them, and for the waters from Heaven (that they may not do evil to the country, but on the contrary profit it, in flowing from the heights of the hills into their hollow valleys), restraining the outflowings of them, both with trench and rampart, that so the mountain dells, receiving and drinking the waters of Heaven, may give brooks and fountains to the lower places and meadows; and bear to the parchedest grounds fulness of sweet waters.† And these fountain flowings, whether in the passing river, or at their well-head, shall be made beautiful with plantation and fair building.

* "Tame" [*ἡμερώσαται*], of a path subdued from ruggedness and dangerousness, into smooth facility and safety like a rude and wild creature made kind.

† The sweetness insisted on, because in the hot grounds the least stagnant pool becomes poisonous.

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[1] [This piece of translation was published as Note 6 in the Appendix to Mr. Faunthorpe's *Index to "Fors Clavigera,"* pp. 501–502.]

10

ON THE USE OF MACHINERY:

LETTERS TO A MANCHESTER MANUFACTURER[1]

[See Letter 37, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 21)]

[REGARDING Ruskin's refusal to allow the use of the steam-engine (Letter 37, § 9, p. 21), Mr. Joseph Brooke, a Manchester manufacturer, wrote (January 18, 1874):—

"I cannot understand you when you exclude from the forces to be employed upon your projected estate that of 'artificial power'—'Wind and Water,' you say, why not Fire? Why deny for desirable ends the use of a steam-engine, which I admit has in common with 'wind and water and animal force' frequently been used for undesirable ends?

"This exclusion of modern mechanism for useful purpose has always been strange to me. Were I to become an inhabitant of your domain I could make many things myself in my household that should not be 'clumsily' fashioned, but to be compelled to forego the use of the 'tools' which I acquired as a boy in doing so—seems to me a hardship indeed, not to say a waste of time. Is there a moral difference between a lathe worked by a traddle and one which is turned by a steam-engine? Would not your fourteenth-century Florentines have used the steam-engine if they had known it?"

To this inquiry Ruskin replied from "Corpus Christi College, Oxford" (no date):—]

MY DEAR SIR,—Please read the 5th *Fors* carefully, May '71, especially pp. 12, 13;[2] also the note on labour near the end of last section of the *Queen of the Air*.[3]

No Florentine would have endured the sight of any smoke or blackness in his city, or near it, for half-an-hour. No art, nor any high moral culture, is possible in filth of soot.

The difference between a traddle and a steam-engine is that for the one you use your legs, and for the other you don't—and that your legs will drop off in lust or idleness if you *don't* use them.

[1] [These letters, not hitherto printed, have been placed at the disposal of the editors by Mr. Brooke.]

[2] [Of the original edition; now §§ 9, 10 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 86, 87).]

[3] [In the original editions, where the passage was reprinted from *Notes on the General Principles of Employment:* see now Vol. XVII. pp. 545–546.]

You may use *Natural* Air, Water, *or* Fire. And you must not manufacture Air, Water, or Fire but at your peril.

Use the sun, the wind, and the rain. And, under certain limited needs, you may light fire, or use a fan, or distil water. But to live by Fire is diabolical.

Truly yours,
J. R.

[The manufacturer replied as follows:—

HOLLIN HALL, BOLLINGTON, NEAR MACCLESFIELD,
January 25th, 1874.

DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—It was kind of you to answer my letter.

I have read again the number of *Fors* and the passage in the *Queen of the Air* to which you direct me.

I have felt, and feel again, the force of these, and other, sayings of yours—perhaps more deeply this time, for I have just returned from a day's journey to Doncaster and back *via* Stockport, Hyde, Penistone, Barnsley, Mexborough, etc., a line of country which involuntarily called up another of your recent sayings—"loathsome to live in"—throughout the journey, and I thought, in response to your letter, that truly such living was "diabolical."

But I wish I knew more clearly where we must draw the line—what are your "certain limited needs" under which we may "light fires"—where the human necessity ends and the devilish life begins.

Were such men as Watt, Boulton, Stephenson, Arkwright, Jacquard, William Lee benefactors or malefactors to their race?

I have inherited the sole charge of a large cotton-spinning business, and were I to extinguish my fire (which of course partakes of the diabolical) I must ruin myself and some thousand or so others.

I could cavil at your letter—could tell you, for example, that I cannot see why a man is better protected from lust begotten of loss of his legs because his lathe is moved by a legitimate "fall of water" which would leave them "idle" equally with the steam-engine you prohibit.

But I will not; I feel that you see clearly a living truth which we who are perforce in the "peril of fire" can but grope after.

Yearningly some of us do this, and as you write books which seem to indicate that truth (faintly perceived though it be), you cannot wonder that I should crave a clearer vision.

My question is, what is to be done?—done by *us?*

Faithfully yours,
JOSEPH BROOKE.

JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ.

To this letter Ruskin rejoined:—]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
28th Jan. '74.

DEAR MR. BROOKE,—Your letter is deeply interesting to me. It is the first I have received from any man in business, showing earnestness of thought.

There is no need for any of us to be ruined. All useful change must be slow and by progressive and visibly secure stages. The evils of centuries cannot be defied and conquered in a day.

But I am only enigmatical and obscure because I know this, and do not want people to think me expectant of everything in an hour.

I know perfectly, and with absolute clearness, what I want and mean; but dare not say it publicly, yet.

Watt, Stephenson, Arkwright were not malefactors,[1] but the good they gave has been abused by malefactors, and in the present state of general morality, every good would be turned to its opposite.

But the use of the steam-engine is not in daily life—but for violent and, generally, distant efforts.

May I, without of course name or place, print your letter, and answer it in *Fors* more deliberately than I can to-day?

Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

One thing only let me say privately. Do not let us confuse the investigation of what should be with what we can do, or must suffer.

Let us ascertain, abstractedly, whether Interest, or manufactures, be right. After that comes the quite separate question, what am I to do with my Bank Stock, or you with your cotton-mill?

[Mr. Brooke replied that he by no means stood alone in the attitude described in his previous letter:—

"Indeed it is not so. Although we cannot by any means yet mark a first 'visibly secure stage' of improvement, still I can testify that apprehension of chaos and disaster has entered the minds of some whom I meet. Within the last ten days I have had said to me on the Manchester Exchange, in reference to the fearful anarchy of competition obtaining there: 'Sir, I fear we must admit that we all assemble here to do each other what injury we can.' . . .

"It is the startling distance between what is right and what is immediately possible in direction of right—which you have, tenderly I feel, shown me to be separate considerations—that so much try one's fortitude."

Ruskin replied (no date):—]

MY DEAR SIR,—I am deeply interested by your last letter. For indeed I was thinking of you as almost alone. I have had no letters of the kind from any one else.

Have you read Carlyle's *Shooting Niagara*, carefully? Every sentence of it is pregnant and intense.[2]

For me, I have always been misunderstood in the strangest way. People *will* have it that I want them to be moral and unbusinesslike, whereas my assertion always has been—you cannot be businesslike *but* by being moral.

Meet to injure each other, and you will all—be injured. Meet to help each other, and you will all—be helped.

That is absolute common-sense in all human business. Morality altogether apart.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 134.]

[2] [Ruskin refers to this piece by Carlyle in Vol. XXII. p. 173, and Vol. XXIII. p. 131.]

There are three things necessary to be done in commerce to make it healthy—

A. To make things always of the best, whether cheap or dear.
B. To give and exact cash payment.
C. To let nobody live by lending money.

The manner of *approach* to these three perfections must be determined by each of us according to our means and position. Is it impossible to begin an association of merchants, more or less independent, who would at least observe *B*?

[Mr. Brooke replied:—

"I think you would be surprised if you knew how often I for one have declared myself (to myself) willing to accept your invitation—*Fors*, May 1871, p. 22;[1] and before you wrote it I could envy a man I knew in Wales whom we caught once digging his own potatoes, with a volume of Essays open near him—a fair sample of his life. But who is ever to restore truth and faithfulness between Capitalists and Labourers, to stay the rush of competition in Trade and its attendant crimes, to bring back again that pride of service, much of which *I* even have seen corrupted, and thus perhaps eventually to 'make England's face something cleaner again,' if we don't stand to our posts? God knows I don't feel any special mission for the task—none less; but I think if I were to shirk my share of it, I could never feel that He had given me the ease.

"A friend of mine,* wealthy and highly gifted, has deliberately educated his sons with the injunction that they shall follow him in this work. He gives his life to it, and is at this time planning a new scheme whereby the interests of the Work-people shall be from the first legally involved in those of their Employers in a new 'Concern' which he is establishing *for the purpose of trying the experiment.* I know that the idea of profit-accruing to himself does not enter his calculations further than is necessary to establish the success of his scheme and recommend its adoption to others. He has read *Munera Pulveris*, and I want, Sir, to modify your assertion that 'people *will* have it that you want them to be moral and *un*businesslike'—it may be true, probably is, of many, but other some think and feel differently about you. Surely you don't gauge public opinion of your utterances by the criticisms of the Daily Press, blatant pest that it has become!

"Your second precept for rendering commerce healthy—'To give and exact cash payments'—is in my business practised as nearly as is possible—the terms of the Trade being for purchase of cotton cash in ten days and for purchase of produce from cotton cash in fourteen days. These terms are rigid, and we know no 'paper' except bank-notes.

"But your first and third precepts—'To make things always of the best, whether cheap or dear' and 'To let nobody live by Interest'—are hopeless indeed. How can we obey the first when often *the demand* is for poor quality (though I hope that's mending), and when our values are for ever interfered with by speculation totally unlawful?"

* The Chairman of the Associated Employers of Labour.

[1] [See now Vol. XXVII. pp. 96–97.]

Ruskin replied (no date):—]

DEAR MR. BROOKE,—*Please* glance over these rough pages[1] written for the May *Fors;* and I'm sorry to send you such a scrawl, but can't write better now, in average work. If you will further criticize and question, I think we shall make it a useful number, between us. . . .

Ever gratefully yours,
J. R.

[Mr. Brooke continued the correspondence, and Ruskin replied, sending some more bits of *Fors*, Letter 44:—]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
15th Feb.

DEAR MR. BROOKE,—I'm very sorry you're ill. Here are two bits you ought to have—but the continuation has gone on continuing into too much to send. Tell me first what you feel about what you have—if you can read it.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. R.

[In reply to a further letter from Mr. Brooke, Ruskin wrote:—]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
25th Feb.

DEAR MR. BROOKE,—Thanks for all your letters. I fear you were a little hurt by the manner of mine, but I am obliged to think of you as representing your class—not as yourself. I did not reply to your last because you said you were unwell. There is no haste; I have plenty in hand. When you are ready to go on we must be very steady in keeping to one point at a time. . . .

Nor is it a question whether *you* are making a bad article or not, but whether you are co-operating in their make. You don't forge notes; you only supply the forgers with *good* paper, which, luckily for you, they want *this*. (That is the gist of your last letter, you know.)

But all these personal questions are irrelevant until the general points and laws are *fixed*.* When you are ready to go on, we will, if you please, begin with your admission (is it not?) that machinery does not enable us

* Thus in your last note you say, "Don't stop building dwellings for the poor; as long as the bank will give you interest, *that* is a benefit at any rate." Now, suppose the bank were a brothel on a vast scale, would you say the same of its profits? That I ought to go on building for the poor out of them? You must *first* determine what the bank *is*. *Then*, what I am to do.

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[1] [The "rough pages" were for the most part printed in *Fors*, Letter 44, §§ 8, 9, 13 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 132–134, 137–138). For an additional passage, now printed from the MS., see the note in Vol. XXVIII. p. 132.]

to produce more food, but only to buy it of others. Which you think we have, or may have, a "call" to do.

This is quite a new element in the debate, and we must clear it up.

Are we to debate on the ground of Christianity? or of science only. I do not care which, but let me know which, and let us keep to it.

Ever truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Parcel of MS. received all right. This is a private letter altogether, meant only to clear the way.[1]

[1] [Here on Ruskin's side the correspondence ceased. He went abroad in March (see Vol. XXIII. p. xxx.).]

11

THE DEFINITION OF MONEY:

LETTERS TO THE REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[1]

[See Letter 44, § 11 *n.* (Vol. XXVIII. p. 134)]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
December 18th, 1880.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—You call me "Master" in private. I know you dare not confess me for one in public; but do you know accurately and thoroughly *why* you dare not?

In your article[2] on *Money* you quote an entirely common and valueless bit of me, but you repeat deliberately the lie which I have been twenty years fighting against, with my entire heart and soul. You have much more than the power of mind necessary to understand the nature of that Lie. What is it that makes you shrink from using the mind God gave you, in this one direction? The Lie is, apparently, a very innocuous one—"Money is a Medium of Exchange."

You might find it out to be a lie merely by defining its words. Ask just *what is* a Medium? Having defined that, ask farther, when you give a penny for a loaf, *where* is the *Medium*? *You* have a penny; somebody else has a loaf; you exchange the penny for the loaf. But where's the *Medium*? But you might find it out to be a lie by substituting the false definition in the most important passage in which the word Money is used in all human literature.

"The love of Money is the root of all Evil."[3] Try it with: "The love of a Medium of Exchange is the root of all evil." Will it still be true? Is it still "Word of God," in evangelical sense? Is it still word of a wise

[1] [The letters in this section of the Appendix are here reprinted from *Letters from John Ruskin to Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, M.A.*, edited by Thomas J. Wise, privately issued 1895, vol. i. pp. 21–41.]

[2] [The reference is to "Lesson XLIV.: Money" in *Household Science: Readings in Necessary Knowledge for Girls and Young Women*, edited by the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, Principal of Whitelands College, 1881. The Lesson begins (p. 391) with the statement "Money is the medium of exchange." The "entirely common and valueless bit" of Ruskin (quoted on p. 397) is from *Time and Tide*, § 18 (Vol. XVII. p. 334): "whether a shilling a day be good pay or not, depends wholly on what a 'shilling's worth' is," etc.]

[3] [1 Timothy vi. 10.]

man, in human and common sense? Now *you* have assuredly common sense enough, and divine spirit enough, to understand the difference between this Lie-definition and the true one. "Money is an order for goods." And you can see that though the Bible sentence will not read so musically, it will read as truly, and with much *more* meaning, when you substitute *this* definition: "The love of Orders for Goods is the root of all Evil." That is to say, the love of Power, to begin with, and of Consumption, to end with. The endeavour to get the *grasp* of Goods, instead of to *produce* them, and to get the privilege of devouring them, instead of the faculty of *creating* them.

You can see, also, that when you define the terms farther this true definition becomes a hundred-fold more precious. For you have to define the word "Goods," and to distinguish "Goods" from "Evils," which to do is of all the work proposed in any Training College the precisely Primary. I am going to print this letter in next *Fors;* and probably also for separate circulation.[1] But will you first give me an answer to be printed with it? And be assured that I should not have written it unless, first, I had trusted much in your friendship, your courage, and your sincerity; and, secondly, so much admired both the substance and arrangement of this volume of yours on Household Science, as to hope with all my heart that it may become oracular in every English and un-English Household, alike to those that are far off, and to them that are nigh.[2]

Ever yours respectfully and affectionately,

J. Ruskin.

The Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, M.A.

Postscript.—Note to be put to the question, "Where is the Medium," when the letter is published.

You would probably at first answer, "It is not a penny, but my knowledge, that I *really* exchange with the baker for bread, and the penny is the 'Medium' of *that* exchange!"

But, if the Baker wanted your knowledge, you would not need the penny, *nor he take it.* He would give you the loaf for the Latin lesson at once. That exchange needs no "Medium," and can have none. The exchange of English coals for American meat indeed needs the "Medium" of a ship, but not of money. If there were none in the world the exchange would still take place, as it does now, and a tally of notches on the masts would express every condition of debt and credit. And you will find, in every other conceivable instance, that money is not a "Medium of Exchange," but an "Order for Goods"; and that, therefore, its reality as Money depends on there *being* Goods to Order,—which your vulgar economist, and your England taught by him, never considers it his or her business to ascertain! And the essential difference between having a thousand pounds in your pocket-book, or only a penny in your purse, is not that you can become a Mediator of your Exchanges, but that you can become a consumer of more goods.

[1] [This intention, however, was not carried out.]
[2] [Ephesians ii. 17.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE
(*December*, 1880).

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—You would see that my letter was written hastily, in the first passion of sorrow at finding you still in that net of the Fowler, and amid noisome pestilence.[1] My secretary sent it off before I had revised either it or your article, and I must throw it into completer form. But the first appeal of it, the main thing, is the question, Why you do not examine into the truth of this mighty thing, this *accurate* Enemy of God?

Your whole article is a series of confusions between Coin, Money, and Goods, not worth separate notice, but leading to such terrific generalizations, as "if everybody agreed to take tin, tin would do as well," etc., etc., and "the use of money is to *buy* what we want," as if it could not be used to *produce* it also; as if it could not be *abused*, in that fatallest of all ways, for reproducing itself! Not but that, for your simple readers, the immediate purchase is of course the thing to be lectured on first, but how of saving? how of living? The postscript, scribbled yesterday, then copied that you might see it clearer, I send to-day, copy and manuscript draft, in case you like to keep the letter by itself! There are all sorts of verbal niceties requiring to be dealt with in your definitions. "Means," in English, has entirely ceased, like "moyen," to translate "medium." That word is properly used in science (and in Spiritualism?), but in your article it stands for "instrument," method of, way of, a totally different thing. Again, "Money is the measure of value"; consider what equivocation is in that sentence. It is the *denomination* of value, but not the *means, instrumentum* of measurement. A pint *pot does* measure bulk of liquids, a foot *rule* bulk of solids, and a pound weight the weight of both. But the thing that you say Money is the measure of, *Value?* What *is* that itself? You *mean* that *Money* measures *Money* price—*i.e.*, is the denominator of it. But, what is it that money price measures?

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
December 23rd, 1880.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I am deeply grateful for your kind letter. It, with others equally kind, but not a thousandth part as important, must be only thanked to-day, for Christmas brings more duties than I am able for, and I have only read yet the beginning and end of yours.

But at once let me pray you to reconsider your first sentence, "The essence of a lie is its intention." The essence of *being a liar* is intention; the essence of a Lie is—its own falsehood. If you affectionately tell a child that hemlock is good for him, the memory of your intentions may make your regret light, but not the earth on his coffin. I criticise your book for your *readers*, not for *you*. And I used the ugly word "lie" as the equivalent of a Falsehood—first, because it is shorter and plainer;

[1] [Psalms xci. 3.]

secondly, because (not by you, but by those whose teaching you have followed) the Falsehood *is* intended, deliberate, continual, and in its work Deadly, more than the black plague.

I can say no more to-day, but am ever,

Faithfully and affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
December 24th, 1880.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I wish you a Happy Christmas. But so I do to the robins, and the wrens. *You* cannot but have a Thoughtful Christmas, *if* a happy one, being a Messenger of Christ. And are you not also by vow a priest of the Most High God? And are you not trusted with the training of the trainers of Christ's little ones in the way they should go—govern-esses, to whom, more than to their mothers, England now trusts her girl-souls? the mothers, being mostly incompetent, and having wings only like butterflies, not hens.

Governesses, or Schoolmistresses, or teachers in schools of this or that useful thing, whatever they are to be, in whatever rank, over whatever rank, what a mighty power this is given to you! I do not know, clearly, how wide it is, or how deep. For the lowlier it is, the deeper it is, and the more necessary it should be true and pure in its teaching. The Mistress may learn at any time of her life, but the Servant must at the village school, if ever.

To *you*, therefore, if to any ordained man in all this England, comes straight and close home St. Paul's charge:[1] "*Thou*, O Man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness. I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Christ, who before Pilate bore the good confession, *thou* who before many witnesses hast confessed the good confession, that thou keep the commandment spotless, unrebukable, until the Epiphany of our Lord." Flee *these* things! What things? Keep *the* Commandment! What Commandment? Will you look, and tell me, What things? What Commandment? and if you are minded to obey it, or to dispute it?

Ever your loving friend,
JOHN RUSKIN.

P.S.—Perhaps this letter may begin a quieter and more accurately arranged examination of the matter at issue between us, than my first hastily written appeal to you. And, for the first step in the scientific part of it, will you tell me why, if money be a Medium of Exchange, and no more than that, we may not all of us have all we want of it, and equal use of it. Why should not the government issue any quantity; and why should a miser be looked on as unkind, if the thing he pleases himself in hoarding can be supplied for the asking to everybody else? Why should any soul of us be poor, if the issuing of bank-notes by the ton would make us rich? Can a Medium of Exchange in your pocket be rendered useless by putting more of it in mine?

[1] [1 Timothy vi. 11–14. Ruskin's translation differs somewhat from the Authorised Version.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
December 31*st*, 1880.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—The Camellias are here, and I thank Mrs. Faunthorpe for sending them.

But I have written to you in weariness and painfulness, and I must have answer to the three quite definite questions in my last letter before I speak of any of the matters entered upon in your non-answer of two days ago. You cannot possibly begin the year with any work more pertinent, or more imperative. Very earnestly I wish you health, and power, and peace in its days. And am,

Your faithful friend,
JOHN RUSKIN.

THE REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE, M.A.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
January 2nd, 1881.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I am most truly grateful for your loving and kind letter. A good deal of what is worst in the bottom of me, and saddest in the midst, had been stirred up by the implication in your former letter that I was likely to engage you in oppositions of science, falsely so called;[1] and by the reading of the *Whitelands Annual*, which I will not speak of to-day, but only ask you to add to your present compliance with me the careful reading of paragraphs 120 to 137 in the old copy of the *Queen of the Air*,[2] which perhaps you may like to keep, only you must make some of the girls copy the corrections on a copy[3] I will send for that operation; and please let them also copy the enclosed note[4] into it, and into their own, which I will send also if they haven't one.

I have sent a book[5] to Whitelands, which, if they could study every word of (I doubt not their willingness) would be an education better than any living queen's.

Ever yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

[1] [1 Timothy vi. 20.]

[2] [For §§ 120–127 (in part), see Vol. XIX. pp. 400–406. The rest of § 127, §§ 128–132 (in part), and § 134 (in part) in the original edition were reprinted from the *Notes on the General Principles of Employment:* see Vol. XVII. pp. 541–546. For the rest of § 132, § 133, and the rest of § 134, see Vol. XIX. pp. 406–408. §§ 135–137 in the original edition were reprinted from *Cestus of Aglaia:* see Vol. XIX. pp. 72–76.]

[3] [These corrections were made by Ruskin on a copy of the first (1869) edition of the *Queen of the Air*. They were, however, but trivial, and were made use of by Mr. Faunthorpe when preparing the fourth (1883) edition of the work, which he edited for Ruskin. See Vol. XIX. pp. lxxi., 285.]

[4] [The "Note" referred to follows this letter, below, p. 558.]

[5] [The edition of 1710 (with glossary) of *Virgil's Æneid, translated into Scottish Verse by Professor Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.* See references to it in Letters 61 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 500), and 92 (above, p. 455).]

[The following is the "Note" referred to in the preceding letter. It is to be observed that the Note is headed "Denmark Hill," although the letter itself is addressed from Brantwood. Doubtless it was an old note, written in London at some earlier date, and now for the first time made use of.]

DENMARK HILL, S.E.

Real value, as opposed to mere price in market, which is the received value among buyers and sellers of it under particular circumstances.

The conditions of real money-value may be best understood by supposing the represented property first infinitely large, and then infinitely small.

Imagine a territory so richly productive as to require no labour. Every kind of necessary or pleasant food, fruit or flower, laid up in store or gatherable on the instant, and only a few inhabitants on it unable to consume the thousandth part of its abundance. No one would have to pay for anything but the trouble of carriage, and for an incommensurably small sum might possess whatever he chose—the value of money being thus infinitely large, and passing through that infinity into nothing.

Suppose, on the contrary, the food consumed by pestilence, gradually to the last grain of corn; the inhabitants would gradually pay more and more for a little food, their whole fortune at last for a handful of corn, and the value of money thus becoming infinitely small, would pass on this side also, as the last food was consumed, into zero.

Between these two zeros, the uselessness which signifies that everything may be got *without* money, and the uselessness which signifies that nothing can be got *with* it, the real value of money oscillates according to the actually attainable quantity of goods, and the market value of money according to the caprices and panics of commercial minds.

12

DISCRIMINATION IN ART TEACHING[1]

[See Letter 57, § 7 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 407)]

THE first need is to be assured that there is a bad and good in art and in literature, and that some people know the one from the other.

If once we are assured of that, we are able to deal with the second question—Shall we let everybody, young people or uneducated people, look at and read what they like, and so find out what is good for themselves? or shall we give them only good art—only good literature—and forbid them bad art and bad literature?

Forbid; but how can you, says John Milton, wisest of the Liberty men. Let us hear him first, nevertheless, on this point of absolute goodness:[2]—

"I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how Bookes demeane themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors: For Books are not absolutely dead things, but doe contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that foule was whose progeny they are; nay they do preserve as in a violl the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous Dragons teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand unlesse warinesse be us'd, as good almost kill a Man as kill a good Book; who kills a Man kills a reasonable creature, Gods Image; but hee who destroyes a good Booke, kills reason it selfe, kills the Image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the Earth; but a good Booke is the pretious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalm'd and treasur'd up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great losse; and revolutions of ages doe not oft recover the losse of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole Nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of publick men, how we spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in Books; since we see a kinde of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdome, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kinde of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elementall life, but strikes at that ethereall and first essence, the breath of reason it selfe, slaies an immortality rather than a life."*

* It seems to me that in this passage there must be some gap; to make it clear reasoning it ought to have "not only" inserted here after "therefore," and "but much more" after "public men" in the next line.

[1] [This passage is printed from sheets of MS. at Brantwood, headed "Fors."]

[2] [The passage is not given in the MS., but Ruskin obviously refers to *Areopagitica* (p. 35 in Arber's Reprint) as here given.]

Now, in this passage you may read "picture" or "work of art" for book, with entirely the same force in the passage.

Which, so generalized, is literally and entirely true. And the Essay which I have printed, to take the lead among all that I have ever myself said which seems to me deserving not to die,[1] is the amplification of this; of which if you will now read §§ 32, 38, and 41[2]—the latter in connection with our recent studies in *Fors* from Kirkby Lonsdale churchyard[3]—you will be better prepared for what I have to say next, namely, that you cannot, then, at present, teach the British public anything but evil, by putting means of information indiscriminately within their reach.

The Crystal Palace proposes to do this. You have there casts of the best Greek statues, made entirely accessible to the British public, but at the same time the Soho Bazaar and the Surrey Pantomime in the central aisle.[4] And the only word I have ever heard spoken by the British public concerning the Greek statues was an indecent jest by a drunken sailor; while the decent and undrunk portion of the British public entirely abjures that region of plaster anatomy, delights itself with its own dress and chattery under the monster organ, and makes the lovely Temple of Minerva at Ægina serve as a vestibule to the Ladies' Cloak-room.

At Kensington matters are still worse. For there fragments of really true and precious art are buried and polluted amidst a mass of loathsome modern mechanisms, fineries, and fatuity, and have the souls trodden out of them, and the lustre polluted on them, till they are but as a few sullied pearls in a troughful of rotten pease, at which the foul English public snout grunts in an amazed manner, finding them wholly flavourless.[5] Now, therefore, the first thing we need in England is an accessible museum, however small, containing only good art, and chiefly of a quality which the British public can understand, or may in time come to understand, and which therefore will be in some degree attractive to it.

Good water-colour drawings, for instance, are pleasant to everybody. Not so pleasant as bad ones to the general mob; but never offensive, and in time attractive. Such a drawing, for instance, as that I named[6] of Mrs. Allingham's, in the water-colours of this year, could not fail to teach rightly, when it taught at all.

But even the best Greek vases must always be entirely unintelligible and useless to the British public, and need never be put in a museum * intended for them.

[Here the MS. breaks off.]

* *Cf.* p. 5 of Letter 23 [§ 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 398)].

[1] [*Sesame and Lilies* was reissued in 1871 as the first volume in a collected Works" series of Ruskin's books: see Vol. XVIII. pp. lix., 9.]

[2] [Vol. XVIII. pp. 84–86, 96–99.]

[3] [See Letters 52 and 56 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 298, 393).]

[4] [For the casts, see Vol. XX. p. 237; for the pantomime, Vol. XIX. pp. 216–218.]

[5] [For a similar reference to the South Kensington "labyrinth," see (in a later volume of this edition) the letter of March 20, 1880, on *A Museum or Picture Gallery*.]

[6] [In *Academy Notes* for 1875: see Vol. XIV. p. 264.]

13

LAWS FOR THE WINE TRADE[1]

[See Letter 58, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 429)]

Now, therefore, to begin one little piece of construction work, and as far as possible conclude it, let me state the main clauses of St. George's laws concerning wine.

The disorder of life and degradation of temper which attend the growth of the vine in many districts of Europe result either from the cupidity of the masters (reducing the vineyard labourers to serfdom), or the ignorance of the peasant and his consumption of the precious yearly fruit of his ground in his own careless thirst. Of all material tests of high civilization none can be more simple than the storing of corn and wine. You cannot have the highest civilization but in districts producing both, and that both should be rightly cultivated and distributed will always signify a nearly perfect condition of the commonwealth.

By prudent industry the corn and wine district of the temperate zone may be greatly extended beyond its present limits. But within their attainable limits no ground should ever be allowed by the Government to be put under vine but that which has good exposure and fitting soil. The northern and eastern slopes of hills, so often put under vine by the proprietors in districts of reputation for wine, must be authoritatively reduced to lower produce, and no grapes grown but such as will give wine that will keep.

The most accurate and scrupulous skill being spent on these, and the preparation of the wines conducted under Government inspection preventing, by quite crushing penalties, all adulteration and imposture, the wines are to be finally sealed with the Government seal in bottles of accurate and equal measure in all Christian countries, admitting of course division of such measure according to the preciousness of the wine; and the storehouses on each estate are to be proportioned in size to the time which the wine requires to be matured in, so that, supposing it is at its best at the end of ten years, the storehouses must hold the produce of ten vintages, and as the new year's wine is put in wood at one end of them, the ten years' old wine taken out for sale at the other, the sale of the newer wine being permitted if the consumer ask for it, but not at a lower price, so that there may be no temptation to any one to drink, or give immature

[1] [Printed from a MS., with no heading, at Brantwood.]

wine because it is cheaper. The measure of wine therefore from these inspected stores will always be of the same known and unquestioned money value, inevitable and minor variations in flavour being noticed only for the better pleasing, in courtesy, of individual taste, but not permitted to affect price, and the wines of entirely rare quality retained by Government for gifts of honour or use in medicine.

I have no occasion to say more than this on the subject of wine-growth in the text of *Fors;* but I will admit into its correspondence any useful letters of suggestion or statement from wine-growers. Of letters of objection I shall take no notice because no rational objection *can* be made to this system except on grounds of selfish interest which I refuse to recognize.

14

ECONOMY: GOD'S AND THE DEVIL'S[1]

[See Letter 58, § 12 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 429)]

Devil's, and Fool's Political Economy.	God's, and His Servant's Economy.
1. That good things are only good, if they can be turned into money.	1. That money is only good, if it can be turned into good things.
2. That all human prosperity must be founded on the vices of human nature, because these are the essential powers of human nature, and its virtues are accidental and impotent.	2. That all human prosperity must be founded on the virtues of human nature, because these are the essential powers of human nature, and its vices are accidental and impotent.
3. That every man is bound to form, and at liberty to follow, his own opinion on all matters concerning him.	3. That every man is bound to know, and under orders to follow, God's opinion, on all matters concerning him.
4. That there is no Devil, no Life, and no God.	4 (*indivisible*). That there is an Eternal God, an Eternal Life, and an Eternal Death.

[1] [This section of the Appendix was printed as Note 5 in Mr. Faunthorpe's *Index to "Fors Clavigera,"* p. 501.]

15

THE EIGHTEENTH PSALM[1]

[See Letters 61 and 64]

THEREFORE she is the teacher, and shelter of Israel; a hard taskmaster, yet needful, serviceable. "Out of Egypt have I called my son;"[2] yes, but the Son was first sent there.

There is continual debate among learned men nowadays whether the art of Greece came from Egypt or Tyre. But they debate without themselves knowing what *could* be got from either of them, and in the meantime the Turks have hindered Count de Cesnola from going on with his diggings in Cyprus, where the marbles are the key to everything. The noble collection of them which, made out of the temple at Golgos three years ago, he offered for an old song to the British Museum,[3] and which its authorities (my own impression is, through pure and mere jealousy) offered him an older song for, and let it be bought over their heads by New York, where doubtless the enlightened public will soon break it all up for soft building materials, contained the entire evidence needed respecting what was western and southern in Greek art. Unquestionably, however, one elementary branch of the arts—letters and the art of writing them—did come from the Reed country. Egypt is not only the great Engraver on stone, but the great Scribe on Papyrus. And the Ark which her princess found, itself of reed, among the paper reeds by the brooks, is the first origin and type of all noble Library.

Whereupon we may proceed to our writing lesson—progress in which is for the most part dependent on your obeying the general order, never to write anything but what you sincerely suppose needs to be written, and will be good, if written, for yourself in future and for others at present. And plant that written word thoroughly and accurately, as you would plant potatoes or vines or anything else meant to grow, in true lines and with due pains, and no hurry. The words which you copied for a first lesson were Greek for, "I will love thee, O Lord, my strength," the beginning of the 18th Psalm.

[1] [This passage is printed from MS. sheets at Brantwood, headed "New Copy." It was clearly intended to follow Letter 61, for it takes up the writing exercise, there set (Vol. XXVIII. p. 494); but it also connects with what is said of Egypt in Letter 64 (*ibid.*, p. 563).]

[2] [Matthew ii. 15.]

[3] [For another allusion to this collection and its refusal by the British Museum, see Vol. XXV. p. 161.]

Now I only myself understand the beginning and end of that Psalm, and have not the slightest notion what all the middle of it means. It is very fine, no doubt, if we take it as a description of a storm; and I have before now expatiated on it as such, in *Modern Painters*,[1] but I don't see what clouds, or hail or lightning, have to do with the rest of the Psalm; it having certainly been by none of them that God had discomfited Saul; and neither had David himself anywise rejoiced over that discomfiture. I leave therefore the ten verses of the mid-Psalm as absolutely enigmatic and useless, for the present, but from the first to the seventh and from the seventeenth to end, commend them to your attention, as in all literalness what according to your truth and usefulness you will be able one day to say for yourself.

And of the first six verses, I will at once translate from Vulgate and Septuagint more accurately for you:—

"I will love thee, O Lord, my Fortitude.

"The Lord is my Firmament, and my refuge, and my Deliverer. My God is my helper, and I will hope in Him; He is the Holder of Shield above me,[2] and the horn of my safety, and the taker up of my battle. Praising, I will call on the Lord."

Now, you see I have written Fortitude instead of strength. Not because it is a longer or more handsome word, but a quite different word. Any impious lout may be strong. But only a man who loves God and has obeyed His law can have Fortitude.

Also, you see I have written Firmament instead of rock. That makes a considerable difference. For in the first chapter of Genesis you have the word puzzling you as if it never occurred anywhere else; and it is entirely proper for you to know that the word *does* occur again here, and has nothing to do with the word used of the Rock which Moses struck, or with St. Peter.

"Then the Heavens are telling the Glory of God,
And the Firmament shows His *Doing*."[3]

Now, what Firmament have you got to show for yourselves? Can you make so much as a brick? You are poor weak things. Grasshoppers.

Yes, and you hope to hop to heaven, do you, and whistle and eat yourselves into eternal life and the Glory of God?

[1] [In the chapter on "The Firmament": see Vol. VI. pp. 109, 110.]

[2] [*Adjutor* in the Vulgate; ὑπερασπιστής in the LXX.]

[3] [Psalms xix. 1: compare the title, *Cœli Enarrant*, given to one of Ruskin's sets of reprints from *Modern Painters* (Vol. III. p. lxiii.).]

16

"THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY":

LETTERS TO MR. FREDERIC HARRISON[1]

[See Letter 66 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 618)]

THE absurdity of the sentence as it stands (with "whole" italicised too) I leave to your own comments after reflection and repentance.[2] But I must definitely show you the inconsistency of what you meant by it, with the "religion you so ardently advocate." You say, in your account of your birth to the light of it (p. 863[3]) that "somehow you found yourself thinking that a religious life meant conscious devotion to human welfare." (In other words, you did not at that time know so much as the proper scholarly use of the words religion and philanthropy.) At page 869 you say: "Our religion means the devotion of our life to the supreme Master of our life." Curious to know who this may be, I wade through four more pages of gossip, to the statement (p. 874) that the word Humanity centres our reverence in that which is itself homogeneous—"a real unity, which is also moral, sympathetic, and benevolent."

Now, my dear friend, I doubt not that the word Humanity does all this and more for you; but when you come to know something of that whole of life which you suppose so summarily comprehensible, you will find that it can do nothing of the sort for other people. Some thirty years ago, in my first work for Turner, I had with sorrow to myself to expose the good old chevalier Bunsen's illogical Trinity of God, Man, and Humanity, and did so by requesting him to consider instead the Trinity of Man, Dog, and Canineness.[4] Using now, as I always find it best to do, an English word for the Latin, and calling this Trinity the Trinity of Man, Dog, and Dogity, suppose I was to be told by some of my lady friends whose religion is Lap-dogity, that the word Lap-dogity centred their reverence in that which was itself homogeneous, a real Unity which was also moral, sympathetic, and benevolent: would you not instantly feel it necessary to observe to them, that the reverend, moral, sympathetic and benevolent homogenesis of lap-dogity was absolutely dependent on the much more reverend,

[1] [This passage, printed from unheaded sheets of MS. at Brantwood, clearly formed part of the first draft of the reply to Mr. Harrison in Letter 66.]

[2] [For the reference here, see note on page 568, below.]

[3] [The page is that of vol. 27 of the *Contemporary Review*, containing Mr. Harrison's article on "Humanity" (see Vol. XXVIII. pp. 614, 619 *nn.*).]

[4] [See Appendix II. to vol. iii. of *Modern Painters* (Vol. V. pp. 424–425).]

moral, sympathetic, and benevolent homogenesis of ladyhood, and that if the lady were nothing without a lap-dog to adore, the lap-dog would also be nothing without a lady to adore him. Now the question which is vital for the Dog's reverence, namely, that he should have a mistress, is also vital to the man's, that he should have a master.[1]

[THE published correspondence between Ruskin and Mr. Harrison was accompanied by private letters. Several of Ruskin's, placed at the disposal of the editors by Mr. Harrison, are subjoined.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
1st June, '76.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—I did not think *Fors* would have kept its time this month, or should before have told you that I had written a letter to you in the course of it,[2] which I trust you will not think done in unkindly feeling, but which nevertheless expresses some condition of antagonism between us in a way which I thought necessary, for many reasons, too long to enter into. If you care to make any answer, and the questions put are entirely serious on my part, you shall of course have open pages, and if I think the answer forcible and interesting, full type print. But probably some private correspondence may prepare the way best for what is to be public on either side. Only, in every case, believe me,

Most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
8th June, 1876.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—I was *very* glad of your kind letter from the shores of Solent, and I trust you will find nothing in the paper, after you have time to read it, to make you at all waver in your trust in its being done in good feeling. There is one somewhat insolent expression about your not knowing good traceries,[3] which may seem gratuitous, or ill founded (for this your very letter about Salisbury, Romsey, and the rest, means true interest in architecture). But if you ever took up the subject, or any other branch of great art, so as to *know* thoroughly the difference between the designer of Salisbury and Mr. Scott, or between Titian and Mr. Leighton,[4] your constant sense of the degradation of the existing human intellect would

[1] [Compare Letter 69, § 16 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 701).]
[2] [Letter 66, §§ 9–15 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 618–625).]
[3] [Letter 66, § 11 (*ibid.*, p. 620).]
[4] [Mr. Harrison had doubtless made some reference to Leighton's fresco (1866) of "The Wise and Foolish Virgins" in the church at Lyndhurst.]

become so horrible to you that you could not think of any general conditions of development, but only of the immediate causes of the intellectual ruin.

But besides this, the unconsciousness in your paper of the misery of the persons who used to believe truly in a personal Deity, and now cannot find him any more, and you therefore resting satisfied in such a system as that which your paper metaphorically supports as an equivalent for Religion, is the real reason of my attacking the paper. And some day I shall go on to that, but was not up to it in this *Fors*. The usury questions[1] are of course most earnest, pressing, and practical.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
19th June.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—I wish I had time to answer your kind and tender private letter, but it is impossible. The public one[2] I fear must be answered somewhat haughtily, but there is no time to ask you to reconsider it; only, please tell me if you object to the insertion of letters of reference to the paragraphs that have to be commented on (as always in *Fors* correspondence). If so, I must put them at the side, bringing the letter into narrower column of type.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—I am very deeply touched by your to-day's letter, and am, in consequence of it, going to pray you to permit me to withhold the one intended for publication till you have reconsidered it, and until we each understand the other better. *I* had no conception of your depth of feeling; you have none of my modes of using language, nor, therefore, of the extreme difficulty of our conversing at all; we are simply fighting at present about the black and white shield.

I can say no more to-day—but this only, that I *cannot* understand how, with the feeling of regard to me that you have always shown—and the far more flattering estimate of me than I thought you had formed, which you now express—you never either wrote to me as a friend, or attacked me as a foe, for those sayings which you think so deadly and blasphemous in *Fors*. If I had ever been taught anything true and of much value to me by a man whom I regarded as a friend, I should have been earnest to plead with him against what I felt to be any horrible error in his public work.

Why have you let me go on, and never either supported me, in my war with the iniquity of England, or corrected me, in my own?

[1] [See Letter 66, § 14 (p. 624).]
[2] [Printed in Letter 67, § 24 (pp. 662–663). Ruskin's answer followed, pp. 663–664.]

17

INTEREST; AND RAILWAYS[1]

[See Letters 68, § 4; 47, Notes and Correspondence; and 70 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 669, 201, 712)]

1. THE effort to confound interest with wages is one of the stupidest and wickedest of modern diabolic lies. I take, as I have said again and again,[2] from ten to fifteen per cent. interest[3] for my money in the Bank of England. But I don't superintend the Bank of England in any one moment or any one particular. I am, therefore, a mere and pure usurer. Every clerical or feminine railroad shareholder, taking a dividend on the traffic, without attending to it, is a usurer. Every landlord living away from his estate is a usurer, who lives by lending land. If he live *on* his estate, manage it for his own advantage, and take the produce (as the *Daily Telegraph* says ideal landlords should[4]) "all for himself,"—he is indeed a slavemaster and thief; but not an usurer. And in any of these cases one may be an amiable slavemaster, a brave thief, or a well-meaning usurer; but our first moral business is, to know clearly—as every man may know if he will—what we *are*.[5]

It is enough to show the especial and subtle evil of usury, to reflect on the general fact in human nature, that while we won't give anybody half-a-crown, without asking what he wants with it, we will lend him any quantity of millions, to commit murder with, or do what else he likes.

2. For definition of the sin, put it to yourself thus. You have something by you—tool, money, land, house, or what not—which you cannot or don't want to use yourself, but somebody else does. Say your umbrella—to begin

[1] [This portion of the Appendix is printed from a corrected proof, headed "Fors Clavigera. Letter 70." This proof has been placed at the editors' disposal by Mr. William White, formerly Curator of the Ruskin Museum. The sections are here numbered for convenience of reference. §§ 1–4 were printed as Note 1 in Mr. Faunthorpe's *Index to "Fors Clavigera,"* pp. 497–498, but from an uncorrected and incomplete proof; for the variations, see the Bibliographical Note, below, p. 606. After § 4 there comes in the proof the passage (not very closely connected with the context) which is Note 7 in Mr. Faunthorpe's *Index:* see above, Appendix 3, p. 535. The proof then continues with §§ 5-7. § 6 was printed as Note 2 in Mr. Faunthorpe's *Index*, but again from an uncorrected proof; for the variations, see below, p. 606.]

[2] [See, for instance, Vol. XXVII. p. 364, and Vol. XXVIII. pp. 139, 673.]

[3] [That is, on the par value of the stock.]

[4] [See Letter 10, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 165–166).]

[5] [Compare Letter 44 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 139).]

with.[1] You are not going out in the rain yourself to-day—your neighbour is; and if he have a new coat on, he can afford to pay you something for the loan—but, if you take such pay, *that is* Usury. From a succession of neighbours, asking the same favour, you may, and should, take what will pay for a new umbrella, when the one for lending is worn-out. But you must not live on your umbrella.

3. So with a piece of your land. If you can plough it, or delight in it yourself—do so. If you can't plough it yourself—or don't mean to, and your neighbour would thankfully do so, you must lend him the land;—if he return it less fit for a crop, next year, he must pay you for that harm, and if more fit for a crop, you must pay him for that good.

At present, he not only pays rent for the ground, but has his rent raised if he benefit it!

4. "But, at that rate, nobody would lend anything"? Yes. Everybody would lend, as they do now, but with conscious justice, and charity; and life to the whole world, be stronger and easier than it is now, by the precise degree in which the sums now paid for interest of money, would be better applied in the hands of laborious good men, in the beginning of life, than in the hands of idle wicked men at the close of it.

By the way, I see that His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury is setting up for a Usurer on Book-lending—and in very good company too—as President of the East Surrey Hall, Museum, and Library Company, Limited.[2]

5. "Well, but we can't get dividends by road *mending*—so we must by road making."

Suppose I want a footpath made through my land, I hire a labourer, and pay him for his work, and dismiss him when it is done. But I do not give him the right, thenceforward for ever, to charge me sixpence every time I walk over it.

Suppose a nobleman wants a road made through his park. He hires a number of labourers, pays them so much a day, and dismisses them when the road is made. He does not give them a right to have a turnpike at his lodge, and make him pay a toll every time he drives in.

6. The people of Manchester and London want a road made between the two places. Then what they wisely and rightly should do, would be, what the private persons did—pay at once for the work of making the road, and dismiss the labourers when it is made.

Instead of doing that honestly, they borrow the money, and agree to pay the lenders a tax whenever they travel, thenceforward for ever. It is true that this arrangement for them, if the traffic be not great, may turn out advantageous by the ruin of the lenders. And if all the sums sunk in railroads in England were now accurately estimated, I have little doubt, it would be seen that the British public had got their railroads, on the whole, made, by the entirely involuntary subscriptions of the mites—even all their living—by a large number of single old ladies and gentlemen.

But that is not the proper way to make any sort of road, or accomplish any public work; nor is it, in the end, advantageous even to the public. The money of those simple persons, would in reality have been

[1] [Compare Letter 80, § 10 (above, p. 179).]
[2] [See Letter 70, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 721–722).]

spent more advantageously for the British people, in the general expenditure of domestic life, than in dragging the movable population about the country, or feeding surveyors and mechanicians. Nor do I suppose that if in such true terms, any Bill were brought before Parliament, definitely proposing to construct a railway by some method of delicate mechanical abstraction from the pockets of private persons, even though it were guaranteed that the persons to be sucked by the ferruginous vampire should imagine, till the operation was completed, that their pockets were being filled instead of emptied;—I do not suppose, I say, that such a Bill would pass.

7. But, on the contrary, the theory of railroads, however erroneous, which has possessed itself of the public mind, is that they are a good investment. That is to say, that when the road makers have done their work for Lord John, in my Lord John's park; cut down his trees, filled his lake, dug up his lawn, and burnt his fruit-trees, the Jew who has paid them will be thankfully permitted by my Lord John to put a turnpike on his drive, and charge him ten per cent. on all the expenses incurred, to the end of time! Propose even that popular arrangement in Parliament in its absolute truth; call the shareholders, what they are—children of the true Israel—Jew-usurers; separate the expenses of construction and working from their "dividends"; show the proportion of every man, woman, and child's fare which is to be paid to them for ever; and I don't believe the Bill would pass.*

FLORENCE, *September 20th*, 1874.

DEAR MR. WALKER,[1]—I got your obliging note all right. I should have acknowledged it before, but wanted to say a word about interest, for which I only to-day find time. Your position and knowledge give you so great an advantage in thinking of these things, that if you will observe only two great *final* primal facts, you are sure to come to a just conclusion.

Interest is always either Usury on loan, or Tax on industry (of course often both, and much more), but always one of these!

* The following perfect little sketch of what he supposed the next newspaper article would be on this passage, was sent me by Mr. Somervell. If any real editor can better it, he may try, before I answer.

Editor of the ——, expressing the convictions of most readers.—"Mr. Ruskin displays his wonted incapacity to comprehend the simplest problem involving any commercial or financial considerations, when he talks of London and Manchester paying for their road, out and out. He forgets that the Corporations of London and Manchester, in order to do so, would have to borrow the money, and, of course, pay interest upon it. As things are now managed, the persons who lend

[1] [Mr. William Walker, of the Union Bank of London; one of the auditors of the accounts of the St. George's Guild (see Vol. XXVIII. p. 556). This letter was first printed in *Igdrasil*, for *December* 1891, pp. 226–227; and next in the privately issued *Letters upon Subjects of General Interest from John Ruskin to Various Correspondents*, 1892, pp. 58–60.]

I get interest either by lending or investing. If I take interest on investment I tax industry.

A railroad dividend is a tax on its servants—ultimately, a tax on the traveller, or on the safety of his life (I mean, you get your dividend by leaving him in danger).

You will find there is absolutely no reason why a railroad should pay a dividend more than the pavement of Fleet Street.

The profit of a contractor—as of a turnpike man or paviour—is not a dividend, but the average of a chance business profit.

Of course I may tax Theft as one of the forms of industry—Gambling, etc.; that is a further point. Keep to the simple one. To make money either by lending or taxing is a sin. If people really *ought* to have money lent to them, do it gratis; and if not, it is a *double* sin to lend it them for pay.

The commercial result of taking no interest would be: First, that rogues and fools could not borrow, therefore could not waste or make away with money.

The second, that the money which was accumulated in the chests of the rich would be fructifying in the hands of the active and honest poor.

Of course the wealth of the country, on these conditions, would be treble what it is. Interest of money is, in a word, a tax by the idle on the busy, and by the rogue on the honest man.

Not one farthing of money is ever made by Interest.

Get that well into your head. It is *all* taken by the idle rich out of the pockets of the poor, or of the really active persons in commerce.

Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

the money to make the road, subsequently undertake the business of conducting the traffic upon it; and their dividends consist of the fairly-earned profit upon such traffic, in addition to the interest—or usury, as Mr. Ruskin is pleased, incorrectly, to term it—upon the original outlay. How matters could be mended by virtually dividing this payment between two sets of people, we fail to perceive. It would be well if Mr. Ruskin could divest himself of these absurd notions about the interest of money, which he has probably acquired from a too reverent study of some of the wise men of old. Mr. Ruskin forgets that Plato and Dante, though in many respects very remarkable personages, were not business men of the nineteenth century."

18

MORNING THOUGHTS AT GENEVA[1]

[See Letter 72, § 10 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 766)]

HÔTEL DES BERGUES, GENEVA,
28th August, 1876.

I WOKE at three this morning, and as soon as my window became a glimmering square,[2] rose every now and then to watch the light increase. The dawn was fair and clear, and the long slopes of the Buet, and double pillars of the Aiguilles d'Argentière,—"well-known" masses, a young member of the Alpine Club would perhaps write—but to me, still mysteries, though seen these forty years and more,—were traced dark against the softly glowing sky.

But, precisely between them and my window, a little chimney of some "works" on the opposite quay was throwing up its thread of brown smoke, which, the air being perfectly calm, stayed, in a browner cloud, precisely at the level of the brightest low sky, and dimmed the aiguilles, so that there was no drawing or seeing their outline, any more than through a smoked glass.

Also, just under my window, at the corner of the bridge, there was an apparatus for laying asphalte with a vaporous boiling-pot, and a little funnel besides, sending up as much smoke as a small steamer, which, being close by, floated about in gusts and rags, sometimes over the rosy clouds, sometimes over Mont Blanc, and sometimes over the piece of lake yet left visible to the north, round the corner of the Hôtel de Russie.

Under which circumstances, I not only lost all pleasure in my view of Mont Blanc and the dawn, but received very distinct and severe pain from it.

"I am a foolish, crabbed old fellow—am I,—and shouldn't have minded the smoke?"

Well, my friend, I know I am foolish,—and God knows it better than I: but it is at present chiefly in coming to this place at all, and wandering

[1] [This passage is printed partly from a proof of "Over matter for *Fors*," and partly from sheets of MS. at Brantwood. The passage was intended for *Fors* of February 1877.]

[2] [For the reference to Tennyson's *Princess*, see Vol. VII. p. 459, and Vol. XIX. p. 101.]

up and down its streets—(such as are left of what once was Geneva), with continual echo from the walls on each side, "Dead—all dead,"—(who, all, are dead, I will tell you perhaps, some day, if I ever get more autobiography written). And it is not at all in being unable to enjoy Mont Blanc through smoke.

For let me ask you a question or two.

(Domo d'Ossola, *3rd September.*)

(I suppose, in doing so, that *Fors* by chance has been taken up by some traveller of the modern school,—and I am not speaking now to my own St. George Companions, but to him or her. You most probably care as little for the sight of Mont Blanc as the Genevese themselves, and you came to Geneva merely to buy jewellery and live in a fashionable hotel: but by the price I see Moet stand at on the wine-card, I perceive you at least care for champagne. Well,—suppose, at table-d'hôte to-day, turning to take it just at the creamiest, you saw that the waiter had cut his finger with the wire, and dropped some blood into the glass. You would not enjoy your champagne with blood in it, would you? Still less, if the blood were blood of a diseased person? Well, my eyes are educated just as your mouth is; and I enjoy the morning light on Mont Blanc as you do champagne; and rather more (for, mind you, I know and understand all *your* tastes perfectly, and am just as fond of Moet as you; but you know none of *my* pleasures, and must take my estimate of them on trust). And, believe me, the trained eye has higher pleasure than the trained mouth; and in this higher pleasure it is capable also of more bitter pain. I would drink all the nastiest stuff you could mix, out of the English chemist's round the corner, if I could only get that smoke swept off Mont Blanc; and, besides, you probably would not really *taste* the blood in your champagne, you would only fancy you tasted it. But I not only can see the horrible smoke, but *can't* see the snow; I can't taste my wine because of the blood. I am a nasty creature, am I, and it isn't the taste merely, it is the idea that would be sickening to you? Yes; and it isn't the taste, but the idea that is sickening to *me*. That smoke *means* blood, as surely as the smoke from Joan of Arc's pile of faggots meant it. That smoke means the blood of the souls of the Swiss nation, perverted into vile tavern keepers from righteous citizens; it means the blood of the English nation degraded into acrobats from gentlemen, and into street swaggerers from gentlewomen; it means the blood of all nations degraded into atheists and usurers—travellers to that eternal ice which would not bend under Pietrapana[1]—from Christians, and travellers to the Celestial mountains above the crystal sea.

But I must go back to the question of loss in the pleasure of sight only. For I mean more than you do in speaking of that pleasure itself. Among the points of true value in the first and second volume of *Modern Painters*, none were more vital than the distinction made between ordinary sight, and what—there being no English word for it—I was forced to call

[1] [*Inferno*, xxxii.: see Vol. V. p. 297; and compare Vol. XVIII. p. 99, and Vol. XXVII. p. 412.]

by the Greek one "Theoria," "Contemplation"[1]—seeing within the temple of the heart. And I never, through all the years that have passed since, felt the full value of the power I had in this kind as I did, by the will of Fors, yesterday in walking down the Simplon Pass. It had become nobler to me than ever, in the degree of the advance of my own powers of thought and reach of sympathy, and I felt as if I had never seen it truly until now.[2]

And just as I was passing between the shade and sun, after passing the bridge at the great gallery, there came out of the gallery, following me, a caleche, with four foreigners in it, one a lady, well featured and with considerable character and power in her expression—the men, as far as I could judge, average conditions of the somewhat stout and coarse Frenchman, well to do in the world.

And in all the world they were well to do in, there is not assuredly a more dramatically exciting mountain scene than that at the great gallery of Gondo. Two torrents meeting each other, both powerful—one in a fall of some four hundred feet—a bridge over the face of the fall, entering a cave—what Adelphi manager could concert for his playbill better material than this! Alps above in a sea of them, tossed breaker over breaker in hollow-crested crags, soft wreathing woods of Italy in the ravine below, and all this bursting on the eyes in an instant, not by the slow raising of a curtain, but the passing through a rock gate.

The four travellers never moved their heads, nor raised their eyes. They were talking, of course, but not of anything particularly interesting, not in the least eagerly. They simply continued their conversation, undisturbed by any of these external phenomena. Now, the difference between these people and me was not that at all that they were ordinary persons, and I a man of genius. It would be very pleasant to think that I should not gnash my teeth at them and feel my whole day at Domo d'Ossola embittered by the sight of them—if I thought that I was so much their better; I should be walking about with my nose in the air and my toes turned out, on *that* supposition! It is true that I see colours better than most people, and know a thing or two that few do about rocks and clouds. I am very glad I do. What I am *not* glad of, but horror-struck to feel is, that while I was taught in early youth to look at Nature with the joy of a child in its Father's work, these who drive past me, blind—nay, the nations among whom I live—are now taught to see in her nothing but a chaos of the clay they would fain forget they are made of, these persons being, in all probability, just as capable of good and happiness as I—wittier assuredly, being French; stronger and braver, being healthy and young—and I doubt not in their hearts capable of all average human goodness, are yet spoiled and poisoned into this wreck of animal stupidity in comparison of me, because if you will look back to

[1] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. ii., and vol. ii. sec. i. ch. xv. (Vol. III. pp. 140 *seq.*, and Vol. IV. pp. 208 *seq.*). Compare "Readings in *Modern Painters*" (1877), where Ruskin says that the main value of the book is "exactly in that systematic scheme of it which I had despised, and in the very insistence upon the Greek term Theoria, instead of sight or perception, in which I had thought myself perhaps uselessly or affectedly refined" (Vol. XXII. p. 512).]

[2] [For Ruskin's early love of the Simplon Pass, see *Præterita*, ii. § 131.]

the chapters on Theoria in *Modern Painters*, you will see that the entire difference between the human sight of beauty and the animal scorn of it is shown to consist, in this concurrence, with physical sense, of Mental Religion.[1] I use the word in its true meaning—the acknowledgment of Spiritual Power. But with this, or faith in God, there must also, in true contemplation, be joined charity to men, and such lower form of charity as may tenderly cherish all lower creatures. No beauty is visible to human eyes but through this arc of triple light. Religion, without love of man, becomes madness; love of man, without tenderness to the lower creature, becomes insolence; and as

> "The bat that flits at close of eve
> Has left the brain that won't believe,"[2]

so also Religion, without love of man,—is that possible? Alas, too possible. God forbid but that some of the people who go to church in England should not be sincere in their worship; but they are trying to love their God, and not their brothers, and their worship is fit only for Bedlam.

Here in Italy, on the other hand, their Religion is ended; but their affectionateness, not yet. I was up last night among the vast stone pines of the Sanctuario of Orta. Aisle after aisle of temple in those mountain cedars, and chapel following chapel, for succession, formerly, of secret prayer.

All of them closed, now; but built against the side of one of them a "Caffè Ristorantè," and at the opposite side over the closed door, written: "Qui si chiamano i custodi del monte per visitare le cappelle."

Not to be pulled wholly down for a while, if perchance yet a penny may be turned out of the religion of their fathers.[3]

[1] [See Ruskin's analysis of the contents of section i. in vol. ii. of *Modern Painters* (Vol. IV. pp. 11–17).]

[2] [Blake's *Auguries of Innocence*. The lines are quoted in Letter 74 (above, 36).]

[3] [The entry in Ruskin's diary is as follows:—

"(*September* 3, 1876.) *Sunday evening, Orta.*—Up at the Sanctuario; one of the dismallest walks I ever had in this world! the vast stone pines and closed chapels being monuments of religion wholly gone; a party of blackguards making the loveliest of the green avenues horrible with their laughs; shrieking children, rude and graceless in gesture, rushing about the 'Caffè Ristorantè' opposite the main terrace, with door beside it inscribed, 'Qui si chiamano,' etc. They came out, two of them, and staggered and spit about on the terrace till I was obliged to go. But such stone pines I have not seen since the Farnese."]

19

"THESE THY CREATURES OF BREAD AND WINE"[1]

[See Letter 73; above, p. 24]

I CAN'T completely tell you how to regulate the price of a cabbage, or of a pint of milk, unless I clear your minds first on the principles of currency, free trade, corporal punishment, and commercial remuneration; and to clear your minds on these matters is not only to sweep out nearly the entire mass of what you have been taught since you were born, but also to explain the mechanism to you of a system of true government, of which the working must be by the concurrence of a system of cog-wheels infinitely more complex than those of a chronometer, and of which the Spring must be Faith, and the Diamond, Honour.

And if such my difficulty in expressing, much more that of proving, the truth to you, must be extreme, because in every application of such laws to actual life their good result must be for some time thwarted by the collaterally adverse conditions under which they are lived; and even their accurate application is impossible, in any particular instance, without a knowledge of detail which it will take time to acquire.

But, with careful reading of my previous statements, I think you may possibly now at least understand the broad principles by which true commerce must be regulated in food. God has given us imperishable gold—perishable, but preservable for all necessary time, bread and wine. "These thy creatures of bread and wine,"[2] brought forth to us by the Eternal Priesthood of Justice, are to be distributed in purity to all who need them, at the time that they need them; and the sign of the quantity which any person may claim of them is to be written in sacred Gold.

That is the Divine law—simple, universal, and constant. So far as you keep it, you shall live happily and decently in regard of bodily nourishment; so far as you break it, you must live miserably and indecently. But to apply it with immediate precision to the question—vital to you after hard fag work—the present price of a pot of beer in Sheffield, I must know all the conditions of making beer good, and the quantity you

[1] [Printed from sheets of MS. at Brantwood. The sheets are headed "Conclusion"; *i.e.*, probably the intended conclusion of Letter 73, a passage from Plato (§ 15) being afterwards substituted.]

[2] [See the Prayer of Consecration in the Communion Service.]

will on the average need of it, and a great deal more—which I don't know, and which you can only find out by experience.

But get this at all events into your heads clearly. A pound of bread and a pint of beer are to be standards of currency, *always* to be given by your Ducal Government in exchange for a given weight of silver; or a certain number of pounds of bread and pints of beer in exchange for a given weight of gold. (If you like, for lightness, paper and leather better than silver or gold, the Ducal Government will let you have them, provided you keep them clean.)

This current bread and beer, with other standards (a flask of wine, a square yard of cloth, and the like), are to be of standard quality, answered for by the Ducal Government as it answers for its gold—all of the purest and best in its power. Accordingly, the Ducal Government must have mills and breweries. The miller, the brewer, and the gold-coiner are all to be its salaried servants, and all liable to precisely the same punishment (whatever that may be determined as fitting—a huge question, you perceive, having several knots in it!) if they be detected adulterating the bread, the beer, or the gold. Only one coiner will be needful, and perhaps three or four millers and brewers; but these officers of food and coin, be they few or many, will all be equally well looked after, equally in honourable position, equally paid, and equally, as I have just said, liable to be—let us use for the present the more or less parliamentary and elastic expression—"suspended" if they be found adulterating the products under their care.

It is perfectly ridiculous—and a great deal more than ridiculous—to say that these things are impossible. You can elect your Duke and Duchess to-morrow, Lady Day, if you will; you can elect your Brewers and Millers, and their men; you can enable them to grind and to brew on some small scale somewhere; you can agree among yourselves to buy the bread and beer so produced, and none other. You need not ratten anybody, you need not abuse anybody, you need not—until you see occasion—"suspend" anybody, you need not send anybody to Parliament, and you need not ask what Parliament is about. If you can only find a dozen of honest people among you, and agree among yourselves to buy of them, you have solved, in essentials, every politico-economical problem of this present world. If you can't find a dozen honest people among you, nor agree upon anything with yourselves, no least politico-economical problem will ever be soluble to you.

And as for building a system of Economy on Dishonesty and Disagreement—*i.e.*, "competition" among yourselves—my hungry friends, every word you hear of advice in that direction is only the rising echo of the eternal cry of the Furies on the walls of Hell—"Venga Medusa."[1]

[1] [*Inferno*, ix. 52: compare Vol. V. p. 285, and Vol. XXVII. p. 427.]

20

"WHISTLER *v.* RUSKIN"

[See Letter 79]

(*a*) REPORT OF THE TRIAL[1]

[In consequence of a passage in Letter 79, § 11 (above, p. 160), Whistler brought an action for libel against Ruskin. The case has considerable interest in the history of English art-criticism, and as the report is not easily accessible, it is here printed.]

EXCHEQUER DIVISION—November 25

(*Before Baron Huddleston and a Special Jury*)

This was an action for an alleged libel which the plaintiff said had been falsely and maliciously published, and had greatly damaged his reputation as an artist. The defendant pleaded that the article complained of was privileged as being a fair and *bona fide* criticism upon a painting which the plaintiff had exposed for public view.

Mr. Serjeant Parry and Mr. Petheram appeared for the plaintiff; the Attorney-General and Mr. Bowen for the defendant.

In opening the case, Mr. Serjeant Parry said Mr. Whistler, the plaintiff, had followed the profession of an artist for many years both in this country and abroad, and Mr. John Ruskin, the defendant, held the highest position in Europe and America as an art critic. Mr. Whistler was the son of an eminent military engineer, a citizen of the United States, who for many years was engaged in superintending the construction of the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow. Having passed some years of his life in St. Petersburg, the plaintiff went to France and Holland, where he studied his profession, and he also acquired a great reputation as a painter in America. He was also an etcher, and in that capacity had likewise distinguished himself. He occupied a somewhat independent position in art, and it might be that his theory of painting was, in the estimation of some, eccentric; but his great object was to produce the utmost effect which colour would enable him to do, and to bring about a harmony in colour and arrangement in his pictures. Although a man adopted such a theory and followed it out with earnestness, industry, and almost enthusiasm, yet it was no reason why he should be denounced or libelled. In the summer of 1877 the plaintiff exhibited several of his pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery; and shortly afterwards there appeared in a pamphlet, edited and chiefly written by Mr. Ruskin, entitled *Fors Clavigera*, an article in which he criticised the modern school of art. He said, "Sir Coutts Lindsay is at present an amateur both in art and shopkeeping. He must take up either the one or the other business

[1] [This report is quoted from the *Times*, by the courtesy of the proprietors.]

if he would prosper in either;" and then referring to Mr. Whistler, he wrote as follows:—

"Lastly, the mannerisms and errors of these pictures (alluding to the pictures of Mr. Burne-Jones), whatever may be their extent, are never affected or indolent. The work is natural to the painter, however strange to us, and is wrought with the utmost conscience of care, however far to his own or our desire the result may yet be incomplete. Scarcely as much can be said for any other pictures of the modern school; their eccentricities are almost always in some degree forced, and their imperfections gratuitously, if not impertinently, indulged. For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the Gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of Cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

The learned counsel contended that these words could not, in any sense, be said to be a fair and *bona fide* criticism, and coming as they had from so great an authority as Mr. Ruskin, they had, in fact, done the plaintiff a great deal of injury in his profession and in the public estimation.

Mr. James Abbott M'Neill Whistler was then examined by Mr. Petheram. He was of American parentage and born in St. Petersburg, where he lived until he was twelve or fourteen years of age. His father constructed the railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow. He was educated at West Point, America, and afterwards studied in Paris with M. Gavie for two or three years. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Poynter, and Mr. Du Maurier were his fellow-students. He finally settled in London and continued his career as an artist. He exhibited at the Royal Academy, and sold his first picture there to Mr. Philip, the well-known artist of Spanish subjects. He also exhibited at Paris and at the Dudley Gallery. During the whole of his career he had been in the habit of etching, and he had received a gold medal for his etchings exhibited at The Hague. There were collections of his etchings in the British Museum and Windsor Castle. In 1877 he exhibited eight pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery—a portrait of Mr. Carlyle; "A Nocturne, in Blue and Gold," and other "Nocturnes" in "Black and Gold," and "Blue and Silver"; "An Arrangement in Black," representing Mr. Henry Irving as Philip II. of Spain; "A Harmony in Amber and Black"; and "An Arrangement in Brown." Carlyle's picture had been engraved. He sold one of the "Nocturnes" to Mr. Percy Wyndham for 200 guineas, and he had a commission for another for 150 guineas. Since the publication of Mr. Ruskin's criticism he had not been able to get the same price for his pictures.

Cross-examined by the Attorney-General: He had sent pictures to the Royal Academy which were not accepted, but that was the experience of all artists. The last picture rejected was "An Arrangement in Gray and Black: portrait of the Painter's Mother." It was afterwards exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery. The "Arrangement in Black and Gold" was a night view of Cremorne with the fireworks. Asked the meaning of the word "Nocturne," Mr. Whistler said that a picture was to him throughout a problem, which he attempted to solve, and he made use of any incident or object in nature that would bring about a symmetrical result. "An Arrangement" was an arrangement of light, form, and colour. Among his pictures were some night views, and he chose the word "Nocturne" because it generalised and simplified them all. As he had happened to use some musical terms it was supposed he intended to show a kind of connection between the two arts; but he had no such intention. It was probably the view of Mr. Ruskin that an artist should not let a picture leave his hands which he could improve by labour of his own, and that he should give value for what he received. He had been told that his pictures exhibited eccentricities. Of course he expected that his pictures would be criticised. The "Nocturne in Black and Gold" he knocked off in a couple of days. He painted the picture one day and finished it off the next. He did not give his pictures time to mellow, but he exposed them in the open air, as he went on with his work, to dry. He did not ask 200 guineas

for two days' work; he asked it for the knowledge he had gained in the work of a lifetime. In the course of his evidence the plaintiff said that he sometimes put colour on the frame, saying it was a part of the scheme of the picture, and that he also placed his monogram on the frame as well as on the canvas.

Some of the pictures were exhibited in court, and the jury went to see the rest at the Westminster Palace Hotel.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti, who said he had made art his special study for years, said he appreciated the meaning of Mr. Whistler's pictures. The blue and the silver picture, being a view of Old Battersea Bridge, he thought was very artistic and a beautiful representation of a pale bright moonlight. He held the same opinion of another picture in the same style. The black and gold picture represented the darkness of night mingled and broken by the brightness of fireworks. The picture of Carlyle was a fine portrait with a certain peculiarity. He admired sincerely some of Mr. Whistler's works in the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, and he thought they were the works which a conscientious artist might put forth.

Cross-examined: The black and gold picture was not a gem nor an exquisite, nor beautiful work, but it was a work of art. Asked if it was eccentric, he said it was unlike the work of most other painters. Two hundred guineas was its full value, not a stiffish price.

Mr. Albert Moore, an artist, said he thought Mr. Whistler's pictures had a large aim in which he had succeeded as no living artist had done. They were beautiful works of art, and 200 guineas was not too large a price for them.

In cross-examination he said he thought there was great originality in the plaintiff's pictures. He could not call it eccentricity.

Mr. W. G. Wills, dramatic author and artist, said that the plaintiff's pictures betrayed a great knowledge of art. Mr. Whistler looked at nature in a poetical light and had a native feeling for colour. His works were those of a man of genius and a conscientious artist. He described his pictures as original. This was the case for the plaintiff.

The Attorney-General said that after the evidence for the plaintiff he should be compelled to call some witnesses well acquainted with the principles of art to give their opinion on the plaintiff's pictures; but the question for the jury was whether Mr. Ruskin had or had not criticised the plaintiff's productions in a fair, honest, and moderate spirit. A critic might use strong language, and even resort to ridicule, without exposing himself to the charge of acting maliciously. Perhaps some people would extinguish critics altogether; but they had their value; and what would become of the fine arts if there was no incentive to excel? If art was to live and flourish, so must criticism. He regretted he was unable to call Mr. Ruskin as he was too ill to attend the Court. That gentleman, it was well known, had devoted himself for years to the study of art. From 1869 he had been Slade Professor at Oxford; he had written much on art, and judging from his works it was obvious that he was a man of the keenest susceptibility. He had a great love and reverence for art, and a special admiration for highly finished pictures. His love for art almost amounted to idolatry, and to the examination of the beautiful in art he had devoted his life. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Ruskin had not a very high opinion of the days in which we lived. He thought too much consideration was given to money-making, and that the nobility of simplicity was not sufficiently regarded. With regard to artists, he upheld a high standard and required something more than a few flashes of genius. He required a laborious and perfect devotion to art, and he held that an artist should not only struggle to get money, but also to give full value to the purchaser of his productions. He said it was the ancient code that no piece of work should leave the artist's hands which his diligence or further reflection could improve, and that the artist's fame should be built not upon what he received, but upon what he gave. Entertaining these views, it was not wonderful that Mr. Whistler's pictures should attract Mr. Ruskin's attention and that he should subject them to criticism. He did subject them to a severe and slashing criticism, and even held them up to ridicule and contempt; but in doing so he only expressed, as he was entitled to do, his honest

opinion. The learned counsel then dealt with the evidence of the plaintiff, and contended that his pictures were marked by a strangeness of style and a fantastical extravagance which fully justified the language employed by Mr. Ruskin in regard to them. He hoped to convince the jury before his case was closed that the defendant's criticism, however severe, was perfectly fair and *bona fide*, and could not be reasonably objected to. In the present mania for art it had become a kind of fashion among some people to admire the incomprehensible, to look upon the fantastic conceits of an artist like Mr. Whistler, his "nocturnes," "symphonies," "arrangements," and "harmonies," with delight and admiration; but the fact was that such productions were not worthy the name of great works of art. This was not a mania that should be encouraged; and, if that was the view of Mr. Ruskin, he had a right, as an art critic, to fearlessly express it to the public. It was said that Mr. Ruskin had ridiculed Mr. Whistler's pictures; but if he disliked criticism, he should not have rendered himself open to it. Quoting from *Fors Clavigera*, the Attorney-General showed that Mr. Ruskin was neither a partial nor a stern and hard critic, and that while he aimed his trenchant criticisms right and left, he ungrudgingly gave high praise where it was due. The whole article complained of was a sweeping condemnation of the modern school, and, as regarded Mr. Whistler, pointed out that his conceits and extravagances did not redound to his credit, and that he was careless of his name and fame when he offered such things for sale. It was objected that Mr. Ruskin had said he was "ill-educated"; but if that was Mr. Ruskin's opinion, judging from his productions, was it libellous to say so? It was also complained he had written, "I never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face," but the term "coxcomb" was applied to him as an artist, and not as a man. What was a "coxcomb"? He had looked out for the word, and found that it came from the old idea of the licensed jester, who wore a cap and bells with a cock's comb in it, and went about making jests for the amusement of his master and family. If that were the true definition, Mr. Whistler should not complain, because his pictures were capital jests, which had afforded much amusement to the public. Mr. Ruskin had lived a long life without being attacked. No one could say that he had purchased his praise, and no one had attempted to restrain his pen through the medium of the jury. Mr. Ruskin did not retract one syllable of his criticism upon Mr. Whistler' pictures. He believed he was right. For nearly all his life he had devoted himself to criticism for the sake of the art he loved, and he asked the jury not now to paralyse his hand. If they gave a verdict against him, he must cease to write. It would be an evil day for the art of this country if Mr. Ruskin were prevented from indulging in proper and legitimate criticism, and pointing out what was beautiful and what was not, and if critics were all reduced to a dead-level of forced and fulsome adulation.

Mr. Edward Burne-Jones said he had been a painter for twenty years, and during the last two or three years his works had become known to the public. Complete finish ought to be the standard of painting, and artists ought not to fall short of what for ages had been acknowledged as essential to a perfect work. The "nocturne" in blue and silver representing Battersea reach was a work of art, but very incomplete. It was an admirable beginning—simply a sketch. In no sense whatever did it show the finish of a complete work of art. It was masterly in colour but deficient in form, which was as essential as colour. Its merits lay only in colour. Neither in composition, nor in detail, nor in form had it any quality whatever. As to the next picture, "Battersea Bridge," the colour was better, but it was even more formless than the other. A day or a day and a half seems a reasonable time for its production. It was, as he said, a mere sketch, and he did not think Mr. Whistler ever intended it should be finished. The "Nocturne" in black and gold representing the fireworks at Cremorne had not the merit of the other two. It was not a work of art; it was one of thousands of failures to represent night. It was not worth two hundred guineas.

Mr. Bowen wished to produce a picture by Titian to show what was a finished work.

Baron Huddleston thought this was going too far. The learned counsel would have to prove first that the picture was Titian's.

Mr. Bowen said he should do that.

Baron Huddleston referred to the story of the "genuine" Titian which was purchased by some artists to determine the secret of that master's wonderful colouring. On being rubbed down the explorers found a red surface, and exclaimed, "Here's the secret"; but on going a little further in the process it was discovered that the red substratum was a portrait of George III. in a militia uniform. (Laughter.)

After some discussion the picture was produced, and appeared to be a portrait of a "Doge" of Venice.

Mr. Edward Burne-Jones described it as a beautiful example of Titian's work. It was a portrait of Andrea Gritti, and a splendid arrangement of flesh and blood. It was a most perfect specimen of a highly finished work of ancient art. He considered that Mr. Whistler possessed great power, but had not fulfilled his early promise. He had evaded the difficulties of painting by not carrying his pictures far enough. He had an unrivalled sense of atmosphere.

Cross-examined: The value of this specimen of Titian depended upon the accident of a sale-room. It would be worth many thousands to him, but might have been sold for forty guineas. Lord Elcho had a beautiful Titian which he purchased for twenty guineas. It now belonged to Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Whistler had an almost unrivalled appreciation of atmosphere, and his colour was beautiful, especially in moonlight seas; but there his merits stopped.

Mr. Frith, R.A., said he did not consider the pictures of Mr. Whistler which had been produced in court were serious works of art. There was beautiful colour, but it was no more than could be had on a wall-paper or a piece of silk. To him they did not represent either moonlight or water. The one in black and gold was not worth 200 guineas. He had come reluctantly to speak against a brother artist, and had only attended upon subpœna.

In cross-examination he said one of Turner's pictures—"The Snowstorm"—had been properly described by Mr. Ruskin as a "mass of soap-suds and whitewash." Turner was an idol of Mr. Ruskin's, and should be of all painters; but that applied to his early works. His latest pictures were as insane as the people who admired them.

Mr. Tom Taylor, as an art critic, also expressed an unfavourable view of the pictures exhibited by Mr. Whistler at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877. He read a criticism which he wrote at the time, in which he said that they were only one set nearer pictures than delicately tinted wall-paper.

In cross-examination he admitted Mr. Whistler had high merit as an artist, but all his work was unfinished.

The learned counsel on each side having addressed the jury,

Baron Huddleston, in summing up, said that if a man committed to paper language disparaging to another and holding him up to hatred, contumely, and contempt he was guilty of a libel. The law presumed malice, but that might be rebutted by the author of the language proving that it was a fair and *bona fide* criticism, therefore the question in the present case for the jury was whether Mr. Ruskin's pamphlet was a fair and *bona fide* criticism upon the plaintiff's works; and it was for the defendant to make that out. It was of the last importance that a critic should have full latitude to express the judgments he honestly formed, and for that purpose there was no reason why he should not use ridicule as a weapon; but a critic must confine himself to criticism, and not make it the veil for personal censure, nor allow himself to run into reckless and unfair attacks merely for the love of exercising his power of denunciation.

The jury after being absent for an hour came into the court for an explanation from the learned judge of the words "wilful imposture" in the alleged libel, and, again retiring, came back shortly afterwards and gave a verdict for the plaintiff—damages one farthing.

The learned judge gave judgment for the plaintiff, but without costs.

(*b*) "MY OWN ARTICLE ON WHISTLER"

[Ruskin at the time of the trial was not well enough to attend. Among the MSS. at Brantwood are the following passages, headed "My own Article on Whistler"]:—

It has long been alleged against me,[1] with much indignation, that in criticism I do not help my friends. The sentiment that every expression of a man's opinions ought to help either himself, his friends, or his party, is now so completely the first commandment of English morality that I have ceased to be surprised when, if I say anybody's picture is good—though I don't know the painter from Noah—he immediately writes to thank me for my unexpected kindness; and if I say it is bad, similarly writes to ask what he has done to offend me, or institutes an action for libel, in which the English law will politely estimate the force of my injurious opinion at a farthing, and make my friends pay it four hundred pounds[2] for the expression of its own opinion to that effect.

The function of the critic, in his relation to contemporary art, is of course the same as that of the critic with respect to contemporary literature; namely, to recommend "authors" (the word is properly common to men of original power in both the arts) of merit to public attention, and to prevent authors of no merit from occupying it. All good critics delight in praising, as all bad ones in blaming (there is an interesting letter in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, describing the vital difference between Scott and Jeffrey in this respect[3]); and I am both proud and happy in being able to say of myself that the entire strength of my life has been spent in the praise of artists who among the ancients had remained unappreciated, or among the moderns, maligned or unknown.

I use the word "maligned" deliberately and sorrowfully in thinking of the criticisms which first provoked me into literature;[4] before I was old enough to learn with Horace and Turner "*Malignum* spernere vulgus."[5] If attacks such as those I refer to (in *Blackwood's Magazine*, anonymous, and in recent periodicals by persons who even assert their ignorance for the pledge of their sincerity) could be repressed by the care and acumen of British Law, it would be well alike for the dignity of Literature and the interests of

[1] [See, on this point, *Academy Notes*, 1875 (Vol. XIV. p. 261).]

[2] [This, the amount of Ruskin's costs, was paid by a subscription among his friends and admirers: see the Introduction, above, p. xxiv.]

[3] [See Lockhart, vol. ii. pp. 156–157. "It struck me," writes the correspondent quoted by Lockhart, "that there was this great difference—Jeffrey, for the most part, entertained us, when books were under discussion, with the detection of faults, blunders, absurdities, or plagiarisms; Scott took up the matter where he left it, recalled some compensating beauty or excellence for which no credit had been allowed, and by the recitation, perhaps, of one fine stanza, set the poor victim on his legs again." For Ruskin's views on the function of criticism, see further *The Art of England*, § 192.]

[4] [For the anonymous article in *Blackwood* which provoked Ruskin, see Vol. I. p. xxxiii., and Vol. III. p. xviii. Ruskin's article replying to *Blackwood* was submitted to Turner, who, despising the "malignum vulgus," dismissed the attack as "of no import": see *Præterita*, i. § 243.]

[5] [*Odes*, II. xvi. 39, 40 (quoted also in Vol. XVII. p. 228, and see Vol. XX. p. 358).]

Art. But the Bench of honourable Criticism is as truly a Seat of Judgment as that of Law itself, and its verdicts, though usually kinder, must sometimes be no less stern. It has ordinarily been my privilege to extol, but occasionally my duty to condemn, the works of living painters. But no artist has ever been suspected of purchasing my praise, and this is the first attempt that has been made through the instrumentality of British Law to tax my blame. I do not know the sense attached, legally, to the word "libel"; but the sense rationally attaching to it is that of a false description of a man's person, character, or work, made wilfully with the purpose of injuring him.

And the only answers I think it necessary to make to the charge of libel brought against me by the plaintiff, are first, that the description given of his work and character is accurately true so far as it reaches; and secondly, that it was calculated, so far as it was believed, to be extremely beneficial to himself and still more to the public. In the first place, the description given of him is absolutely true. It is my constant habit, while I praise without scruple, to weigh my words of blame in every syllable. I have spoken of the plaintiff as ill-educated and conceited, because the very first meaning of education in an artist is that he should know his true position with respect to his fellow-workmen, and ask from the public only a just price for his work. Had the plaintiff known either what good artists gave, habitually, of labour to their works, or received, contentedly, of pay for them, the price he set on his own productions would not have been coxcombry but dishonesty.

I have given him the full credit of his candid conceit, and supposed him to imagine his pictures to be really worth what he asks for them. And I did this with the more confidence, because the titles he gave them showed a parallel want of education. All well-informed painters and musicians are aware that there is analogy between painting and music. The public would at once recognize the coxcombry of a composer, who advertised a study in chiaroscuro for four voices, or a prismatic piece of colour in four flats, and I am only courteous in supposing nothing worse than coxcombry in an artist who offers them a symphony in green and yellow for two hundred pounds.

Nor is the final sentence, in which the plaintiff is spoken of as throwing his palette in the public's face, other than an accurate, though a brief, definition of a manner which is calculated to draw attention chiefly by its impertinence. The standard which I gave, thirty years ago, for estimate of the relative value of pictures, namely, that their preciousness depended ultimately on the greatness and the justice of the ideas they contained and conveyed,[1] has never been lost sight of by me since, and has been especially insisted on lately, in such resistance as I have been able to offer to the modern schools which suffer the object of art to be ornament rather than edification. It is true that there are many curious collectors of libraries, in whose eyes the binding of the volumes is of more importance than their contents; and there are many patrons of art who benevolently comply with the fashion of the day, without expecting to derive more benefit from the fronts of their pictures

[1] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 92).]

than from the backs of their books. But it is a critic's first duty in examining works proposed in public exhibition to distinguish the artist's work from the upholsterer's; and although it would be unreasonable to expect from the hasty and electric enlightenment of the nineteenth century, any pictorial elucidations of the Dispute of the Sacrament, or the School of Athens,[1] he may yet, without any severity of exaction, require of a young painter that he should work a little with his head as well as with his fingers; and may explain to the spectator, without libellous intention, the difference between Attic air and a London fog.

It gives me no little pain to be compelled to point out, as the essential grounds of the present action, the confusion between art and manufacture, which, lately encouraged in the public mind by vulgar economists, has at last, in no small manner, degraded the productions even of distinguished genius into marketable commodities, with the sale of which it is thought as unwarrantable to interfere as with the convenient dishonesties of popular trade.

This feeling has been still farther increased by the idea of many kindly persons that it is a delicate form of charity to purchase the feeble works of incompetent artists, and by the corresponding efforts of large numbers of the middle classes, under existing conditions of social pressure, to maintain themselves by painting and literature, without possessing the smallest natural faculties for either.

I will confine myself, with reference to this, in my estimate, infinitely mischievous tendency of the public mind, to the simple statement that in flourishing periods, whether of trade or art, the dignity, whether of operatives or artists, was held to consist in their giving, in every sense, good value for money and a fair day's work for a fair day's wages. The nineteenth century may perhaps economically pride itself on the adulteration of its products and the slackness of its industries. But it ought at least to instruct the pupils of its schools of Art, in the ancient code of the Artist's honour, that no piece of work should leave his hands, which his diligence could further complete, or his reflection further improve, and in the ancient decision of the Artist's pride, that his fame should be founded on what he had given, not on what he had received.

[Here the MS. breaks off.]

[1] [For Raphael's "Dispute of the Sacrament," spoken of by Ruskin as "the most perfect effort yet made by art to illustrate divine science," see *Eagle's Nest*, § 46 (Vol. XXII. p. 156); for the "School of Athens," Vol. V. p. 49, and Vol. XXII. p. 422.]

21

MYTHS AND NOVELS[1]

[See Letter 79, § 7 (above, p. 150)]

"For our working men, no such tales exist." The question is, how we are to get on without them. For when Plato comes to attack the chief of all political difficulties—the incontinence of the masses—he does not at all attempt to attack it by Teetotal Societies, illusive liquor laws, or the like, but essentially by three things, namely, stories, sermons, and songs; called in Greek, myths, words, and melodies.

The entirely worst book, so far as I know, produced by the modern insolence of infidelity contains the following sentence: "Greek myths have no moral purpose whatsoever." Which is accurately and exquisitely the reverse of fact. For not only every Greek myth has a moral purpose which is its entire life, as much as the breath is of the human body, but no good myth, or, as we call it, novel, was ever written, or can be, without such a purpose;* only in the finest forms of myth it is always so hidden, and partly beyond the consciousness of the story-teller himself, that it heals and saves like the medicinal power in a herb, which we gather only for its sweet scent and beauty.

* My literary readers may fancy they know a great many good and yet immoral novels. There are no such things. Whatever good there is in immoral novel writers depends on some instinct they have for good, which may be polluted or directed in a thousand ways, but in which their strength wholly consists. George Sand will not live indeed, nor Victor Hugo, being both too far tainted;[2] but both of them got their power from the sense of Justice, and George Sand from her enjoyment of the simplicities of real virtue (read *La Petite Fadette*, and the *Péché de Monsieur Antoine*). De Balzac and all other strong tellers of his school derive their power from the analysis of crime—the moral sense never failing (read *Le Père Goriot*, for a type[3]). The moment the moral sense really fails, all genius is dead; in its vitality, all genius revives. The best novel in the world is the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

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[1] [This passage is printed from the *Fors* MSS. at Brantwood.]

[2] [For other references to *Le Péché de Monsieur Antoine*, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, §§ 107, 109; and to George Sand generally, Vol. V. p. 360, and Vol. XII. p. 121. For references to Victor Hugo, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 14, and *Præterita*, i. § 164.]

[3] [For Ruskin's summary of this story, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 5; and for other references to Balzac generally, see Vol. V. pp. 323, 330, 332.]

22

CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. T. C. HORSFALL[1]

[See Letters 79 and 81]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
28th July, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am most deeply grateful for your letter—and you cannot, I think, but feel assured that I must be — and I think it extremely probable that you have been ordered by Fors herself to write it, at the time when she wishes me to change the tone of my own letters. For their past tone I am no more answerable than the men whom you regret my blaming are answerable for their mistakes, or rather, let me say, than a tree is answerable for being bent by storm. I *could* only write as I felt and thought, and whatever harm the book has done, or whatever good it has fallen short of doing, I cannot regret its inevitable form. But all this year, it has been more or less shown me that such form may now change. I can only answer your letter to-day with my truest thanks. I have not yet read more than the letter itself, nor can, till to-morrow.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

10th August, 1877.[2]

MY DEAR SIR,—I am heartily sorry to have delayed till now the acknowledgment of your kind letters. One especially I meant to have answered instantly, but was hindered—the apologetic one. I can't understand how you could have thought for a moment any of your letters had

[1] [In *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 79 (dated June 18, 1877), Ruskin had quoted with much approval and some criticism a paper contributed to the *Manchester Guardian* on February 27, 1877. The writer of the paper was Mr. T. C. Horsfall, who thereupon put himself into communication with Ruskin. One of his letters (July 25, 1877)—a remonstrance with Ruskin for the denunciatory tone of *Fors*—was printed in Letter 81, § 6 (p. 195). A passage from the MSS. at Brantwood, replying further to the remonstrance, is now appended to the text (see above, p. 196 *n.*). To Mr. Horsfall himself Ruskin sent the letter here given.]

[2] [Mr. Horsfall among other letters wrote the one printed in § 6 of Letter 81. The following letters (2, 3, and 4) refer to Ruskin's intention to publish it.]

been other than courteous and kind. The greater part of the one on Museums you will see printed in next *Fors* Correspondence, with a few comments. I am entirely unable for private correspondence, but if you read my fourth inaugural lecture (*Lectures on Art*, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1870[1]) you will see clearly how far I can go with you, and if you look for the accounts of the Sheffield Museum in *Fors*, gradually how far I am going by myself. I am much interested by what you tell me of your Bishop,[2] but in what do you suppose it inconsistent with *my* words? I assert that he refuses to state the whole Gospel of God that he may keep smooth with Manchester. You tell me how smooth he has kept—where is the inconsistency?

Very heartily yours,
J. RUSKIN.

August, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—I made all the corrections as you direct—the queried sentence was by the printer, not me (I scratched out his query). The places of omission have been marked by stars. I left out the bit about cups, because pottery is too serious a piece of education to be spoken about so slightly.

You have not answered my chief query in last *Fors*, Why *we have less leisure than the Greeks*?[3] Please send me just a line about this. If you will look at the abstract of the history of usury, given in White's *Warfare of Science*, prefaced by Tyndall[4] (in which the writer is triumphing in the victory of the Usurer in these latter days), I do not think you will again call usury a sin "invented by Mr. Sillar." It is a sin of the same unnatural class as Cannibalism. I have nothing to do with judging the culpability of Robinson Crusoe's Friday. But when once he is told that Cannibalism is wrong—if he goes on supposing himself wiser than God and all his old servants—I have no civil language, for him, and I believe, of all existing vices, usury to be the most pernicious in its essence—in its effect on the modern mind. Of whoredom and theft a man repents—in usury he triumphs.

If I believed men *were* better now than of old, my dear Sir, I never should write a word more in this world. God knows how tired I am, and that nothing but the fiercest agony of indignation would wring a word more from me. But I will answer your letter tenderly and accurately; forgive any over-impetuosity in this, but the horror to me of the things done in modern life is quite unspeakable otherwise.

[1] [See Vol. XX. pp. 95–117.]
[2] [See the reference to this in Letter 81, § 8 (above, p. 198).]
[3] [See Letter 79, § 8 (p. 153).]
[4] [*The Warfare of Science*, by Andrew Dickson White, LL.D., President of Cornell University, with Prefatory Note by Professor Tyndall, 1876. The theme of the book is "the great, sacred struggle" of science; and one of the victories, won after "centuries of war" against "rigid adherence to the Bible," is "the taking of interest on loans" (pp. 122 *seq.*). For another reference to the book, see (in a later volume of this edition) *Usury: a Reply and a Rejoinder*, § 26.]

August 24th, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am deeply interested by your gentle and wise letter, and am more than ever grieved that your state of health prevents your doing all that your kindly will and good sense would enable you to effect. You must please pardon the tone in which, in the forthcoming *Fors*, some parts of your letter, considered as the expression of many other persons, are answered.[1] I am not able always to write as I would—the thoughts take their own way in form when I begin to get them down. The principal difference between us—the conviction, on your part, of national progress, on mine, of national decline—has not been touched upon. It requires most careful statements and explanations, for which I have neither time nor, at present, power, being nearly as ill, I fancy, as you are, though without pain, but with threatening, if I over-think myself, of worse than headache.

Always believe me faithfully and affectionately yours
(Whether *Fors* reads rough or smooth),
J. RUSKIN.

I may give your name, may I not?

August 25th, 1877.

DEAR MR. HORSFALL,—There was no mistake of any import in your former letters. I have, alas, no time even to read their correction this morning, but I chance to open on a leaf of your former about your Bishop, which I never answered. Your Bishop was challenged, as the Overseer of the greatest Mercantile City in England, by Mr. Sillar, to say whether the Bible (whether the Word of God or not) did or did not condemn the taking of Interest on loans. To this the Bishop answered, "He had not time to inquire."[2] An answer which, *had it been true*, would have been so intensely idiotic that I cannot believe it to have been anything else than a lie of the basest kind. I believe he knew perfectly well what his answer must be, if he answered at all.

But, grant him to be so foolish as to suppose his time better occupied than in determining such a question, and so ignorant as not to be aware of the nature of such a struggle as the Church fought against usury for ten centuries, I challenged him again through my own private secretary[3] that it might be done in perfect courtesy. And he remained utterly silent. What was to hinder him from expressing the conviction that his time was better occupied than in acquainting himself with the facts of this matter? or, if he knew the facts, his resolution not to assert them, on the pleas which you now find for him?

Ever most truly yours,
J. R.

[1] [See above, pp. 197–200.]
[2] [See Letter 56 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 401).]
[3] [See Letter 78 (above, p. 136).]

August 27th, 1877.

DEAR MR HORSFALL,—Neither our pain nor pleasure have anything whatever to do with this matter.

The declaration of a Bishop of any Christian body of men that he has not time to ascertain the meaning of a Scriptural prohibition, which possibly affects the entire system of the commerce of his day, is either madness of folly or equivocation—for which I use the briefer word—having never, as I have stated in *Fors* before now, met with *one* honest clergyman in my life, except Bishop Colenso.[1]

They are *all* partizans, concealing what they think makes against their opinions, or against the good of men—as they in their better wisdom than God's understand it—and sophistically urging what they think advantageous.

You are also separated from me by one great difference in principle. I never judge, or attempt to judge, men's conscience. I never praise myself or blame others—they may be infinitely better men than I, for aught I know. My business is only to declare that they are lying, stealing, or equivocating, if they *are so*. Their consciences are God's field, not mine.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

August 28th, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—I find your letters so interesting that—without being able to read them straight through—I let them lie among my papers and take a bit every now and then.

I had not before noticed your reference to Savonarola. Yes, both he and Botticelli[2] were, I thank God, utterly of one mind with me, and both spoke absolutely truth to the falling Florence they alone saw Death in the face of. And, refusing their testimony, she died. You don't suppose there is any life in Florence *now!* She is not even a whitened sepulchre, but a blackened and foul one. And the signs of England's ruin are as clear and fearful as of hers, yet the life in us is larger and the rural population more active. The future of England may be, for aught I know, redeemable, but she must first recognize her state as needing redemption.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

August 29th, 1877

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very grateful for your letter of yesterday (of which I at once destroyed the first part). But I think you were perfectly right in calling the man a liar; and, so far as you were not, only wrong if you allowed the sense of personal injury to make your language violent.

[1] [See Vol. XIV. p. 285 *n.*, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 244.]

[2] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 199 (Vol. XXII. p. 436).]

All such expressions in *Fors* are the deliberate assertions of what the hypocrisy of the age can not discern in itself, and the unconsciousness of the lie, which you think its palliation, is, in my mind, its completion.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

We are in the extremest at issue in all our views of Facts. That is the real reason of your regret at my manner of statement. *I* think the good which it seems to you your Bishop is doing, no good whatever. I think the harm you believe Colenso did, the only good done by any Bishop in my day. I think of men like Dr. Guthrie,[1] and the great popular Glasgow Editor of *Good Words*,[2] and your Bishop, as men who make all things smooth and smiling for the Devil's work, and daub every wall with untempered mortar.[3]

[1] [Thomas Guthrie (1803–1873), preacher and philanthropist. Ruskin admired his work (see Vol. XII. p. xxx. *n.*), though criticising his theology (Vol. VI. p. 483).]

[2] [Norman Macleod (1812–1872); minister of the Church of Scotland; one of the founders of the Evangelical Alliance, 1847; chaplain to Queen Victoria, 1857–1872; D.D., Glasgow, 1858; editor of *Good Words*, 1860–1872.]

[3] [This correspondence led to a visit by Mr. Horsfall to Brantwood; while at a later date (1883) Ruskin contributed an Introduction to a pamphlet by Mr. Horsfall, entitled *The Study of Beauty and Art in Large Towns* (see a later volume of this edition).]

23

PLATO'S "MUSIC" AND LUDWIG RICHTER[1]

[See Letters 82 and 83]

I MUST pause here to collect the meaning thus far. Education, properly so called, begins in earliest infancy, by making the child like what it should like, and hate what it should hate (as, for instance, like milk, and dislike gin; like playing with animals, dislike hunting them; like playing in clean water, and dislike dirt; like hearing truth, and dislike being deceived; and so on), but that these rightly-formed instincts are likely to pass away in advancing life, unless maintained by discipline under three Gods, of which music, the art of motion in the voice, is that which preserves virtue in the soul; and gymnastic, the art of the motion of the limbs, that which preserves virtue in the body.*

The last point to be dwelt on in the Platonic teaching is the vital principle that all our singing is to be with the help and fellowship of certain Gods—namely, the Muses, Apollo, and Dionysus. Translating this into a faith acceptable (whether we accept it or not) by faithful Christians it means that all good music must be sung by the help and companionship of angels. Suppose we at all believed in angels, and in their guardianship of children, and guidance of men, we should be interested in trying to conceive their different ranks, and the kind of fellowship they have with us, and with the lower animals. Of which the only

* Now this, however useful, is an illogical decision; for, to be accurate in terms, it should run that music, being wise motion of the voice, preserves the virtue of the voice; and gymnastic, being wise motion of the limbs, preserves the virtue of the limbs. But logic would only here lead us into false forms (as it always does when it becomes a guide instead of a method). Plato is essentially right, though informal. Music is not the movement of the voice only, but the production of a new condition in external things (sound), and is not at all an opposite to gymnastic, but a different art altogether, acting, not on its instrument, the mouth, but on the ear and intellect, while gymnastic re-acts only on its own instrument, the limbs, and affects the moral disposition only, not the intellect; and practically, on the whole, the one disciplines (as Plato says it does) the soul, and the other the body.

[1] [These passages are printed from proofs of *Fors* "over matter," headed "Take out and keep."]

H. S. Uhlrich, after Ludwig Richter

"Our Father which art in Heaven"

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

H. & Ublrich, after Ludwig Richter

"Thy Kingdom Come"

beautiful or in any wise faithful imageries that I know in Protestant art, are those by Ludwig Richter.[1] Get, if you can, at least his lovely illustration of the Lord's Prayer, where, in the first ("Our Father, which art in Heaven"), the child-angel is seen at the baby's bedside, making it dream of Christ; while outside the cottage, the father and mother and elder children sit in the starry and moonlit night—the little spring beside them plashing into the wooden trough, giving the only sound through its silence. Then in the next picture ("Hallowed be Thy name") the slowly flying angel brings the sound of the church bells through morning sunshine; and in the next ("Thy kingdom come"), while one crowned with flowers teaches the elder children (one with a dock-leaf for a parasol) what they should begin to know of flowers, another—itself no more than just able to fly—helps the baby up the steep rock-steps, a third, hidden behind the tree-trunk, prompts the two who are learning their first prayer from their mother, and on the lowest branch, the tiniest angel of all, with a tiny pipe, is teaching two callow birds to sing. In the fifth picture ("Give us each day")—the most beautiful piece of religious art that I know in modern work—while the sower sows, and the mother under the shadow of the hedge feeds her two little ones with a spoon, the dog waiting with his patient head between them, and the elder boy pausing with his piece of bread, two large bites out of it, held behind him,—above, the bird feeds her nestlings, and a fairy angel, in the cup of a flower, holds a pitcher of honey to the bee. Last, in the eighth picture comes the Angel Deliverer from Evil. I repeat, with wonder to myself, these German pictures are the only faithful imageries of divine companionship that I know of in modern art to illustrate Plato by.*

* Richter's imaginations, lovely always, are even to himself more symbols than assertions. They degenerate continually into idle ornamental fancy, and have no saving religious power to most minds.

[1] [Compare *Art of England*, §§ 29, 51, where Ruskin commends these designs for use in country village schools, and again describes the fifth picture. Plates IX. and X. here are facsimiles, respectively, of the first illustration ("Our Father which art in Heaven") and of the third ("Thy Kingdom Come").]

24

GOOD AND EVIL[1]

[A First Draft for Letter 87, with additions made in 1881]

BRANTWOOD, *22nd Jan.*, 1878.

I HAVE been to-day re-reading with care the ordinances for the separation of the Nazarite (Numbers vi.), followed as they are by the great form of blessing to all Israel, as a consecrated and separate people; not less mystically related to the separation of our own souls from the evil world, —which the Grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to us that it may teach—purifying us for a nation of overflowing power, zealous of good works.[2]

And there is perhaps nothing more pressing of my constructive work than the full explaining of the second article of St. George's creed,[3] in its opposition to the doctrine of the "corruption of human nature" as it is commonly taught.

Human nature *is* corrupt—too sorrowfully and deeply so. What you have first to perceive concerning it is exactly *that*—namely, that all the evil of it *is* its corruption, not itself! That our sin is our Death; not our Nature, but the destruction of our Nature. And that through and within all such horror of infected plague, the living soul, holy and strong, yet exists, strong enough with its Maker's help to purge and burn itself free, to all practical need, from the body of that death, and rise up in its ancient noblesse, overflowing in strength, and zealous of good works.

And on either side of this quite demonstrable and incontrovertible truth there are two infinitely fatal, infinitely false, Lies—the first, that our Nature itself is ignoble, and to its core, vile; the second, that the evil now visible in the world is not its corruption, nor its death, but a part of its necessary being, and therefore essentially good, not evil.

I have myself passed through both these heresies; in the first I was bred, and held it as a solemn article of religious faith until I began to be able to think for myself. Then, perceiving what I had been taught to be wholly false, I fell (partly also in consequence of respect for the teachers, who had made me think) into the other heresy, and for some years I felt and wrote that the world was all good, and that there was no evil in it

[1] [This fragment, of autobiographical interest, is printed from MSS. at Brantwood, headed "*Fors*, March," and dated as above.]

[2] [Titus ii. 11, 14.]

[3] [See Letter 58, Vol. XXVIII. p. 419.]

but of our own foolish making or thinking; that death was good and pain good, and earthquake and pestilence good, if only we received them as God had willed, and dealt with them as He appointed. Either of these heresies may—perhaps one or other must—be held with sincerity, and supported with plausible reason by any person who is not trying his utmost to do *all* the good he can in the world. But the moment that effort is made (and *less* than that effort, observe, is not Christianity),—the moment it is made, a quite new experience

[Fragment of 1878 ends here, curiously enough.]

Before I could write what the "new experience" was, I got it myself—a little too hot; and was laid on my back by anything but an advantageous illness, the first which broke my strength and scattered all my plans, now at last slowly being gathered into practicable order again. But, lest the "new experience" should never be explained at all, I now (11th August, 1881, after a second illness of the same kind,) finish my sentence of 1878. . . .

A quite new experience will present itself to him, namely, the power of the Spirit that "*letteth*"—"He that now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way."[1] That is to say, in combination with his own personal faults, follies, and weaknesses, and turned with or lance-cast from them as a snake on and from a deadly tree, he will find a distinct Adversary, which is not his Fault, but its true Accuser; not his lameness, but the presenter of Stones of Stumbling to it; not his folly, but the follower and Avenger of it; and similarly in all things round him an Opposer or Destroyer, powerful in proportion to the disbelief in his existence—an Adversary against whom no vigilance is constant enough, no shield strong enough, but that his Lion's tooth will sometimes scar, and his fire-dart pierce—only, in right battle

γνῶ δὲ Ὀδυσεὺς ὃ οἱ οὔτι βέλος κατακαίριον ἦλθεν.[2]

[1] [2 Thessalonians ii. 7.]
[2] [*Iliad*, xi. 439.]

25

NOTES ON THE LAND QUESTION[1]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

March 15th [1887].

IN looking over the material which the discontinuance of *Fors Clavigera* prevented my using, I have come on the enclosed, to my mind, every way sensible and thoughtful letter, entering into close detail respecting recent errors in land management, which I thought might—under present condition of land question—be permitted space in your columns.

The enclosure is as follows, the writer being Mr. Stephen Rowland of Cranleigh:—

"I saw in last *Fors* that you are going to write on the land question. I therefore send you word what a good many farmers here think is the cause of their present difficulties. I daresay it is not different from what you know about the matter, but I thought it would do no harm to write. In the first place, some few years ago some manufacturers and others who had made large fortunes in trade came into the country and bought farms, or hired them at much higher rents than had ever been paid before. This led to a rise in rents all through the district. Well, then, the new farmers gave their labourers more money for their work than anybody else had ever done; but the worst of it was that, the masters not knowing themselves what a fair day's work was, the men gradually did less and less work, and what they did was worse done than it used to be, until now it takes two men to do what one did in the old time. The farmers say, though, that there are still a few men who have always done, and do, their very best, and put their heart into their work, but there are but few such now.

"The new farmers soon had a new house or two built about the farm, and then compelled the parish to make the old green lanes—for which this country is famous—into hard roads, at a great expense and consequent increase in the parish rates, which are paid chiefly by the farmers. Then the Education Act was passed, which keeps the boys off the land until they pass a certain standard in the school. By the time they do this most of them don't want to drive plough, but get into some other employment that they think is more genteel, so that the farmer has to pay a man instead of a boy to drive plough, and has also to pay the greater part of the boy's schooling although he wants him more than enough on the farm. To make matters worse, the seasons have been against the farmers. They also tell me that the tithes are higher than they used to be: why this should be I cannot understand, but it seems that when tithes were taken in kind, every tenth

[1] [This section of the Appendix is from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 17, 1887. It was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, September 1890, vol. i. pp. 346–347, and again in the privately issued *Ruskiniana*, Part I., 1890, pp. 64–65.]

shock of corn was taken, whether the shock was good or bad, and so a fair average tenth was got, but now the tithe is calculated on the market price of corn, and as the farmer always sends his best corn to market, and keeps what he calls the trail corn at home to feed cattle and pigs with, the tithe is really levied on the best corn only, and not on the good and bad together, as it used to be. There is also the game difficulty, and the imports from foreign countries, which you most likely know a good deal more about than I do; but, right or wrong, most farmers that I have talked to about these matters think as I have written. I forgot to tell you, though, that there is one farmer here who never uses a machine for anything that he can get done by hand. He has told me that he would have his corn threshed with a flail if he could get any one to do it. He says that the straw is better for cattle."

26

EPILOGUE[1]

I BEGAN the second series of these letters in the hope of completing their broken teaching in many particulars and fulfilling at least to some extent their promise of notes on the life of Scott, with as much memory of my own as might be worth keeping. But I believe now that the serious matter of which they mainly consist had better not be further extended, or diluted, by personalities. I find in reviewing the book that it contains much more than I knew, and is written with a vigour and precision which I do not in future years hope to equal, and that on the whole with a systematic index, these letters had better now be placed before the public in concluded form, and what gossip about his favourite author, or himself, may be indulged to an old man's garrulity, prevented from encumbering the conclusion of his careful and earnest thought.

Of the too sanguine passages in which I have spoken of the conditions of happiness which Sir Thomas Browne and Bacon only ventured to design in ideal light, as within the actual reach of present effort, I will only say that they were written with a faith in the sense and courage of living Englishmen in which I am neither shaken nor ashamed; and that my own failure in proving the possibility of such things came only of the diversion of energy to the subjects of art which my dearest friends insisted was my only proper province; and of its arrest in 1875 by personal sorrow. And I have more than once expressed my conviction, nor do I see reason now to doubt its soundness, that had I given my whole strength and heart to the leadership of the St. George's Guild, it would ere now have accomplished all I hoped.

Putting aside, however, these expressions of trust in the immediate realization of my objects, there is no [statement] of principle throughout the book which I am the least inclined to qualify. Far the contrary; it appears to me that the state of society is rapidly drawing to a crisis in which all that *Fors* proclaims false will be found fatally so, and in which, of pure necessity, some respectful experiment will be made on the lines it has pointed out. More especially this seems to me probable with respect to the primary need of the organization of labour, pleaded for by me in *Unto this Last*, and variously insisted upon through all my other books. As I grow older, and have further experience of and insight into life, nothing impresses me so much as the useless affliction of its anxieties and uncertainties, in that no one, ordinarily, is *sure* of daily bread, or safe and calm in their daily toil. And I am every day more vexed at the loss of benevolent effort in contest with narrow forms of vice or distress, when it ought all to be concentrated into the order and discipline of totally governing power.

[1] [This passage is printed from MS. at Brantwood. It seems to have been written for Letter 96, being afterwards displaced by the letter from "Francesca": see p. 519.]

RUSKIN'S INDEX

TO SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL TOPICS IN "FORS CLAVIGERA"

[*Bibliographical Note.*—There have hitherto been published three kinds of Index to *Fors Clavigera*—(1) two Indices published, and in part prepared, by Ruskin himself, to Letters 1–24 and to Letters 25–48 respectively; (2) a General Index to the whole work, prepared under the superintendence of the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe; (3) Indices, prepared by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, at the end of each volume in the "Small Edition" of *Fors* (for which, see Vol. XXVII. p. c.). These indices (3) were to a curtailed edition of the book.

The Index contained in the following pages (609–676) is a completion of Index (1), as explained below (p. 607). First, however, in this Note particulars are given of the previous publications (1) and (2).

RUSKIN'S INDEX TO LETTERS 1–24 (1873)

First Edition (1873).—The title of this Index is as follows:—

> Fors Clavigera. | Letters | to the Workmen and Labourers | of Great Britain. | By John Ruskin, LL.D. | Supplementary Number. | Index to Vols. I. and II. | [*Rose*] | London: printed for the Author | by Watson and Hazell, London and Aylesbury; | and to be had of | Mr. G. Allen, Heathfield Cottage, Keston, Kent.

Octavo, pp. 28. The headline is "Index" on each page. Issued, in September 1873,[1] in pale grey paper wrappers, with the title on the front, there being no title-page. On p. 1 is the drop-title—"Fors Clavigera. | Index | To the Volumes for 1871 and 1872," with the explanation, "The larger black numerals indicate the number of the letter; the smaller numerals, the pages." The "Advertisement" of *Fors Clavigera* appears on p. 4 of the wrapper. The Index was distributed gratis. 1000 copies.

Some original notes by the author were introduced into this Index. These are given in this edition as notes to the text: see Vol. XXVII. pp. 29, 54, 85, 90, 94, 117, 130, 149, 184, 185, 186, 187, 191, 194, 209, 260, 297, 323, 346, 347.

Second Edition (1877).—The title (again on the wrapper) is altered, as follows: "(Second Thousand). | [*Rose.*] | London: Printed for the Author by | Hazell, Watson, & Viney, London and Aylesbury; | and to be had of | Mr. G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent." Page 4 of the wrapper is blank. On p. 1, after the drop-title, are the words "Second Thousand (*revised*)."

Issued, as before, in November 1877. 1000 copies. Out of print.

[1] Such is the actual date of publication. Ruskin's reference to it in the Letter for July 1873 (Vol. XXVII. p. 568) must be taken as anticipatory.

The revisions were numerous, but unimportant. Ed. 1 contains 15 lines on the last page; ed. 2 (owing to additions on preceding pages), 31. The proofs of ed. 1 were not read very accurately; thus, on p. 20 of it, lines 1 and 2, which really belonged to the heading "Obedience," were printed under "P" with no heading at all; occasionally also, references to letters or pages were left blank.

In ed. 2 such errors were corrected, and a few additional entries were made. The principal revision was, however, the alteration of references to pages, so as to make them apply to the later editions of the several Letters; for, as explained in the Bibliographical Note to Vol. XXVII. (p. xcii.), the pagination of Letters 1–20 had been altered after the first editions.

RUSKIN'S INDEX TO LETTERS 25–48 (1876)

First Edition (1876).—The title (again on the wrapper) is as follows:—

> Fors Clavigera. | Letters | to the Workmen and Labourers | of Great Britain. | By John Ruskin, LL.D. | Supplementary Number. | Index to Vols. III. and IV. | [*Rose.*] | London: printed for the Author by | Watson and Hazell, London and Aylesbury; | and to be had of | Mr. George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent.

Octavo, pp. 36. The headline is "Index" on each page. Issued, in January 1876, in pale grey paper wrappers. The "Advertisement" of *Fors Clavigera* appears on p. 4 of the wrapper. The Index was distributed gratis. 1000 copies.

Second Edition (1878).—A reprint of the First, with the addition of the words "Second Thousand" on the cover and on p. 1, and the alteration of the imprint to "Hazell, Watson, & Viney."

The following Prefatory Note appeared on p. 1 of the Index:—

> *"Though the kind friends who have drawn up this and the earlier index are not content with their work, I believe it will be found entirely sufficient for its purposes, until the system of the whole is more developed. As soon as it has received anything like conclusive form, I will index its subjects, in connection, myself."* [1]

Issued in June 1878. 1000 copies (of which a few are still, 1907, obtainable).

A *review* of this Index appeared in the *Monetary Gazette*, January 8, 1876.

MR. FAUNTHORPE'S INDEX TO THE COMPLETE WORK (1887)

In addition to the indexes described above, Ruskin made a large number of notes and memoranda for similar indexes to the remaining volumes. These memoranda have been much used in the present edition (see below,

[1] It is clear, however, that much of the work was Ruskin's own; the wording of many of the entries is conclusive. Probably what he left to friends was the arrangement of the entries.

p. 606). He did not, however, complete the work, and the task of compiling an Index to the whole series of Letters was undertaken by the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, Principal of Whitelands College, who issued the following "Editor's Note":—

> "SOME years ago Mr. Ruskin expressed a wish to have a complete Index to *Fors Clavigera*, and gave me permission to make it. I have worked at it steadily ever since, not without much kindly assistance; and my pleasure at its appearance in complete form is marred by one abiding regret.[1]
>
> "There were in existence, Indexes to Vols. I. and II., published in Vol. II.; to Vols. III. and IV., published in Vol. IV.; and in addition to these, various notes, memoranda, partial indexes of separate letters; and a complete, but brief, MS. Index to Vols. V., VI., and VII.; none of which I have made much use of, because it seemed necessary to do the whole thing on one plan, or not do it at all. So I read every word.
>
> "No one who admires *Fors Clavigera* will, I think, object to the length of the Index, nor to the numerous cross references,—which, indeed, might have been multiplied almost *ad infinitum*. But any reader not finding what is wanted under one letter, will most probably find it under another, in intimate, and what seemed to me at the time to be superior, connection. Thus, if the names of Italian painters are not found under 'Names,' they will be found under 'Italians,' or 'Painters,' or under their own letter.
>
> "Some classification has been, and perhaps more might have been, given. Some, perhaps many, references, might have been omitted, and some no doubt are, for it is not a Concordance.
>
> "I have one hope left, that it may be useful to readers of *Fors Clavigera*; one confession to make, that it is not perfect; and one clear intimation to give, that Mr. Ruskin is wholly irresponsible for its present shape, because he never saw the proofs.
>
> "*January* 1887."

The title-page of Mr. Faunthorpe's Index is as follows:—

> Index | to | Fors Clavigera. | Letters | to the Workmen and Labourers | of Great Britain. | By | John Ruskin, LL.D., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, | and Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. | Vols. I. to VIII. | [*Rose.*] | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1871-7. 1878-80-83-84. | 1887.

Octavo, pp. xvi. + 503. Title-page (with imprint at the foot of the reverse—"Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury"), pp. i.–ii.; "Editor's Note" (as given above), with blank reverse, pp. iii.–iv.; Contents of the eight volumes of *Fors Clavigera*, pp. v.–xii.; List of Illustrations in the eight volumes, pp. xiii.–xv.; "Addenda et Corrigenda" (in the Index), p. xvi.; text of Index, pp. 1–494; Appendix (see below), pp. 495–503.

Issued, in March 1887, in mottled-grey paper boards, with a white paper label on the back, which reads, "Ruskin | Index to | Fors Clavigera." 2000 copies. Price 10s. In 1893 copies were bound in cloth and the price was reduced to 7s. 6d. The volume is still (1907) obtainable.

The references in the Index are (in the case of Letters 1–36) to the Letters and pages of the Letters; (in the case of Letters 37–96) to the Letters and pages of the Volumes. It should be noted that the Index

[1] Mr. Faunthorpe had hoped that Ruskin would write a Preface to the Index.

was compiled from the second editions of the earlier Letters, which, as mentioned above, vary in their pagination from the first editions. This Index, not being by Ruskin, is not included in this edition of his Works (see below, p. 607).

The Appendix consists of "Notes" 1–8, being "Over-matter, on various subjects, put in type for, but not included in *Fors*." To the following Contents of the Appendix (p. 495 of the Index) are added the pages in the present volume where this over-matter is printed :—

1. Usury (Interest, Rent, etc.) . . . . . page 570
2. Railways and Interest . . . . . ,, 570
3. S. George's Laws not New . . . . (see below, ,, 606)
4. Mr. Ruskin—Curious Autobiography . . . . ,, 607
5. Devil's and Fool's—God's and His Servants'—Political Economy . . . . . ,, 562
6. Streams and their Use . . . . . ,, 546
7. Common Sense. Cash Down . . . . . ,, 534
8. Wastefulness of Credit . . . . . ,, 534

Of these "Notes," Nos. 1 and 2 are now printed together, in accordance with a proof corrected by Ruskin which Mr. Faunthorpe had not seen. Between his uncorrected proof and the latter there are the following variations :—

§ 1, line 4, "of England" added after "Bank," and "any one" before "particular"; line 10, "indeed" added after "he is"; line 11, "And in" for "In"; last line, "or do" for "or." At the end of § 1 the "Note" adds "And an average gentleman will not charge his friend on a loan; but will, the public, all he can."

§ 2, line 1, after "definition of the sin," the "Note" adds "obscured as it has been by metaphysical indignation on one side, and by dull equivocation on the other"; lines 4–6, the "Note" reads ". . . your neighbour is; and you will feel yourself a surly sort of dog if you don't lend it him. If he have a new coat on, he can afford to pay you something for the loan—but you are worse than a surly dog, if you take such pay. *That is* Usury . . ."; the end of § 2 in the "Note" reads ". . . when the lending one is worn out. You must see that your umbrella is in the stand. But you can't live on it, more than on the stand itself."

§ 4, line 6, for "wicked men" the "Note" reads "misers."

§ 6, line 7, for "may turn out advantageous," the "Note" reads "ends"; and in lines 11 and 12, for "subscriptions . . . living by," "help of"; in lines 13 and 14, it omits "or accomplish any public work." The "Note" ends thus: ". . . pockets of private persons, even though ever so softly and flatteringly applied, it could become law."

Mr. Faunthorpe's "Note 3" was printed by him in error; the passage was already in the text of Letter 78, § 9 and *n.* (above, p. 133).

Mr. Faunthorpe's "Note 4" has not seemed worth including in the present Appendix to *Fors*, for it is merely a newspaper extract summarising

a portion of Letter 76. But for the sake of completeness it is here subjoined:—

"MR. RUSKIN—CURIOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"Mr. Ruskin announced, under date April 2nd, that he has, at the request of a few Sheffield workmen, authorised the investment of £1200 in an estate of thirteen acres of land near Sheffield, whereupon the workmen may spend what spare hours they have, and for which they agree to pay 3 per cent. Mr. Ruskin says, 'Here at last is a little piece of England given into the English workman's hand and heaven's.' Mr. Ruskin also publishes his autobiography, saying his father left him £120,000, besides property at Herne Hill, Denmark Hill, Greenwich, and pictures; and left his mother £37,000. He gave £17,000 to his poor relations; sold the pictures, bought Brantwood, assisted a young relation in business at a cost of £15,000, spent £15,000 on *harness and stables*, and has given £14,000 to St. George, besides having spent £70,000 variously. He is now worth £55,000, and announces that he will give the Marylebone property absolutely to St. George's Company. The Herne Hill property he gives to his cousin, and will finally invest the remaining £12,000, and live or die upon its interest.—*Inverness Courier*."

Ruskin no doubt preserved the cutting for the comic instance of a journalist's unintelligent summarising which is supplied by the underlined words: see Letter 76, § 18 (above, p. 101).

THE PRESENT INDEX

The scheme of the present edition does not admit of an attempt to include in the volumes devoted to *Fors Clavigera* a corrected and complete Index to the work. *Fors* is indexed, as part of the editors' general plan, in the General Index to the edition. But the separate Indices to Letters 1–48 were Ruskin's own, and he attached considerable importance to them.[1] He also intended to complete them by similar Indices for the rest of *Fors*, and he had nearly completed the notes necessary for that purpose. It has, therefore, seemed right that his Indices should be completed and incorporated here. It should be understood that, in preparing this "Ruskin Index," the editors have made no attempt to make it exhaustive. They have accepted his scale and method, and carried it through where he had left the work undone. It is an Index to some of the topics which he considered of principal importance.

The present Index, then, has been thus put together:—

(*a*) The two Indexes published by Ruskin have been combined. That is to say, in the case of Letters 1–48, the references given are those (and, with a few exceptions next to be stated, those only) which Ruskin gave in his two volumes. This combination has occasionally necessitated rearrangement and the transference of a reference from one head to another; in fact, however, there are no omissions.

In a few places of the text of *Fors*[2] Ruskin notes topics which ought to have been, but were not, included in one or other of his two Indexes. These topics have now been added. They are "Beer," "Glass Pockets," and "Misery."

In a few places in Ruskin's Indices he included corrections of misprints in the text of *Fors*, or notes explanatory of it. The corrections have all

[1] See his references in Vol. XXVII. pp. 437, 505, 553, 568; Vol. XXVIII. p. 528; and in the present volume, pp. 13, 166.

[2] See Letters 62 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 528), 73, and 93 (above, pp. 22, 469).

been made in the text; and the notes, as already stated (p. 603), are now transferred from the Index to the Text.

Ruskin's references were, in the case of Letters 1–36, to the number of the Letter and to the page of each Letter; and in the case of Letters 37–48 to the number of the Letter and to the page of the volume. In the present Index the references throughout are to Letters and sections (§§).

(*b*) Ruskin's copy of *Fors Clavigera* at Brantwood contains various Index notes. In another copy, of which only volumes i., v., vi., and vii. (in Mr. Wedderburn's possession) are forthcoming, he made many other Index references. In this copy he thus noted Letters 49 (fully), 50–60 (sparsely), 61–72 (all fully), and 73–84 (mostly done). Thus in the case of Letters 1–48, Ruskin's printed Indexes have received some additions from his MS. notes; while in the case of Letters 49–84, the Index references here given are chiefly from the author's memoranda.

(*c*) Ruskin did not note volume viii. for Index; here, therefore, the editors have supplied references; adhering, as above explained, to the scale, and method of selection, which Ruskin's own indexing seemed to suggest.]

RUSKIN'S INDEX

TO SOME OF THE

PRINCIPAL TOPICS IN "FORS CLAVIGERA"

The larger black numerals refer to the Letters; the smaller numerals, to the Sections (§§)

Letters 1–36 are in Vol. XXVII.
„ 37–72 „ „ XXVIII.
„ 73–96 are in this volume.

The scope of this Index, as just explained on the preceding pages, should be noted. The reader will bear in mind that reference should also be made to the General Index to this edition.

A (letter), ornamental Greek form of, 61, 9; 62, 14
Abbeville, illuminated ceremonials at, 6, 9
  beautiful skies at, 9, 19
  author's accounts at, 72, 13
Abbey of St. Radagune, 27, 3
Abbotsford, fit for *Sir* Walter Scott, 47, 14
Ability (for labour), indefiniteness of term, 3, 5
Abingdon, entrance to, 6, 8, 10
  church of, 4, 7
  scene in street of, 6, 7
  various circumstances relating to its gaol and union, 67, 23
Abraham, history of, begun, 61, 11
  his faith and prophetic vision, 65, 6
  his mountain home like Horace's, 65, 14
Absence of mind, the author's, at Verona, 74, 18
Absenteeism, 9, 16: 10, 15, 16
Abstract of the first seven letters of this book, 43, 2
Accent, struggle between the author and his mother regarding correct, 33, 13
Achilles, horses of, their prophetic grief, 9, 11
Acland, Dr. Henry, his aid to the author in arrangement of the Oxford drawing-school, 61, 3
Acland, Sir T. Dyke, trustee of St. George's Fund, 9, 16
Acland, Theodore, Mr., letter on practical chemistry, 66, 21
Acre, Shakespearian use of the word, 23, 10
Acres, how many given up to make beasts, 27, 8, 9
Actors in Greek idea, *doers* of things, 82, 15
Adam and Eve, how sculptured at Venice, 78, 2; merely imaginary (and absurd) personages, 78, 3

Adam Smith, his gospel of covetousness, 62, 6, 9
his ideas of the "Natural," 62, 9
his new Trialogue, 72, 8
true estimate of the value of his work, 67, 26
Adderley, Sir C., his opinion on sentiment, 34, 2
Addington, Archbishop of Canterbury's estate at, 70, 9
country near, when the author was young, 29, 3
streams near, 33, 18
Addison, his truth to nature, 15, 17
Adige, river, at Verona, 19, 9
Admiration, defined, 5, 14; first of the three great spiritual needs, 5, 14
faculty of, wholly now destroyed, 5, 18; compare Republican letter in correspondence at the end of letter 29
the habitual temper of noble persons, 9, 12
the most perfectly human gift, 9, 8
what objects given to it among the lower orders, questioned, 50, 3
Adriatic calmed by the Archangel Raphael, 75, 12
Advent, collect for, 48, 15
Advertisements, bought, the author objects to, 61, 18
entire principle of, defied, 38, 16
function of, in modern economy, 21, 3, 5
lucrative display of, 2, 21
why the author will not use, 3, 5: 21, 2
Advice of friends, author usually does good by acting contrary to, 27, 12
Æacus, lord of distributive justice, 23, 17 (*And see* "Minos")
Ægina, island of, 23, 16
Affection, how we adulterate the best, 14, 11 (*see* "Love"); in simple and gentle loves, 55, 5
Agassiz, Professor, his labours on glacier movement, 34, 15
Age, discipline of, shown in the *Heart of Midlothian*, 92, 7; Bassano fashion of reckoning, 96, 4
Aggregates, Lady Juliana Berners' list of, 66, 13
Agincourt, battle of, how few were killed at, 4, 11; loss of ship so called, 9, 10
Agnes, shepherd-farmer's daughter, 50, 4
coloured print for, 50, 14
Agnes, her cottage, lesson learnt by author in, 94, 8
her education, 50, 10; under St. George's rule, 50, 13: 52, 17; verses she would learn under it, 50, 13
to construct a bees' nest with paper and scissors, 52, 17
her library, 50, 4: 51, 8
Agricultural, population of England, her only power, 44, 9; labourer, present privileges of the, 28, 19
Agriculture, book on, 45, 20 *n.*
Lord Derby's style of it, 10, 1: 45, 14; a contrary manner in the Val di Nievole, 18, 3
results of mechanical, in America, 17, 8
success of the author's experiment in, 48, 2
the only final source of wealth, 16, 10
to be the life's business of the Company of Monte Rosa,[1] 17, 6
Air, as an element of life, 9, 18
the first article of material property, 5, 14
spirits of, their bitter lawgiving, 66, 4
vitiation of, by war, 5, 15
Ajalon, the long day above, 65, 13
Alexander, Francesca, account of Le Rose, 96, 3
account of Maria Zanchetta and her orphans, 96, 4
her mother's system of education, 95, 23
Alexander III., Pope, at Venice, 70, 10
Alexandra Park, the author's reason for not subscribing to, 22, 24
Alfred, King, 15, 6
Alice, in Miss Yonge's *Dictionary of Christian Names*, 45, 18 *n.*
— of Salisbury, 25, 13, 23: 54, 25
her defence of her castle, 31, 10
Alison Wilson, in *Old Mortality*, a real person, 32, 9; allusion to story of, ib.
All that he hath a man must forsake to be Christ's disciple, 61, 2
Allen, Mr. G., letter from, on bad manufacture, 77, 6 *n.*
Alma, battle of, 20, 9
Almsgiving, 4, 7
debts and, 56, 21
is not work, 46, 8
Miss Yonge on, 53, 5
Alms-people, their houses at Abingdon, 4, 7; of the St. George's Company, 19, 4

[1] [It will be noticed that in the Index Ruskin now and again refers to the Guild of St. George (as it was ultimately called) as the Company of Monte Rosa.]

Alpine flowers, not to be killed, 38, 18
Alps, ice of the, has lost one-third of its depth in the last twenty years, 34, 11
Amaryllis, St. George much interested in, 25, 23
Amazement, the author's, at modern carelessness in faith, 66, 2, 3
Amazons, ancient and modern, 66, 12
America, her carelessness about dying England, a sign of her own ruin, 42, 4; what she has learned from England, *ib.*
civil war in, and its results, 14, 5
discovery of a second, not wholly desirable, 69, 3
Republican villages in, 1, 6
Republican woman of, describes a child, 42, 4
want of castles in, 10, 7
American girls, manners of, 20, 17
magicians, with new oil in their lamps, 12, 23
skill, essentially of degradation, 12, 26
Amery, of Pavia, the false Lombard, 25, 16
Amiens, Peace of, 25, 9
Amorites, general account of, 65, 11
iniquity of, *ib.*
the Mount of, 65, 8
observations of, on studies in sculpture under St. George, 69, 23
princes faithful and generous, 65, 11
Amusement; of factory managers soon likely to end, 35, 12
how provided for, in ancient Venice, 71, 4, 5
"Amusia," definition of, 83, 5; meaning of, in relation to the English amusement, 83, 5
Anagallis tenella, growth of, 85, 4
Ancestors of modern political economists, 45, 11
Anderson, Mr. J. Reddie, translation of legend of St. Ursula by, 71, 13
Andrew, St., cross of, adopted by the Scotch as the national device, 25, 11; vision of, *ib.*
"Angel," old English coin, 86, 8
Angeles, Los, California, legal executive administration in, 13, 16
Angelico, Cimabue, and Giotto, worshippers of an invisible truth, 76, 7
Angels, 2, 5
difficulty of conceiving, 12, 6
evil, of the air, 66, 4
first thought of squire to shoot them, 45, 11
guardian, 71, 14
princess's vision of, 20, 16
Angels, meaning of, in Greek thought, 82, 10
modern disbelief in, 75, 1: 84, 16
of England, 85, 2
of the Seven Churches, its meaning, 84, 16
rank of, among ancient spiritual powers, 82, 19 and *n.*
Anger, relation of, to Love and Justice, 23, 22
ought to be caused in rogues by just blame, 81, 12 and *n.*; *comp.* Plato, *Laws*, viii. 467, 6
Animal life, 27, 6; food, 58, 17
Animals, useful, of the world, not "practically infinite," though the *Pall Mall Gazette* says so, 73, 4
divine life in, 75, 11
happiness of those which need not write, 69, 13
Anne, the author's nurse, 28, 15: 51, 4
her good packing, 56, 9
her skill in turning pancakes, 53, 1
Anthony, St., knows desert flowers, 26, 14; of Padua, 19, 10 and *n.*
"Anthrax," 62, 11
Antiphony, complication of, in Greek music, 83, 2
Anti-slavery, doctrines all hypocritical, 64, 5
Apennines, scenery of, in Tuscany, 18, 8
Apes, 60, 5
Aphorisms, the sixteen ruling, of St. George's Guild, 67, 16 *seq.*
Apollo, the disciplined choir in worship of, as designed by Plato, 82, 19; contest with Marsyas, 83, 14
Apotheosis, modern notion of, 41, 5
Applegarth, Mr., quoted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 33, 1; his views, 34, 18
Apple-trees to be planted on St. George's land, 85, 9
April, meaning of month's name, 4, 1
Arabian Nights' Entertainments referred to, 71, 7
Princess Parizade, 87, 15 and *n.*
quoted on Enees-el-Jelees, 91, 5
Aratra Pentelici, references to, 78, 5
Araunah, the kingly Jebusite, 65, 11
Arc, Joan of, 4, 7: 14, 1
Arcadia, a modern, described, 35, 12: 38, 18
Architecture, of modern Rome, 21, 9
Gothic, not essentially productive of poetry or learning, 16, 12
of houses, beautiful when honest, 21, 13
of towns under old communist principles, 7, 8
sepulchral, 16, 1

Architecture, the author deceived in judging of its date, 62, 23
Ardross, population of district of, 69, 20; estates of, their admirable management and its results, *ib.*
Argyll, Duke of, "Morality in Politics," in *Nineteenth Century*, 87, 9 and *n.*; on results of the Reign of Law in England, 50, 12
Ariadne, tale of, 23, 12; Plate of, 28, 5. (*And see* "Theseus")
Ariadne Florentina, the Appendix to, 60, 1
Aristocracy, the author's hope in that of England, disappointed, 78, 14
expenditure by, in enjoyments "suited to their tastes," questions respecting, 78, 19
of Venice, 19, 12
phosphorescent, 6, 10
the forces of St. George's government, 67, 14
(*And see* "Picnic")
Aristotle, sculpture of, at Venice, 77, 9
Arithmetic, confuses the memory of children, 94, 4
hinders them in the acquisition of ideas, 48, 3 and *n.*
how to be taught, 82, 13
not to be taught in St. George's schools, 94, 2, 3: 95, 14
Arkwright and Stevenson have done nothing but harm, 44, 10
Armour, brightness of, in White Company of English, 15, 10
of God, reflections on the, 48, 16; meaning of, in the Advent collect, 48, 15
of light, what it is, and why necessary, 48, 15
Armour-plates, 25, 6
Armstrong guns, 29, 8, 9
Army, the English, according to Mr. Grant Duff, of no use, 15, 9
standing, function of a, under type of scarecrow, 11, 5. [For the note added here by Ruskin, see Vol. XXVII. p. 185 *n.*]
the parallel domestic *mischief* is described in 8, 5
profession of, how supported, 64, 8
Arnold, Mr. Matthew, 15, 5
Arrow, St. Ursula's death weapon, 72, 5
Art, its relations to science,—no one can live by the fine arts, 1, 8
and rudeness, first distinction between, 69, 15
attempt to live by it, the worst way of begging by incompetent persons, 67, 10
Art, author's practical work in, 9, 15
grammar, the want of an, 55, 10
highest perfection of, hitherto reached, 66, 17
in Florence and Oxford, 37, 1
instruction, system for St. George's schools, 57, 7; given in *Fors*, 57, 10
Kensington system of teaching, 9, 14
laws of its greatness, 9, 15
mercenary, 85, 2
not to be looked to as a means of support, 55, 10
of man, the results upon his mind, 85, 2
possessions of, four, made possible to readers of *Fors*, 69, 14
produced for money always poisonous, 67, 10
study of, begun by the author, 45, 2
to be practised to please or to teach others, 59, 2
worst thing conceivably producible by, at Kensington, 5, 4
Articles of the Church of England; the Eleventh, 55, 1: 56, 22
Artists are included under the term workmen, 11, 6. [For the note added here by Ruskin, see Vol. XXVII. p. 186 *n.*]
definition of, 59, 2
Arundel, downs near, 62, 16
Ascalon, Cœur de Lion's retreat to, 3, 13
Ascham's *Scholemaster*, quotation from, 54, 22, 24
Ashbourne, Cokayne tombs at, 52, 13
Ashestiel, 67, 9
description of, 92, 12
house of, 92, 4
letter in *Scotsman*, 95, 27
Asphodel, in Elysian Fields, 6, 5; wood-hyacinths, the best English representatives of, 6, 5
Assisi, 46, 7
the author comforted by a little pig at, 48, 7, 11
his wish to live at, 61, 2
lower church of, 88, 11
monastery of, annual gift to, 64, 23
sacristan's cell at, 46, 7
Assyrians, type of Hamite race, 62, 12
Asterisk, Egyptian, directions for cutting, 65, 20
Astronomy, elements of, to be taught in St. George's schools, 94, 2
how to be taught in schools, 95, 17
ocular and telescopic compared—depressing information obtained by the latter, 75, 4

Atheism, modern idiotic teaching of, 76, 5
Athena, conception of, at the time of the battle of Marathon, 78, 5
Athenæum club-house, sculptures on, 23, 4
Athenian wisdom in fondness for crocuses, 26, 13
Athens, opposed to dressing Sisters of Charity in black, 26, 13; volutes of the Erectheium (British Museum), 62, 16
Atropos, her rule over the author's fortunes, 61, 3
  directs the author's observations in Woolwich rotunda, 65, 5
  finds account of domestic arrangements of a little French snail, 63, 19
  her decision of the fate of England, 61, 13
  her order that the author should hear evidence of angelic power, 61, 5 and *n.*
  Jael, Clavigera, 69, 11
  manages daintily for author, 63, 17
Aunt, the author's, 46, 6; Scottish Amorite, 65, 17
Author of this book, his given duty, 1, 3
  his political indefinableness, 1, 4
  his early life and education, 10, 2-8: 24, 7; his impetuous, petulant character, 51, 1; details of his childhood, 51, 2; home in Hunter Street, 51, 2; early amusements, 51, 2, 3; portrait, aged three and a half, by Mr. Northcote, 51, 3; steadily whipped when troublesome, 51, 3, 5; early visits to Scotland, 51, 4; his manner of learning to read, 51, 6; specimens of his writing, 51, 7; intended for the "Church," 52, 2; his early dislike of Sunday, 52, 3; falls in love with a Roman Catholic French girl, Adèle Domecq, 53, 1; his home at Herne Hill described, 54, 3; his early enjoyment of the garden there, 54, 6; his early restrictions in food, 54, 14
  his Bible readings: his mother's list of chapters given him to learn, 42, 12; her mode of teaching them, 53, 2: 54, 6; his love for the 119th Psalm, 53, 3
  his parentage, 45, 5; family history, his maternal grandmother and grandfather, 46, 2, 3
  remarks on his early life and education, 41, 1, 9; his early blessings, 54, 14; and calamities, 54, 15-18
  annual holiday tours in England, mode of travelling, 56, 12
Author of this book, art lessons to be collected for school book, 59, 5
  as a *littérateur*, 85, 4
  as Master of St. George's Guild, 58, 8: 88, 15
  attached to the Church and universities of England, 89, 2, 3
  Catholic faith, 76, 10
  claims power of impartial judgment in literature, 67, 12
  deceived by modern restored architecture, 62, 23
  defends himself against a correspondent's charge of inconsistency between his teaching and his life, 49, 13
  does not set himself up as a leader, 30, 8
  diary, September 20, 1874, leaves Florence, tour virtually ended, 49, 14
  drawing of, Chapel of St. Mary of the Thorn, Pisa, 57, 9; 20, Plate vii.; of Ca' Ferro, Venice, 72, 1; of a kingfisher, 65, 21
  example of his dislike of the clergy, 56, 2
  expenses and purchases in beginning of 1876, 63, 24
  fatigued with work, 72, 2: 76, 20
  finds himself alone in life and knowledge 37, 2
  first statement of his business affairs, 62, 20
  head-work and illness, 66, 3
  has seven books in the press at the same time, 59, 5: 60, 1
  illness in 1878, 88, 2, 8
  imperfect training and feeble brains, 67, 9
  impressions during sojourn in Sir W. Scott's and St. Ninian's country, 92, 4 *seq.*
  influenced by Evangelicals, 40, 9: 46, 3
  introduction to Turner's work, 56, 7
  letter to the *Daily Telegraph* quoted, 37, 15
  "madness," 81, 1
  misrepresented by his antagonists, 56, 1
  "the most analytic mind in Europe," 54, 14
  not self-asserting, 81, 1
  paper on Miracle, 66, 2
  practical and matter-of-fact character, 37, 2, 4
  private affairs, 70, 14, 16: 72, 2: 62, 20 (*see also* "Master")
  public interest in his Oxford work, 37, 3
  quantity of manual work involved in his art teaching, 57, 9

Author of this book, sorrow of, 61, 3
summary of his books, and their relation to one another, 78, 14
the sum and motto of his teaching, 81, 1
Sunday walk near Verona, October 29, 1876, 84, 2
want of success, cause of, 41, 9; results of his few experiments, 48, 2-4
writes as a Christian to Christians, 86, 2
wrote only to teach or to praise others, 85, 3
See also "Master of St. George's Guild"; for father and mother, *see also* "Ruskin, J. J., and Mrs."
Authority in judgment of painting and music alike needful, 79, 8
of the Master of St. George's Guild, must be dictatorial, 67, 13
Automatic force, lucid explanation of spiritual phenomena by, 65, 9
Avalanches in Alpine regions, 85, 14
"Avarice, the foul caitiff," 45, 16; definition of, 62, 8
Aventine, Mount, at Rome, 21, 6
Avernus, lake of, 32, 12
Ayrshire, opposition of the plough to the pulpit in, 32, 16
Ayrton, Mr., under what discipline capable of improvement, 82, 9
Azario, notary of Tortona, 15, 10

Baal-god, law of, in *equitable* operation, 45, 10
Babylon, the great, 61, 5
Baby-nursing, not a lucrative employment according to J. S. Mill, 29, 10: 36, 2
Baby-poisoning, 24, 20
Bachelor gentlemen, their sufficient income, 76, 20
Bacon, Sir Francis, 37, 11: 62, 10; his saying respecting patriotism and fortune, 61, 4
Bad thing, a, will pay if put properly before the public, 36, 2
Badness (*see* "Goodness")
Bagley Wood, near Oxford, 4, 12: 6, 4
Bagmen (nothing else but bags), the people of England are become, 61, 2
Bags, which wax old, perhaps one may get to heaven with them still round our necks, 68, 3
Baker, George, Esq., kindness of, to St. George, 66, 19
Bakewell and Buxton, how reciprocally advantaged by railway, 5, 9
Bala, lake of, the author passes disconsolately, 69, 9
Balfour of Burley, his religious character, 65, 17 *n.*
Ballad of King Cole, 50, 9
Ballads, Book of One Hundred, extract from, 15, 5
Ballads, Scottish, sweet, 32, 16
Balzac and other modern French novelists, wanting in power of design, and why, 83, 9
Bank, the author obliged to keep his money in a, 44, 14; his reasons, 44, 14
Bank of England at present that of the world, 78, 19
Bankers, modern, scripture by, 61, 8
Banking and stock-taking, the difference between, as forms of usury, 80, 15
Bankruptcy Act, difficulty of getting a good one passed, 50, 17
Baptistery of Florence, 15, 17
Barabbas, his character and capacity soon to be discovered, 68, 7
Barbarossa, Emperor, 70, 10
Barmouth, St. George's land at, 69, 1
St. George's work begins there, 69, 3
public amusements at, 71, 5
Baron, meaning of the word, 15, 5
reasons for decline of baronial power, 15, 8
relation to clerk and peasant, 18, 8
Barrister, selling his talents, 47, 3; remarks on the profession of a, *ib.*
Basalt with onyx, sarcophagus made of, 64, 10
Bassano, account of Signora Maria Zanchetta of, 96, 4
Bastiat, stupidity of, 81, 9
Bastile, fall of the, a typical fact, 15, 8
Bath, Scott's visit to, 33, 15; Scott's recollections of, 33, 16
Batrachianity, Pedicularity, and Humanity, in the Comtian sense, 66, 13
Bayonets, 2, 10
Beaconsfield, Lord, his statement of the increase of wealth, 73, 6
Bears, carry off a sack of salmon heads, 68, 16; sense of, how manifested on the Columbia River, 68, 20
Beasts, wild, what they were made for, 27, 6
in what their essential difference from men, 61, 16
might be spared a little room on earth, 27, 8
of prey, men have the nature of, according to Social Science, 28, 4
their worth to us, 27, 6

Beating, medicinal uses of: twenty blows with the stick to finance minister in case of Indian famine would be quite enough, 81, 16
Beauty, of body, an article of capital lent, to what interest, 70, 5
goodness and, the seeking out their causes a primal duty, 82, 7
in women, 91, 1
in ordinary life, reality and frequency of, 91, 4
instinct for natural, related to compassion for the poor, 92, 5, 6
Bedford, Duke of, his costly purchase, 4, 7
Bee-book, a, required for Agnes, 51, 9
Bee-hives, on St. George's ground, 50, 15
Beer, 12, 24, 25 : 27, 9
retail price of, compared with cost price, 73, 12
spirits and tobacco, consumption of, 48, 21
still and sparkling, different codes of morality respecting, enumerated by Mr. Greg, 78, 12
Bees, buzz of, 51, 9
four species of, 51, 16 :—
the mason, her nest and cells, 51, 17
the wood-piercing, 51, 18
the wool-gathering (garden), 51, 19
the leaf-cutting, 52, 15; her work, 61, 8
kind and quiet, 80, 21
management of, 51, 13
the Rose, her nest and cells, 52, 16
teeth and tongue, 51, 12 : 53, 24
(*See also* "Humble-bee")
Beesly, Professor, 37, 15
Beetroot, a miserable substitute for sugar-cane, 48, 9
Beggars, half the population of England, 61, 2; who are the most offensive kind of, 67, 10
Beggary and poverty of England, 1, 2
Begging for money, result of, 36, 1
Begging letters, their significance, 1, 2; unreasonable increase of, after announcement of the author's having given away all he had to give, 49, 2
Behaviour, practice of, in study of mineralogy, 69, 17
Belief in Pentateuch, not easy, 66, 1
Bell at Lucca, inscription on, 18, 4; bells at Florence, 21, 5; as musical instruments, 95, 9
Benediction, of clergy, 38, 9; of Irish-woman, *ib.*
Benevolent persons, the fatallest mistake of, 9, 4
Bernard, St., labours of, shine like the sun, 63, 4
Berners, Lady Juliana, her names of aggregates, 66, 13
Berwick, walls of, raised by Robert the Bruce, and sold by the Corporation for £109, 77, 16
Bethhoron, the going down to, 65, 13
Bettwys-y-Coed, destruction of, by railways, 61, 22
Bible, as the rule of faith and conduct to English people, 86, 1
the author's lessons in the, on the whole, the one essential part of all his education, 42, 12
chapters learnt by author, 42, 12
entertaining, 51, 8
evangelical book-idol, not by any means the word of God, 40, 10
faith in definition of, challenged, 49, 12
how to read it, 27, 2
influence of the style of its English translation, 10, 3
its use as a code of law, 53, 3
MSS. given by author to St. George's Museum, 70, 13
Matt. xxiv. 45, a faithful and wise servant whom his Lord hath made ruler over his household, 84, 5
meaning of one verse of the, 30, 3
one must know something of it in order to know any Koran or Shakespeare, 65, 8
popular way of reading it, so that it shall be entirely intelligible and delightful—way of reading it so as to render it much otherwise, 66, 6
safe method of translating it, 77, 3
study of, by the author under his mother's teaching, 33, 13
text from (2 Samuel x. 12), examined, 40, 10
text which the author had to repeat oftenest, 42, 13
to be searched, not chopped up, 40, 10
Tyndale's translation of, noble praise of it by Mr. Froude, 76, 22; by Mr. Faber, *ib.*
(*See also* the list of Bible passages in Vol. XXVII. p. xxxvii. and General Index)
Bill-sticking at Florence, 21, 5
Bingley: *Animal Biography*, 51, 11; plates in, 52, 19

Biography pleasant to read, 33, 2
Birds, north-country names for, 52, 28
Birdwood, Dr. George, paper by, on competitive examinations, 71, 21
Birmingham, singular letter from resident at, 6, 6
effect of, on the author's mind, 80, 1
Morning News, extract from letter in, 11, 13
stormy political meeting at, 87, 15
Birth, infinite misfortune of, 82, 15
Birthday, the Flag-flower's, 81, 21
Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Fraser), popularity of, 81, 8
Bishops, duties of, 62, 1, 2; in their relation to Kings, 1, 4; as policemen, 53, 19
accusation and defence of, in respect of their revenues, 83, 19: 85, 10
clergy and, apathy of, regarding national sin, letter on, 44, 18
epitaph on a, 42, 9
feminine, required for superintendence of lace-makers, 68, 27
modern, their Judaism and transgressions, 62, 4
Mr., Mrs., and Miss, inoffensively pungent elements of society, 77, 1
a Bishop at the Royal Academy, 40, 14
a Bishop reads the Lord's Prayer backwards, 72, 9
the Roman Catholic, of Liverpool, proposed the health of the Wesleyan Mayor of St. Helen's—St. George's message to him—St. Mark's message, 77, 13, 14
of London and York, their attention requested, 61, 18
of Oxford, Peterborough, and Manchester, challenges to, 49, 11, 12: 76, 13
Bishopston Tide-mills, 51, 26
Bismarck, Prince, had little to do with War, 3, 3: 40, 6
description of, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 43, 4
Black Auster, compared with the divine horses of Achilles, 9, 11 *n.*
Black country, letter from workman in, 21, 23
Black Forest, pleasant ways of life in, 69, 4
Black, Wm., *Adventures of a Phaeton*, 87, 2 *n.*
Blackfriars Bridge, 41, 9, 10
Blacks (unmelodious Christys), in merry England, 61, 7
Blake, William, four lines by, concerning the Last Judgment, 74, 8
Blasphemy, Mr. Greg's, 61, 6
absolute, the contrary of Euphemy, 83, 13
deliberate and insolent, the worst, 80, 17
Greek forbidding of, 65, 8
sirenic, in what consisting, 83, 13
snap-finger, 72, 8
Blessing and cursing, how forbidden and how practised, 18, 5, 9
Blind man, sent to gaol for four months for begging, 44, 16; Eastern story of a, for comparison, *ib.*
Blockheads, 37, 3
Blood, sale of, 61, 6
Blue, in skies, detestable to the recent school of English landscapists, 79, 8
Boat at sea, society compared to a, 44, 2 *n.*; how truly and how falsely, *ib.*
apparatus of cathedral nave issues only in provision of talk, not fish, 68, 10
mischievous instead of fishing, price paid by England for, 68, 10
Body, the worth of, in sanity and beauty, 70, 8
the beauty of, its relation to beauty of soul, 70, 11
Boerhaave, Johnson's account of, 32, 7
teacher of Scott's maternal grandfather, *ib.*
naturally quick of resentment—how cured of this, *ib.*
Bohemian glass, cheap manufacture of, 69, 13
Boilers, steam, the gods of the modern, 14, 13
Bolles, Dame Mary, 59, 15
Bologna, towers of, 24, 15
Bolton Bridge, 52, 11
Bolton Priory, 52, 11
Bombay, question as to importance of first telegraphic message to, 5, 8
Bombshells and peaches, 51, 15
Bondage worse than that of Egypt, 46, 12; Hamite, in Art, 64, 11
Bones, boiled, 27, 15
Book, our most current, written in three languages, 25, 8
Bookbinding, apprentices wanted for, 24, 26
Books, what, read by rising middle classes about London, 29, 4
articles of property to be lent, 70, 9
the author's, price of, and why asked, 70, 15; sale of author's, 72, 2

Books, Calvinistic tendency preventing the reading of, **56**, 20
change for the better, Mudie and *Good Words*, **33**, 10
definition of those recommended, **92**, 13
distinction between good and bad, **50**, 3
choice of, **87**, 1
Englishwomen can't afford now to read clean ones, **73**, 4
Evangelical, **59**, 1
moral tendency of, **85**, 4
not readable, unless the mind is one with the author's, **25**, 14
and pictures, essential value of a national store, **67**, 4
Ramsay's *Tea-Table*, this compared with Knatchbull-Hugessen's *Tales at Tea-Time*, **33**, 10
Scott's, when a child, **33**, 10, 14
for Agnes, **51**, 8; list of, for St. George's schools, **57**, 7: **58**, 19; the seven chosen for initial in St. George's schools, **61**, 14 (*see also* "Bee-book")
Booksellers, **72**, 2; the author's battle with, **62**, 20
Bookselling, author's principles of, **6**, 3: **11**, 18; and see correspondence at end of **14** and **15**
Border country, morals, **31**, 9
of Scotland, **32**, 13
pre-eminently a singing country, *ib.*
beauty of, in summer time, **33**, 8
Borrowing and lending, **33**, 15; evil of, **68**, 9
Borrowing, not the proper word for using for a while, and returning scathless, **1**, 14; its effect on a workman's life, in true narrative, **71**, 15
Bort, town of, in France, **14**, 8
Botany, **5**, 5–7
meaning of, originally, **19**, 13
elements of, to be taught in St. George's schools, **94**, 2: **95**, 20
Botticelli, Sandro, **20**, 19
his life, **22**, 3, 5
his method of engraving, **22**, 22
Zipporah, **56**, 2
Boulogne, fishermen of, their religious customs, **20**, 20
Bow and arrow, English and Greek use of, **15**, 11
Boy or girl, advice to **46**, 14
Boys, in early youth, their desire to honour themselves, **70**, 11
to be initiated in natural history, **75**, 14
Boys, their infinitely varied business, when rightly educated, **78**, 22
plea for, quoted with approval from *New York Christian Union*, **78**, 22
Bradford, **55**, 9; south-eastern suburb, **50**, 16
Bradlaugh, Charles, attitude towards Land Laws, **89**, 14
Bragge, Mr., offers space in the Sheffield Museum for St. George's exhibits, **59**, 10
Bramble Finch, **51**, 23
Brantwood, the author's house at Coniston, purchase of, **76**, 18; how he would have liked to live there, **76**, 21
Bread, Christian life begins in breaking, **12**, 30
English lawyer's speech concerning, **12**, 13
sacredness of daily, **74**, 9
standard to be fixed, **86**, 9
wine and, brought out by Amorite King of Salem, **70**, 8
Bread-winners, league of, in America, **81**, 22
Breeding, good, what it means, **25**, 22: **82**, 17
Brenta, scenery on, between Venice and Verona, **20**, 17
Brickmakers, gracious ministry to, **64**, 8
society's view of, as murderers (being itself the murderer), **80**, 7: **81**, 4
the world's scorn of, **80**, 7
Brickmaking, an Egyptian art, and a gentlemanly employment, **64**, 4–6
Bridge End of Perth, **63**, 13
Bridget, author's Croydon cousin, wading in the Lune, **52**, 12
Brieg, town of, in the Valais, conversation with servant at the Hôtel de la Poste there, **79**, 8
Bright, Mr. John, his speech on the adulteration of food, as illustrating block-headism, **37**, 4
his opinion that life *inspected* would not be worth having, **37**, 5; his speech analysed, *ib.*
notions of liberty in trade, expressed at Rochdale, **74**, 11 *n.*
true statement of Russian rights, **75**, 7
Bristol, orthodox Protestant sentiments of that city, **66**, 23
Castle, Henry II.'s lessons in, **4**, 12
Britannia, as represented on a penny, who is she? **25**, 5
her rule over the waves, and the issue of it, **76**, 3

British absurdity ineffable, illustrated by story of runaway from school, punished by imprisoning the father instead of flogging the boy—with the result, 71, 20
conscience, 6, 5
constitution breaking fast, 45, 9
never will be slaves, 38, 5
soul, the, why impatient of inquisition, 77, 6
British Museum, Assyrian marbles in, 62, 12; Egyptian Gallery in, 64, 10
British Nation, St. George's view of it, 67, 1; whether in health or sickness, certainly in debt, 67, 2
Broccoli, 1, 6: 16, 6
Bronze of modern scientific womanhood, 66, 12
Brooke, Stopford, 63, 16
Broom Merchant, story of, begins, 30, 5 continued, 34, 10: 39, 9; the conditions of sentiment in the family relationships to be carefully noted, 39, 9: 55, 4
Brother, oppression of our, how forbidden in the Bible, 68, 8
Brotherhood, literal, of Christianity, 31, 3
Brown, Bella, the fisher-girl, 64, 25
Brown, Dr., his letter, 32, 23
Brown, Mr. Rawdon, his work on the English in Italy, 1, 5 *n.*: 15, 10 *n.*, where please insert comma after "translation"[1]
Brown, Mrs., on Spelling Bees, 69, 6
Bruce, Robert the, at Berwick, 77, 16
Bucentaur, launched for a collation, 42, 4
Buchanan, Mr., his review of Morley's Essays, 10, 19
Buckland, Frank, his work, 46, 10
Builders, plague of their work near London, 29, 3; houses, residents in, described, 29, 4
Building and cooking, 48, 10, 11
Building clubs, 50, 17
Buildings, modern suburban, described, 29, 3
Bull terrier, the author's, 48, 13
Bullion, its influx does not enrich the country, 22, 7; for St. George's coins, 58, 16
Bulls of Bashan and Philistines, carry off the ark of God in their mouths, 65, 12
Burdens on poor men's backs, clergy neither noble nor sanctified in binding, 38, 8, 9
Burgess, Mr. A., 2, 13: 62, 20: 64, 16
Burne-Jones, Edward, 79, 10: 87, 4
Burns, Gilbert (the poet's brother), his opinion on manual labour, 61, 20
Burns, Robert, quoted, 40, 15
Bush at Hog'em, Brookfield, young Englishman runs away into, 63, 14
Business affairs in St. George's Guild to be always open, 62, 4
necessity cannot be pleaded in extenuation of moral delinquency, 33, 29
Butcher, Steam-Butcher's-Boy-Co., 29, 7
Butcher-bird, 51, 23
Butter, Dorset, the author's country friend content with, 69, 12; adulteration of, 78, 20
Buttercup, meadow, what has become of it, 73, 13
Buxton (*see* "Bakewell")
Buzzing and whistling in Yorkshire, 23, 13

Cab, the author's thoughts in a, 39, 1
Caiaphas, his servants round his fire, 63, 7
Caird, Professor, on utility, 14, 3 *n.*[2]
Calais, 25, 16; siege of, 25, 16
Caldara, Signor, of Venice, drawings by, 64, 23; his flower-painting, 74, 2 *n.*
Calder, the river, Mr. Fowler's report on the condition of, 69, 17: App. I.
Caleb, "the son" of Jephunah, petition of his daughter for the springs, 65, 14 *n.*
Calf, molten, of tallow for gold, God of the modern economist, 62, 6
Caller herring, 38, 7
Calvin, abuse of his teaching, 32, 20
Cambridge, student at, intended by his father to take up farming as a profession, 69, 19
Camilla, Virgil's description of her compared with description of Amazon by the *New York Times*, 66, 12
Campion, 51, 19
Canaan, land of, never got by Israel, 65, 11
Canada, Drink Act in, failure of, 78, 19; thistle, 85, 13
Canal life, a means of education, 75, 17
Candles, pious expenditure of, in France, young ladies like, 6, 9; peasants of Picardy too poor to afford, except to drip on church floors, 31, 17

[1] [So in Ruskin's Index; the comma is in this edition duly inserted.]

[2] [Really, Professor Cairnes: see Vol. XXVII. p. 246 *n.*]

Cannibalism, 42, 14; modern English, 68, 9
Canterbury, the Archbishop of, a lender of books, 70, 9
accusation against, by *Northern Whig*, 83, 21
Canticle, meaning of, 35, 3
Capital, importance of, to industry, small, 1, 12
Mr. Mill's mode of increasing, 2, 8; *comp.* 1, 12
Mr. Fawcett's account of, 11, 8
properly represented by the general type of carpenter's plane, and must not therefore be borrowed, 11, 7; *see* 22, 14
usurious increment of, its modes, 68, 5
(*See also* "Labour")
Capitalists, 7, 13
civilised, procedure of, 67, 3
their efficit the labourer's deficit, 68, 9
Capital punishment in eighteenth century compared with that of fifth century B.C., 82, 1
Captain, Shakespeare's meaning of, 25, 15
of Christian war, 26, 9
a, taking the wheel in an emergency, account of, 25, 20
each squire should be a, 45, 12
Capuchin, a poor monk of that order, gives me a piece of St. Francis' cloak, 76, 9
Carcases, divided by Abram, and by modern Christian gentlemen and ladies, 65, 7
Carlyle, Thomas, 87, 4
abuse of him by fools, 10, 19; modern British estimate of, 62, 21
highly esteems force, 13, 3
his description of a shoal of fish, 38, 3
his teaching of the nature of law, 10, 19
strange comment on a letter by him, 44, 16
supposed letter by, on the Gospel of Dirt, 75, 22. [For Ruskin's note, see above, p. 79 *n.*]
the only man in England to whom the author can look for guidance in his plan, 37, 10
Carnforth, author at station there, 69, 6
Carnivora, 45, 14
Carol, 48, 17; the God of Love's, 24, 21
Carpaccio, Victor, 18, 13
general statement of his character as an inspired painter, 71, 1
his deep conviction on the subject of dragons, 26, 10
his division of men, 72, 7
Carpaccio, Victor, his faith in the resurrection, 72, 6
his opinion of St. George, 26, 4; how he painted him, 26, 10
never even *omits* without meaning, 72, 5
pictures by, at Venice, 20, 14–16, 19
Carpenter, Dr., his manner of explaining spiritual phenomena, 65, 9
Carpentering, advice to rely on your own boys for, 29, 7
Carriages, travelling, 56, 8
Carshalton, the author's work at, 46, 10: 48, 3
Carthage, 64, 1
Carthagena, 13, 12
Carving, in a right way, impossible at Sheffield, 78, 4
Caste, proposed abolition of, 71, 6; how to be extinguished in America, 71, 22
Castles, advantage of England over America in the possession of them, 10, 7
internal police of, 10, 16
strongholds of injustice, 10, 18
Castruccio Castracani: his villa, 18, 5; his death, 18, 7
Catharine, the author's cousin, death of, 65, 18
Catholic, the deep and true sense of the term, 76, 10; and Protestant, schism between, 57, 2
Catt, William, his biography, 51, 26
Cattle, black, turned grey by poisoned grass, 69, 20
Cattle dealer, Robert Scott is a, yet a gentleman, 31, 14; a stubbornly honest, 31, 15
Celibacy of laity, 28, 20
Centaur Chiron, type of Greek tutor, 25, 23
Century, appointed function of the nineteenth, 5, 3
Challenge from the author to the squires of England, 45, 4
Chalus, castle of, 3, 15
Chandler, tallow, at Abbeville, 6, 9
Channel Islands feed their own people and export provisions also, 45, 20
Chapelle, Sainte, of Paris, how mischievous to France, 3, 7; danger of, in revolution of 1871, 6, 11
Character, noble, the only perfect, in Scott's first novel, a Hanoverian Colonel, 31, 4; heroic, the most finished in all Scott's novels, a Presbyterian milkmaid, *ib.*
Charioteer, constellation of, its story, 24, 3

Charity, Dante's, fiery red, 7, 9
French poem on, and translation, 87, 1
Giotto's, 7, 17
real, to children, 83, 23
Sisters of, their black dress, 24, 6
Charlemagne, 15, 6: 43, 4; alliance of, with Scottish king, 25, 11
Charles of Anjou, 25, 7
Charming, to be, first duty of a girl, 38, 17
Chaucer, 61, 14
his idea of a garden, 24, 22
his Pardonere's Tale, 18, 9
his use of the words "humbling" and "bumbling," 51, 15
Cheerfulness, the duty of, 24, 6
fulfilment of holiness, 82, 15
primal element of beauty, 91, 3
Cheese, Cheshire, not improvable by modern science, 66, 12
Chelsea, Henry VIII.'s visits to Sir Thomas More at, 6, 13
Chemistry for Museum at Sheffield, 66, 21
Cheney, Mr. Edward, his account of the schools of Venice, 75, 9 *n.*
Chester, railway station at, confusion of, 69, 8; rent of farms raised near, 89, 14: 90, 12
Chevalier, use of word in Venice, 75, 8
Child, a, his view of property sound, 70, 4
Childlessness, God's ordered consolation in, 83, 23
Children of St. George's Company, how to be treated, 37, 8
Abram's desire for, 65, 4
at Abingdon, the author assists their play, 67, 23
at Whithorn, 92, 3
author not without care for them, 49, 13
clever, way of teaching themselves to draw and write, 95, 18
fidgety, their interest in railroads, 69, 9
first training of, 82, 17; all to learn some skilled work, 86, 7 *n.*
joy and honour, and the reverse, 46, 11
of mothers in mills, how taken care of by the clergymen, 38, 18
of this generation, their sickliness, 81, 10
of simple and gentle parents, 55, 5
parents and, relations between, 63, 9
the Rachel of England weeps because they *are*, 46, 11
starvation of, how achieved by modern improvements, 81, 10
Children's Prize, the story in, 50, 5
Chillianwallah, different arrangement letters in, 30, 9: 31, 17
China, how to be civilised by steam at sixty pounds on the inch, 42, 17; Japan and, Mr. F. Harrison's curiosity concerning them insatiable, 66, 11
Chinese in California, execution of, 13, 16
Chiron, the Centaur, 24, 16
Chivalries, the two, of the horse and the wave, 9, 11
Choreia, rhythm with harmony, 83, 4; totality of, *ib.*
Christ, His service, how best done, 62, 7
how confessed and how denied, 63, 6
plainly tells us how He will judge us, yet nobody will take His word for it, 76, 7
words of, to the Seven Churches, 84, 16 *seq.*
Christ Church, the Dean of, on the word "rhema," 65, 3
pious utterance of a young scholar of that place, 68, 10
Christianity, 12, 3
essence of, modern idea of, 42, 10
modern attempts to practise the moral code of the New Testament, 56, 21
Christians, must clergymen be? 75, 20
faith, how to be reverenced, 76, 11
not even the making of them in modern fine people, 82, 24
"Christian Social" party in Germany, 87, 15 *n.*
Christmas, the story of, 12, 3: 24, 6
author's gift at, 12, 1
author would fain spend it merrily, but cannot, 72, 2
Carol in the *Children's Prize*, 50, 8
fare, advice concerning, 48, 17
merry message of the day, 81, 10
modern colour of, 80, 19
Church, of England, in South Australia turned money lender, letter on, 46, 18
and State, relations of, 46, 1
at Kirkby Lonsdale, 52, 9
no power but benediction and protection, *ib.*
of Scotland, notes on method of election of pastors in, 75, 21
the power of, miraculous, if not wicked, 49, 6
Church-going, 86, 2; and its benefits, 80, 16
Cimabue, Giotto, and Angelico, worshippers of an invisible truth, 76, 7

Cincinnatus, myth of, its value, 21, 6, 7: 23, 7
Cinderella, at Hengler's, 39, 6; reflections on, 39, 7
Circe, Sir Joshua's, 62, 15
Circular of Howell and James, 26, 2
Circus, Hengler's, 39, 6
Cistercian Monastery, plan of, 93, 9
Cities, the five whose history is to be learned by children educated under St. George's Company, 8, 10
City Companies, their titles, 89, 9
Civil Service, Indian, 71, 21
Civilisation opposed to Rusticity, 17, 9, 10
  modern, not made for wear, 78, 11
  principal condition of, according to the Secretary of the Social Science Meeting, 42, 14
  what we now call, 27, 4
Civilised nations, modern European, description of, 67, 3
Clapham, village of, brook at, 52, 10
Clarty Hole, 32, 14
Classes of society, higher and lower, 10, 9: 7, 8, 13, 15
  none in the future, 50, 7
  of industrious men, three principal, namely, soldiers, clergy, and peasants, 15, 1. [For a note added here by Ruskin, see Vol. XXVII. p. 260 n.]
Clavigera, meaning of, 43, 1
Clavigeræ, the two ominous ones, in Worcestershire, 89, 4; their wages, 80, 5 and n.
Clay eaten by the Otomac Indians, 27, 15; for brickmaking, should lie fallow for two years, 64, 8
Cleanliness, the beginning of moral education, 67, 19
Clergy, 6, 11: 38, 9
  essential definition of, 15, 3; relation of, to food-producers, 11, 5; as part of a civilised nation, 67, 3
  address to the, 42, 15
  advice to young, 38, 8, 9
  author not prejudiced in favour of, 30, 2; author's charge against, 49, 6, 7, 20: 51, 20: 55, 1
  business of, 55, 6
  do not deliver the primary command of Christianity by the mouth of the Baptist, 89, 10 and n.
  doubt of, concerning God's sermons, 65, 3
  dread their congregations doing anything, 25, 3
  election of, in Scotland, letter on, 75, 20
Clergy, habit of using pretty words without understanding, 64, 7
  how many honest clergymen, 31, 15
  make dying more expensive than living, 4, 12
  misuse of their power in teaching, 10, 11, 13: 15, 4
  modern, often a lie rampant, 40, 14
  modern, recommendation to, founded on the criminal state of the lower orders, 49, 20
  of the McCosh persuasion, characterised by shrinking modesty, 27, 7
  profession of, 31, 15, 18
  really responsible for present state of things, 27, 12; responsible for the state of England, 55, 2
  stage properties of, 52, 9
  types of English, 51, 21, 22
Clergyman, a Swiss, author of novelettes, 30, 1
  an English, instructs his children in Natural History—extracts from his book, 51, 22
  a South country, letter from, 25, 3
  the two things of which one or other is implied by a man's becoming one, 49, 5
Clifford, Lady Anne, 38, 18
Clifford, the Shepherd Lord, 12, 17
Clifford, Professor, his condescending simplicity of language, 65, 9
Cloisters, to be left to the jackdaws, 66, 11
Cloth, broad, Richard I.'s laws about, 3, 11; its manufacture a good industry, 2, 9
Club, the weapon of Hercules and Theseus, 23, 3
Clyde, river, state of, at Glasgow, 16, 12
Coach, four-in-hand, from Dolgelly to Barmouth, driven by coachman's daughter, 69, 4
Coal, the power of England, according to Baron Liebig, 12, 9, 12; how wasted in making useless things out of iron, 78, 4
Coal-field, average life of a, 60, 10
Coal mining, tastes differ about, 38, 18
Coals and blankets, giving away, 61, 2
Cobbe, Miss Frances Power, 66, 12
  defended from the author's discourteous usage by Mr. Frederic Harrison, 67, 24; no otherwise treated by the author than if she had been a Miss Plantagenet, 67, 25
Coburg, letter from, 40, 4

Cock-fighting in Coniston country, 52, 28
Cœur de Lion, 3, 10, 15 (*see also* "Richard I.")
his probable thoughts of life, with no battle-axes, 68, 9
Colchis, crocus, the enchanted herb of, 26, 14
Coldness of heart, the essential horror of treachery, 23, 21
Cole, Sir Henry, influence of, on British art, 79, 8
Colenso, Bishop (*see* "Natal")
Collect for peace, at evening service, 58, 1
College card, contents and cheapness of, 69, 13
Colours, Shakespeare's meaning of, 25, 15; cheerful, of canal boats, 72, 16
Columbia River, letters from young Englishman resident by, 68, 13 *seq.*
Comfort in this world's goods—it is our duty to gain it, 62, 10
Comites of St. George's Guild, the three ranks of, 63, 2
Commandment, Adam Smith's new, 72, 8
the New, summing the Modern Mosaic Decalogue, 78, 10
more complete form of, 79, 1
Commandments, the Ten—no use to frame in gold, if people can't keep, 62, 2; the great, 62, 7
Commentary on Bible (John Murray, 1871), statement in, 65, 2
Commerce, failures in, 26, 1
Commissariat, 74, 13, 14; of peace, how to be organised, 73, 9
Commodities, a demand for, not a demand for labour, 2, 6
Common sense, 88, 7
Commonness, not vulgarity, 25, 24; refer to *Modern Painters*, *ib.*
Commons, House of, 6, 10: 7, 5 (*see* "Parliament")
Commonwealth, meaning of, 7, 8
Communism, ancient and modern, defined, 7, 5; properly means that every man is to work for his dinner, 7, 6; also is a contemplation of one's own commonness, 7, 7
its efforts in America to make no place like home, in a new sense, 71, 22
Parisian notion of, 7, 2
Peach-blossom shade of it, 7, 9
Tyrian red shade, 7, 10; *comp.* tenth question in 28, 22
Community of wage-fund—to what point desirable, 73, 10
Companies, how generally constituted, 21, 9; Free, 15, 10
Companies, railroad, their power of taxing the British public, 75, 8
Companions of St. George's Guild, do not leave their position in life, 67, 7
how elected and registered, 67, 20
conditions of companionship three:—
(1) Honesty, 67, 8
(2) Manual labour, 67, 9
(3) Educative discipline, 67, 11
how hindered from joining St. George's Guild, 80, 11
(*See also under* "George, St., Company of")
Company, the White, 1, 5: 14, 6: 15, 10, 13
East Surrey Museum and Library, its proposed dividend, 70, 9
Compassion, true meaning of, 34, 3; for the poor related to instinct for natural beauty, 92, 5, 6
Competition, great principle of, among Scott's servants, 32, 20
between museums, 59, 11
the "Fury" of St. Jude, how the grace of God is turned into it, 77, 3
Competitive examinations, how mischievous, 9, 5, 7; the proper substitute for them, 9, 5 (read this last passage carefully); stimulus of, to be excluded from schools, 95, 6
Composition, power of, how instinctive, 83, 7
Comte, Auguste, author's adjuration of Mr. F. Harrison in the name of, 66, 15
discussion respecting, 67, 24–25
no special object of the author's thought, 67, 25
Conceit, a Scottish characteristic, 9, 7
Conchology, French manual of, its name in English, 63, 18
Conduct, personal, the most important means of good in the hands of ordinary men, 21, 2
Confession, 77, 7
Confession of Christ, its nature, 63, 6; meaning of, 86, 2
Confraternities, the large and little, of Venice, 75, 9 *n.*
Conifers, their use on slopes of mountains, 85, 14
Coniston, beauty of autumn light at, 15, 10
cottages at, 21, 15
Lake, bad weather upon, 69, 5
poisoning fish at, 46, 10

Coniston, result of the author's agricultural experiments at, 48, 2
School, author questions children about a sovereign, 94, 3
Conscience, acting according to dictates of, 54, 1; liberty of, how far indulged by St. George, 76, 14
Conservative, meaning of word, 1, 4; the author a Tory, though not a Conservative, 10, 2, 4
Constitution, British, is breaking fast, 45, 9
Consumer, the, not so necessary a person as has been supposed, 10, 18
Contentment, the main matter, 48, 11; the author not contented, *ib.*
Contradiction, the author's patience under, exemplary, 76, 16
Conveyancing, expense of, 50, 17
Convocation, holy and unholy, 63, 15
Conway, Mr. Moncure, attacks the National Church, 51, 24
Cookery, the art of, to be taught to all girls educated in schools of St. George's Company, 8, 10
Cookery book, penny, 27, 14
Cooking, advice as to, 47, 16: 48, 10, 11; an Egyptian art, 64, 4
Coolness, necessary to meet even pressing need, 25, 20
Co-operation, perfect, not yet attempted, or thought of, 79, 2
Coral, 60, 5
Corkscrews, some birds should have bills like, 63, 20
Corn land, how much is occupied in supplying means of drink, 27, 10
Corn Law Rhyme, 89, 6
Corners, sweeping into, uncommon, 30, 5
Cornhill Magazine, quotation from the, on luxury of marriage and labourers, 28, 19
Coronach, classical form of, 73, 15 *n.*
Correggio, Mercury teaching Cupid to read, 94, 4
Corruption of Human Nature, 62, 7
Costermonger, to be entirely abolished, 38, 2, 6
Count of Stafford, at Calais, 25, 16; of Suffolk, at Calais, *ib.*
Country, air, effect of, on Scott, 32, 10
improvement of, with bricks and pottery, 69, 12
life in France before the Revolution, 40, 1
walks, no longer safe for ladies alone, 53, 23
Country Walks of a Naturalist, 51, 23
Courage, want of, at present in England, 1, 1; is the first *Fors*, 15, 14 *n.*
Courtship, modern, 90, 5; probation and, *ib.*
Couttet, Joseph, Chamouni guide, his death, 75, 10
Covering under the wings of God, 80, 8 *n.*
Coverley, Sir Roger de, account of his death in *Spectator*, 15, 17
Covery, instead of Discovery, the chief occupation of modern science, 7, 10
Covetousness, definition of, 62, 5, 8; *comp.* Invidia, 7, 13
Giotto's picture of, 6, 12
"In its name all the nations of the earth shall be blessed," according to Adam Smith, 62, 6
of nations worse than that of individuals, 7, 12
Cow, a humble, 52, 28
Cowardice, 25, 9
Cowper-Temple, Right Hon. W., on defence of England, 2, 20: 9, 16: 11, 5
Cowslip balls, happy play with in West Country, 69, 22
Cozeners, true, what they are, 31, 15
Cradle songs, 24, 21
Craig-Brown, T., *History of Ettrick Forest*, 95, 24
Crecy, battle of, 4, 10: 14, 1
Credit, no gain in the long run, 28, 1
Creed for Companions of St. George, 58, 2; very inclusive, 68, 1
Creeds, not to be taken cognisance of (beyond faith in God and in virtue), 62, 4
Cresswell, village of, its heroic inhabitants, 64, 25
Crete, Mount Ida in, 23, 22; Rhadamanthus, her lawgiver, 82, 2
Crime, brutality of, more in modern English cities, than among any savage nation, 49, 19; in factory and colliery districts, 50, 11
how increased by intellectual and diminished by manual labour, 82, 31
might be lessened by education, 95, 8
the universal, of modern society, 67, 9
Criticism, a bad trade, 21, 4
Critics, remarks on the author's, 41, 3
Crocodile, the word, always terrific to the author when a child, 26, 13; meaning of the word, *ib.*
fat of, used by the Otomac Indians, 27, 15
Manchester and Rochdale muddy and smoking streams suitable for, 27, 16
potted, *ib.*

Crocus, St. George much interested in, 25, 23; true story of a, written for the author by a friend, 26, 14
Cromwell, Oliver, 16, 2
exhumation of his body, 15, 14
his character, 15, 16
Crossness Sewage Works, letter on the, 27, 18
Crown, the iron, of Charlemagne, 2, 2
"Crown and Thistle" inn at Abingdon, author's entertainment in, 67, 23
Croydon, 46, 3; company for founding museum at, 70, 9
Crystal Palace, pamphlet on, 53, 21
Cuckoo clock, the author ignorant of the mechanism of, 48, 10
Cucumbers, sale of, how regulated at Venice, 74, 11
Cuneiform writing, 64, 14
Curate, testimonial to, on his departure, 33, 22
Cursing, definition of, 20, 9
Cush, posterity of, 62, 12
Customer, much or little for his money, the question of, 63, 8
Cuvier, large new edition of, its uselessness to the author, 63, 19
Cyfarthfa, state of the iron-trade at, its causes, 35, 11; ironworks closed, 36, 17
Cyrus (form of the word tyrant), definition of its meaning, with example, 77, 4

Dædalus, 23, 10: 28, 5; labyrinth, 28, 5
Demon, corrupt use of the word in Christian ages, 32, 19 *n.*; ambiguous sense of the word, 33, 7
Daily News, the, views of, on the prices of things, 29, 1
on *Fors Clavigera*, 30, 10
economical views in, of the advantages of getting coals up to famine prices, 73, 7
Daily Telegraph, on author's utterances, few and far between, 59, 5; its description of Nubian king, 64, 1
Dale, Rev. R. W., on truths applied to spiritual things, 37, 11
Dale, Rev. Thomas, his way of educating his son, 94, 6
Dalilah (*see* "Judith")
Damascene, St. John, his prayer to the Virgin, 66, 4
"Dame Wiggins of Lee," a moral rhyme, 50, 9
Danaë, her brazen tower, modern form of, 73, 16 *n.*
Dance, of Muses on Parnassus, how emulated on English hills, 30, 4
Dance-music, delight in, 56, 20: 57, 3, 4
Dancing, and twangling on the harp, 5, 11: 6, 6
as an instrument of education, 57, 6
Puritan error respecting, 33, 11
Dante, 61, 14
caprice of fortune in giving him his name, 15, 12
Inferno, plan of, 23, 18: 24, 12
Purgatorio, 24, 9
Paradiso, 24, 10
passages of, quoted or explained, 7, 9, 17: 8, 6: 11, 10: 15, 17: 18, 13: 24, 9 *seq.*: 62, 13: 72, 9; on Virgil and Livy, 34, 9, 10, 11 and *n.*
Darkness; of sky, recently, in England, 8, 1: 12, 8, 12
horror of, on Abram, 65, 9
works of, their real nature, 63, 3
Darwin, his discoveries respecting Orchideæ, 77, 1; his evangelical function, 75, 22
Darwin and Huxley, 35, 10: 45, 11
Daughters, their relations to their fathers, 90, 4
David, King, his twangling on the harp despised at Birmingham, 6, 6
reflections on, 40, 10
a master of political economy, 70, 6
David, the author's two servants so named, 62, 10, 20: 69, 18
"Dawson, George, Politician, Lecturer, and Preacher," by Rev. R. W. Dale, in *Nineteenth Century*, quoted, 37, 9
Day, a well-spent, or well-going one, how to be recognised, 77, 7; of the Lord, the Light of it, to whom promised, 32, 52
Deacon, functions of, 34, 14: 36, 9
Deal, meaning of word,—a "tenth deal" of flour, etc., 61, 1
Deans, David, religious pride of, 33, 11
Death, the end of, 32, 1
acceptance of, at God's hand, our daily heroism, 72, 7
the best that can happen to certain orders of men, 32, 6
early, of good children, especially girls, 90, 2
fear of, the bondage of Egypt, 64, 3
how busied in the author's home, 49, 13
how masked in Chaucer's Pardoneres's Tale, 18, 11
meaning of the word in the Apocalypse, 72, 4
punishment of, how inflicted at Sparta, 32, 2

Debt, National, beginning of effort to abolish it, 1, 3; interest and, 55, 4 (*See also* "Store")
Decalogue, the irreconcilableness of, with modern practices, 77, 1; modern, complete form of (*comp.* the first sketch of it by Arthur Clough), 78, 10 and *n.*
Deceiver, the Great, how men fall into his power, 72, 6
De-consecration, modern rite of, 72, 9
Dee, description of, as seen from rail to Chester, with miraculous landscape, 69, 7
Degradation of the working classes, the policy of the idle ones, 67, 9
Dégringolade, La, worth reading, though long and tiresome, 43, 11, 12
De Laveleye, Émile, *Protestantism and Catholicism in their bearing upon the Liberty and Prosperity of Nations*, 57, 1
Del Mar, Alexander, *A History of the Precious Metals*, 89, 18
Delphi, laws of expiation at, 82, 2; ornamentation of Lesche of, 88, 11
Demand and supply, 30, 7: 38, 10; law of, 2, 19: 11, 15, 16
Demeter, Etruscan, rose-leaved chariot of, 66, 11
Derby, Lord, his opinions on land-owning, 10, 1
  on its cultivation, 10, 17 (of cutting down trees, *see* 5, 16)
  his new code of civilisation, 29, 10
  his idea of agriculture, 45, 14
Derivation, cannot stand astride on two languages, 30, 8
Deservings, a better word than rights, 13, 2; ultimately all get their, *ib.*
Design, of the great Masters, never without sense of the moral law, 83, 7; total collapse of the power in modern Italy, 83, 8
Despising of the poor, 81, 4
Despot, modern English terror of the word, and vulgar use of it, 77, 4
  the only true one, *ib.*
  the only, our dependence on, 78, 14
"Despotis," the feminine of despot, 80, 8 *n.*
Despotism, the most beautiful relation of one human soul to another, next to marriage, 77, 4
Destiny, relation of, to deserving, 13, 4 (*see* "Fate")
Destitution in London described by Dr. Howard Clarke, 61, 19
Devastation, new ship of the line, 48, 14; shield of the English people, 65, 4
Devil, the, great aphorism of, 74, 15
  clumsy at christening, 43, 5
  hotch-potch, 42, 5, 9
  how the father of English squires, 45, 10
  in the second part of *Faust*, afraid of roses, 26, 13; not afraid of hothouse plants, mortally so of roses and crocuses, 46, 15
  modern disbelief in, 74, 15
  modern Italian epic poem in honour of, 83, 8
  peculiarly beloved laws of, 74, 15
  pet weapon of, 46, 14
  religious, according to modern definitions of religion, 70, 7 *n.*
  watching the, 77, 3
  work of, its six heads, 46, 10
Diamonds, of no use, 4, 7
Dianthus, St. Ursula's flower, 74, 1, 2; Greek meaning of, 74, 2
Diaphony, in moral sense, 83, 4
Diary of a sculptress, under St. George's instructions, 69, 23
Dickens, Charles, his opinion about menials, 28, 17
  as a novelist, his power over the feelings, 31, 1
  his opinion of British law, 47, 2
  Bleak House, Miss Flite, 47, 9: 48, 20
  David Copperfield, Steerforth's education, 94, 6
  Oliver Twist, 94, 2 *n.*
Didron, his work *Iconographie Chrétienne*, 26, 10 *n.*
"Dies misericordiæ" to be remembered with the "Dies Iræ," 82, 25
Dinner party, advice to a lady about her, 46, 13
Dionysus, the disciplined choir in worship of, as designed by Plato, 82, 19
  the choir of old men in his service, 83, 2
  contest of, with Tyrrhenian pirates, 86, 15
Dirt, gospel of, 75, 22
Dirty persons, no true luxury, wealth, or religion possible to, 67, 19
Discipline, moral, in the Church, now no more forcible, 49, 11
Discovery (*see* "Covery")
Disease, hereditary, how subtle and prolonged, 61, 23
Disestablishment of many powers, besides that of the Church, approaching, 77, 1
Disobedience (*see* "Outlawry")
Dissent, temper of, illustrated by Dissenter's letter, 73, 18

Distress in India, causes of, 81, 16
Dithyramb, original meaning of, 73, 15 and *n.*
Dividend not expected by M. De Laval, 40, 1 *n.*
Divines, modern, 25, 3
"Dixit Insipiens," clergyman's letter according to that word, 80, 10
Dixon, Thomas, of Sunderland, the author's old friend, letter from, on rent, 67, 27; letter from, respecting the American labour league, 82, 33
Dizziness in high places, 83, 21
Docks, St. Catherine's, 12, 10
Dodona, doves of, 65, 7
Dog, and man, fight between, 48, 11
and horse at Venice, 74, 7
horse, and eagle, considered as tutors, 75, 15
madness of, 83, 24
Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins gives instructions in drawing the, 70, 8 *n.*
royal, painted by Velasquez, 66, 17
the wealth of, is his master, 70, 4 *n.*
Venetian, its love for its master, 75, 11
Dogity, religion of, with its sect of lapdogity, 69, 16
Dogs Act of 1871, brainless and brutal, 40, 15
"Dogs of the Lord," 62, 4
Doing, as St. John understands it, 81, 2
Doles at Christmas, of how little use, 61, 1
Dolgelly, four-in-hand coach from, to Barmouth, 69, 4
Dollar, "the almighty," 12, 10; worship of, *ib.*: 13, 3
engraving of Swiss, 34, 10 (Plate XIV.)
Domecq, Peter, sketch of, 56, 4–6
Domestic life, of French peasants, 17, 9; picture of, in London, 2, 19
Domestic relations, modern, satirical questions regarding, 31, 8
Doncaster, 55, 9; name of the town, whence derived, 62, 22
Donkey, present of, made to my cousin's children, 75, 17
Doré, his pictures, better see the devil than, 29, 8: 34, 8: 35, 11
his gallery in Bond Street, 61, 5 and *n.*
Doric cities, ruin of, how caused, 83, 4
Doughtie, Mr., treason of, 13, 14
Douglas, Bishop, his translation of Virgil, 61, 14
Dover, description of, in the Catechism of Kent, 27, 3
Doves, butchery of, 65, 7
Ion's and the Madonna's, 65, 8
my Scotch aunt, a dove-priestess, 65, 17
Downs, David, the author's gardener, 69, 18
Dragon, fight, real difficulty of, not so much to kill as to see him, 26, 4; a seeing creature, 26, 11
marvel of the world, 26, 10
representing spiritual enemies, natural habit of the Greek mind, 26, 10; symbol of sins and trials innumerable, 26, 6
sacred Egyptian, 26, 11
too true a creature spiritually, 26, 10
St. Theodore's, how differing from St. George's, 75, 8
Drainage, of Ardross estates, 69, 20
evils of, as adopted by modern engineers, 86, 16
modern scientific, 86, 11
prayer and, 87, 10
Drake, Sir Francis, 13, 12: 14, 1: 22, 20; his brother, John, 13, 12
Drama, Greek ideal of, 82, 15 *n.*
Drapery, sculpturesque treatment of, 78, 7
Draught of Fishes, Miraculous, its connection with Order of St. George, 68, 10
Drawing, elementary schools of, to be opened in Oxford, 9, 14; mastership of, in Oxford, 8, 9
system of, for St. George's schools, 9, 14–15: 57, 8
to be of use to others, 59, 2
Dreams, don't think a thing is done as soon as you have dreamt it, 30, 5
prophetic, 65, 18
their classes, 65, 10
Dress, letter to a good girl on, 38, 17
food, and music, spiritual uses of, 82, 23
for whose enjoyment worn, 70, 4
graceful, how rare in England, 69, 10
to be plain, 96, 4 *n.*
pretty, moral effect of, 73, 14
regulation of, 58, 18
(*See also* "Girls")
Dressmaking, 95, 22
Drink, "I was thirsty, and ye gave me;" as carried out by Christian Englishmen, 27, 10
Drummer-death, 63, 16
Drums and trumpets, 72, 4
Drunkenness, at Furness Abbey, 11, 3
how shocking to the respectable society round Drayton Park, 73, 13
and high wages, 86, 6
Drury Lane, pantomime at, 39, 6; reflections on it, 39, 7

Ducal Palace, to be built some day in Sheffield, 74, 6
Venice, its capitals, 77, 9
corner stones of, 74, 6
sculptures:—
Adam and Eve, 78, 2, 3
Angel of the planet Jupiter, 78, 2
Aristotle, 77, 9
Michael, the Archangel, 78, 3
the Moon, 78, 1
Priscian, 77, 9
Ducat of St. George's Company, 58, 14
Duddles, the, company for digging, 64, 8
Dugdale's *Monasticon*, 96, 2
Duke and Duchess, fourth order in the Feudal System, 71, 9
Duke of Sheffield, to be elected, 73, 11
Dulwich, lovely wild roses at, formerly, 46, 15; village of, squalor of its field paths on the way to Crystal Palace, 67, 19 *n.*
Duncraig House (west coast of Scotland), exemplary agriculture in its grounds, 69, 20
Dundonald, Lord, 9, 10
Duties of government—the first to feed, the second to teach, 67, 16
Dux Adriæ, south wind at Venice, 72, 1
Dyeing, 95, 21
Dying, more expensive than living, 4, 12
remonstrance by clergyman's wife against that saying, and answer to it, 10, 11
as poor as possible, one of the objects proposed to be skilfully attained by the course of the author's life, 76, 19

Eagle, horse, and dog, considered as tutors, 75, 15
Earls of Guildford, worship of, 27, 3
Earth, third article of material property, 5, 14
earth the mother, changed into earth the avenger, 5, 17
the St. George's Company have to make it fruitful, quiet, and visible, 5, 21: 16, 13
East Surrey Library and Museum Company, 70, 9
Eastern question, cause of our difficulties in the, 74, 1, 16: 87, 4, 5
Eating and drinking, pleasures of, unworthy of manly character says the brother of Robert Burns (but wrongly), 61, 20
Ecclesiastical orders of the Feudal System, 71, 10
Economy, definition of, with Frugality, 14, 9
English habit of, with respect to fine arts, 12, 21
first question of, 29, 9
human, its elementary principles lost sight of, 1, 3
of Government in the matter of books, 37, 14
of old Scottish servant Mause, 65, 17
of the son of St. George, 17, 7
public, 37, 14
spirits and tobacco and, 48, 21
(*See also* "Political Economy")
Ecstasy, how to be had, 41, 9
Edgeworth, Mr., Scott's description of, 28, 18
Edgeworth, Miss, conduct of lovers in her books, 47, 5: 91, 6
morality of, 32, 1
Irish and English children, 90, 7 *n.*
not read as she should be, 32, 23
stories by, referred to:—
Frank, 43, 5
Helen, 23, 4
Ormond and *Absentee*, 87, 2
Edinburgh, or Edwin's Burg, 25, 12: 40, 11
George's Square, mistake about, corrected, 32, 8
houses in, 27, 11
houses of the poor described, 40, 11; arrangement for taking rent from the lower orders in, 40, 10, 11; rent of air in, £2, 12s. a year for 270 cubic feet, 73, 3
inhabitants of, called worse than heathen by Charlemagne, 25, 12
new town of, 1, 4: 31, 6 *n.*: 32, 8; the author's views respecting, appear strange to some persons, 62, 21
peculiar effect of its air on disposition to self-esteem, 70, 1
Editor and edification, 51, 15
Educated classes, relations of, to uneducated in theatre, 61, 6; educated people, to share their thoughts and labours with uneducated, 95, 8
Education, consists essentially in learning to do our work, 2, 15
first analysis of qualities of, 4, 2; developed, 8, 10: 9, 2, 8
in the St. George's Company, what kind to be given, 8, 10: 9, 8, 11, 19; of the common people of England, how undertaken by, 67, 12; author's scheme of, 94 and 95
adult provincial, present method of, 75, 17

Education, agricultural, the highest possible for men and women, the design of these Letters, 37, 6
bodily, for a girl, 33, 4
central statement of its needs, 67, 19
conditions and labour necessary to provide the means for, 56, 15
difficulties of the School Board therein, on the hypothesis of there being no God, 77, 1
ecclesiastical idea of, 25, 3
essential points in, 37, 8; essence of it in music properly understood, 82, 18
elements of, necessary to all, 95, 5
end of all right, for a woman, 33, 15
first principles of noble, opposed by infidel mob, 57, 3
future methods of, 56, 17
has to begin, the author's as well as the reader's, 47, 15
meaning of, 94, 6 *n.*
modern, provisions for, 12, 18; modern political, the great Savoir Mourir, 5, 14; the only thing hitherto taught by the upper classes to the lower, to pull each other's hair, 2, 18; requirements of justice in, 9, 4
modern competitive, 71, 21
moral, its beginning, 94, 6
natural, in farm service, 61, 7
nobility of, 25, 13
of children of St. Matthias' school, 30, 9
of girls—the two modern disgraces, separation of classes and waste, 79, 16
of princes, 12, 21
of rural labourers, 69, 20
of the heart, the beginning of all, 49, 3
of Sir Walter Scott, 31, 23
of Scott's mother, 33, 3
one main purpose of the, the author wants his friends of the Black Country to seek, 12, 32
Persian, under Magi, 12, 19
Plato's general plan of, conceived only for masters, not for servants, 82, 8; his main definition of, 82, 17
practical, to do what is useful, 25, 3
real, begins in washing, 73, 14
religious and secular, 50, 2, 3
to be rough for the rough and smooth for the smooth, 82, 9
when it begins, 33, 7
Edward I., monument of, by the Solway, with what ceremonies honoured, 70, 17
Edward III., 14, 1: 54, 25
fighting under captainship, 25, 16
his quartering, 25, 9
Edward III., becoming doubtful, 25, 23
his behaviour to his prisoners after the siege of Calais, 25, 21
his fighting, rightness of, not discussed, 25, 21
his first interview with Alice of Salisbury, 25, 23
rides to help Alice of Salisbury, 31, 10
Edward, Thomas, of Inverness, reference to life of, 75, 14 *n.*
Eels, law concerning, in Florence, 38, 15
Egbert, trained by Charles, 25, 12
first king of all England, *ib.*
grandfather of Alfred, *ib.*
recovers the throne of the West Saxons, *ib.*
Eggs, sour, of German peahen, 65, 5
Egypt, 64, 1: 65, 12; her bondage, 64, 2, 3
Egyptians, scribes, 64, 9
sculpture, St. George's enforcement of modern work in manner of, 69, 23
worship of the, 26, 12
wisdom of, in education, 82, 19
Elbœuf, miserable huts in, 88, 12
Eldin, Lord, anecdote of his economical dinner, 38, 11 *n.*
Elect, the real, beyond the horizon of Monte Viso, 76, 12
Elections, English, manner of conducting, 62, 24
Elements, astonishment of them promised at Venice, and means employed to produce that impression upon them, 77, 15
Eleutheria, meaning of, 62, 15
Elizabeth of England, 13, 13
Elocution, to be taught in schools, 95, 10
Eloquence, instruction in the art of, not education, 49, 4
Elysian Fields, 6, 5
Embroidery by old woman at Brighton, 68, 27
Emerson, his bas-relief of St. George, 26, 5
his true instincts of heroism, 26, 6
Boston Hymn quoted, 89, 14
English Traits, extract from, on St. George, 26, 5
Emigration, Spartan views of, 82, 2
Emperor and Empress, the sixth order in the Feudal System, 71, 9
Emperor Napoleon, Republicans paralysed by, 10, 9
Employers, beneficent persons, if real, 2, 5; nevertheless not essential to working men, 22, 13

Employers, ideal of wise employment given by Marmontel, 17, 9
Engineers, 59, 15: 64, 8; death of, by bursting of a boiler, 62, 25
Engine-work, substituted for labourers, 78, 23
England, beggary and poverty of, 1, 2: 4, 10
clergy responsible for the state of, 55, 2
description of, by a gentleman of Manchester, 79, 7, 8
distress in, popular remedy for, 1, 8
existing population a mob of traitors, 62, 5
her lying trade, 58, 9
how despised in America, 42, 4; that it deserves little care is now fatally true, *ib.*
inevitable ruin in store for, 50, 12
is big enough as it is, 69, 3
map of, how little changed since Conquest, 3, 8
official statement of the condition of, at the commencement of *Fors*, by Mr. Goschen, 48, 21; press extracts on, *ib.*
pilotless and blind, 72, 1
present and future influence of, 42, 4
prosperity of, how composed, 61, 2
railroads in, 1, 4
results of national prosperity in its threatened ruin, 50, 12
ruin of, by the "Amusia" of her Cavaliers and Puritans, 83, 6
sources of her prosperity passing away, 78, 19
state of, examined in a broad light, 44, 10
English, the, brag of, 42, 7
dull in decorative art, 52, 13
language, good and bad, discussion of, 11, 2
sepulchral work compared with Italian, 52, 13
Engraving and printing, relations of, 78, 3
Engravings for St. George's Museum, 59, 9, 16
Enigmas, venomous, the words of the Bible become, to base readers, 68, 3
Enoch, lost prophecy of, 77, 2
Epaulettes, idolatry of, 65, 7
Ephesians, St. Paul's Epistle to, 4th chapter to be learned by heart, 77, 3
Ephesus, address to the Church of, 84, 18, 20
Ephron, the Hittite, his field, 65, 9
Episcopacy, principal summary of statements respecting, 62, 2
(*And see under* "Bishops")
Epitaph, in *Punch* on the Bishop of Winchester and Baron Bethell, 42, 9; on the squires, 45, 6
Equality, 42, 9; the idea of, monstrous, and the reality untenable, 9, 4: 14, 4
Equity and Iniquity, 9, 4
Erectheium, the home of Athenian thought, 62, 16
Error, confession of, our duty without accusation of others, 70, 11
Eshcol, vale of, 65, 9
Eternity, symbol of, how arrived at, 23, 11
Ethiopia, 64, 1: 65, 12; merchandise of, 64, 1
Etruria, breeding of, 62, 15
Etruscan, Leucothea, photograph of, 64, 17
Ettrick and Tweed Rivers, junction of, 92, 12
Euphemy, the speaking good of all things, the contrary of blasphemy, and Nurse of Muses, 83, 13
Europe, history of, three elementary ideas on the, 15, 6
Evangelicalism, 53, 10; author's dislike of, 55, 3
Evangelicals, 63, 17: 81, 2
author influenced by, 40, 9: 46, 3
do not understand in the least the 14th Psalm, 35, 3
interpretation of "out of the mouth of children and sucklings," 53, 10
never read the 15th Psalm, 35, 3
only read the bits of the Bible they like, 35, 3
refuse to practise Bible precepts if against their money interests, *ib.*
self-worship and hell-worship, 41, 4
Evenings at Home, "Eyes and No Eyes," 95, 13
Evil, the author's way of resisting, 49, 15
Evilstone, the old Knight of, 69, 2
Evolution, theory of, tested by the Elgin Theseus, 66, 10
Examinations, modern competitive, 71, 21 (*see also* "Competitive")
Exchange, definition of, by the Secretary to the Social Science Meeting, 45, 14
mere, profits nobody, 45, 15
no root of profit, 82, 5 *n.*
Exchanges of land, in aid of peasants, 21, 20
Exchequer, present (1871) Chancellor of, his speech to civil engineers, 6, 5

Excommunication, 12, 9
Excursions to the French battle-fields, 41, 4
Execution, two forms of public, 13, 11 *seq.*: 15, 1; of innocent persons, annual, in English trade, 82, 4
Exercise, must be primarily useful, 67, 18
Exile, when and why to be nobly endured, 78, 16
Expenditure of upper classes, how limited, 1, 10
Export trade, national, must not be of manufactures for food, 67, 18 and *n.*
Eyes, light of, how given, 6, 7
  arrangement of, in flat fish, typical of republican insight, 10, 19
  blessed and accursed state of, 20, 10, 11, 16
Ezzelin, on Paduan massacre, 93, 5

Facts against the author, he never flinches from stating, 31, 6 *n.*
Failing, remarks on mercantile credit, 26, 1
Failures, commercial, in America, 81, 22
Fair friends, the author's, questioned (and, *N.B.*, make no reply!), 80, 8
Fair-ladies, description of a home so called by the author, 29, 8
Faith, by or in, substituted for "without doubting," 25, 20
  Abram's, 65, 6
  essentially a matter of will, 87, 13
  first step to, a hearty desire to believe, 71, 6
  in God's sayings to ourselves, 65, 6
  in our fellow-creatures, the first necessary, 67, 13
  in what degree of, Carpaccio painted, questionable, 71, 3
  nascent forms of, 92, 9
  of saints and prophets, 92, 9
  personal, 12, 3
  power of, 87, 3, 12–13
  without works, better buried as well as dead, 45, 19
  [For Ruskin's note on the sense in which he uses the word "Faith," see Vol. XXVII. p. 347 *n.*]
Fall of Man, symbolism of, at Venice, 74, 6
Fallacy in his teaching discovered by the author at Assisi, 76, 5
False shame, the devil's pet weapon, 46, 14
Fame of others, not his own, the object of the author's life-work, 67, 12
Families, of St. George, to be cheerful and honest, obedient and God-fearing, 37, 6; higher classes preferred, *ib.*
Famine, in the event of a national, commissariat officers to starve first, 38, 10
  in India, 40, 5; notes on, 83, 25
Fancy rising towards faith, stages of, 92, 9
Farm, in Switzerland or Bavaria, fifty years ago, 44, 8
  at Thun, *ib.*
  the author's country friend's, how useful to him, 69, 12
  labour on, not inconsistent with refined pleasure, 61, 20
Farm labourers, in England, and on the Continent, 89, 6
Farmers, none who teach their servants, and why, 61, 7
Farming in U.S.A., 85, 13
Fasting, the time come for, 61, 6
Fate, law of, 3, 2; retribution and, their relations, *ib.*
Father, a, left dead by his son, 61, 4
  author's, 46, 4
    his ideas of business, 10, 6
    his appreciation of art, 10, 7
    where buried, and why, 70, 9
Father-laws of Greece, or Guardian Law (*comp.* the Mother-laws of Venice), 80, 8, 9
Fathers, their relations with their daughters, 90, 4
Faust, speech of Mephistopheles on the Emperor's paper money, 53, 7; the good teaching in, how corrupted, 82, 20
Fawcett, Professor, challenged to maintain his account of the theory of interest, 22, 8; without answer, 78, 13
  his account of profits, 11, 8; of landed property, 22, 14
  his apologies for usury, 18, 15
Fawkes, Walter, Esq., of Farnley, his Turner collection, 73, 4
Feathers, Prince of Wales', 28, 9; ostrich, meaning of, *ib.*
Fee, physician's, its analogy to the price of books implied, 14, 14; defended, 15, 20; disputed, 16, 12
Fellowship, not to be held with works of darkness, 63, 5; if refused with the disobedient, what will follow, 63, 7
Ferro, Casa, at Venice, author's sketch of, 72, 1
Festival, a modern Arcadian, 5, 11: 6, 6

Feudal System, the Seven Orders of, 71, 9
Feudalism, Christian, when first definitely organised, 15, 7
Fiction, works of, supply defect of imagination in common minds, 34, 6
Fides Catholica, in Lombardic writing, 64, 16; nobler than Athanasius, 64, 17
Fielding, Henry, description of clergymen by, 51, 21
Fields, Elysian, 6, 5; the Potter's, 6, 6
Fighting, modern British, compared with that at Calais, 25, 18
  rightness of Edward III.'s, not discussed, 25, 21
  with dogs, 48, 12
Figs, decayed, sold on quay of Venice, 20, 4
  boy with basket of, in Venice, why noteworthy, 74, 6
  special laws concerning, 74, 10
Filth, abolition of, process of education, 67, 19
Finance, arts of (*see* "France")
Financial art, modern, 44, 2
Fine art, 28, 8
Fine-lady friends, the author's, their resignation, 64, 8
Fines, small amount of, in Sparta, 82, 2
Fires, why the poor cannot afford, 73, 4
Fire-shovel, author discovers use of holes in, 61, 1
Fireside, too costly, 27, 14; not a patent stove, 31, 17
Firmament, ordinance of, 75, 3
Fish, in Florence, not to be re-sold, 38, 2
  selling must be done by gentlemen, 38, 7
  shoals of, like shining continents, 38, 3
  to fill the waters with, a celestial work, 46, 10
  trade in, described by correspondents, 38, 4: 40, 12
    big men in the conduct of, 38, 4
    Columbia market a failure, 38, 4 and *n.*
    result of independent action of the fishermen, 38, 4
Fisher-girl, bravery and endurance of, 64, 25
Fishing, on Columbia River, letters giving account of, 68, 13 *seq.*
Fishmongers destroying fish, 88, 4
Fisk, Col., 15, 15, 16: 16, 2; canonised in America, 26, 6
Fleming, Mr. Albert, revival of spinning industry by, 95, 22
Flesh and Spirit, their eternal distinction, 72, 7
Fleur de Lys, what it is, 25, 9
Flite, Miss (*see under* "Dickens")
Flogging, an Egyptian art, 64, 4
Floods, proposed control of, in Italy, 19, 7–10, 14
  management of, H. Willett quoted on, 85, 6
  means for preventing destructive effects of, in Alpine regions, 85, 14; causes of increase in, 86, 12; misery caused by, *ib.*
Florence, history of, how important, 8, 10: 18, 11
  art in, 600 years ago, 37, 1
  baptistery of, 15, 17
  her liberal opinions according to learned authors, 46, 1
  her opinion of Church and State, *ib.*
  laws of, to be obeyed in St. George's Company, 37, 11: 38, 1
  modern, degradation of, 49, 14
  negotiation of Florentines with England, 15, 13
  present state of, 21, 5, 6
Florin, new, examination of, 25, 9
  ancient Florentine engraving of, 25, 16
  of St. George, 58, 14
Flounces, 12, 6
"Flourish" in writing, meaning of word, 62, 15
Flowers, the wedding garment of plants, 5, 6; their protest against being sheltered with soot instead of snow, 81, 21
Foliage, treatment of, in sculpture, 77, 10
Folly, maximum of, reached in modern England, 4, 12: 5, 3
  the month of, 4, 4
  natural overflow of, limited, even in newspapers, 73, 5
  not to be shot flying only, but nailed to the barn-door, 73, 2
  the particular kinds of, which lead youths to become clergymen, 49, 6
Food, only to be got out of the ground, 30, 8, a fact stated early by the author at Oxford, 68, 10; food, fuel, and clothes, only so to be got, 67, 16; must be got by manual labour, on pain of death, *ib.*
  abundance of, in the world, 38, 10
  a certain quantity of, paid in the form of rent and taxes, 44, 10
  generally rising in price throughout England, 67, 27

Food, importation of, debases a nation, 67, 18
prices of, regulate all other prices, 38, 11
question, 44, 15
sale of, how to be regulated, 73, 9; only to be got from the ground, air, or sea, 93, 7
supply, 81, 10
those who produce, the masters of those who buy, 44, 9, 15
Fools, Heaven in no sense merciful to, 42, 10
amiableness of, not to be regarded, but the fool got out of the way with all speed, 81, 12
should be called so, 81, 12
Footstool, the author charged £5 for a, 44, 11: 76, 18
Forbes, his book on glaciers, 34, 17: 43, 16
Force, to be worshipped, 13, 3
Forcing, vegetables, a vile and gluttonous habit, 46, 15
Ford and bridge, difference between, 32, 14
Fords, give names to half the prettiest towns and villages, 32, 14; Scottish fords, the happiest pieces of all one's day's walk, *ib.*
Foresters, ancient meaning of the word, 17, 7 and *n.*
Forests, destruction of, in Alpine regions, 85, 14
Forgetfulness, the only flower round the English labouring woman's life, 80, 6
Fornication, true meaning of, 61, 16
Fors, the three, courage, patience, fortune, 16, 13 *n.*; the third, orders the contents of these Letters, 3, 3: 15, 14: 30, 6; power of, 40, 1
Fors Clavigera—
contents and purpose:—
plan of, 6, 3
gist of, 6, 1: 43, 11; its general objects (with references to former statements of them), 67, 15; general purpose and intended conclusion of, 78, 14; résumé of assertions on the evils of the day, 84, 14
art instruction given in, 57, 10
asserts a code of laws, 85, 4
criticism in *Spectator* on, 85, 4
general directions to readers, 66, 24
mosaic work, the Letters more useful as they go on, 36, 2
spirit of, 50, 1, 2
teaching on education, 95, 8
Fors Clavigera (*continued*)—
contents and purpose:—
true and positive, 43, 1
accusing work of, warning functions of, 87, 1; now to close (1877), 81, 10; main work henceforth to be constructive, 84, 13
Second Series, subjects of, 84, 13: 85, 1; addressed to a wider circle of readers, 85, 2
sum of its teaching exemplified in life of Signora Maria Zanchetta, 96, 5
price:—
of the publication, how estimated, 6, 3: 11, 18
raised and frontispiece withdrawn—reasons for this, 37, 12: 38, 13
unreasonably objected to, 67, 10 *n.*
publication, notice concerning, 27, 17; objections of bookselling trade to, 14, 14; copies must now be bought by editors and others, 38, 16
style:—
autobiographical and personal elements, distinct from author's teaching, 88, 6, 7
desultoriness of, 85, 1; inevitable, 50, 1
perfect example of it, 54, 14 and *n.*
reasons for, 6, 3
too much pains taken with, in the later years of it, 82, 7
title:—
explanation of its meaning, 2, 2: 43, 1: 73, 2
titles of separate Letters, when given, 90, 1
Fortune in purchases, always adverse to the author, 76, 18
evil, how represented by Shakespeare, 83, 9
good, 40, 1 and *n.*
how you may make or mar your, 43, 1
rapidly acquired, ill-acquired, 59, 15
Foundations, must be wide as well as deep, 80, 8 *n.*
Fowler, Henry the, 15, 6
Fox, George, in Scotland, 31, 12
Franc, remarks on, 43, 15
France, chief causes which have brought misery on, 6, 7
enthusiastically lends her money to herself, and enthusiastically taxes herself to pay the interest, 8, 3, 4
forgetfulness of her royal house, 6, 6

France, final resignation of, in George III.'s time, 25, 9
(and Italy) degradation of all great cities in, 49, 14
Franchise, picture of, from the *Romance of the Rose*, 43, 7; corrupted form of, from a French novel, 43, 8
(*See also* "Freedom")
Francis, St., 41, 9
Frankness, freedom of heart, not freedom of insolence, 43, 7
in exposure of our affairs, how serviceable, 76, 16
to what extent inculcated in St. George's Company, 77, 5
St. Ursula's, 77, 7
with our parents and with God, 77, 7
Fraser, Dr., 56, 25 (*see also under* "Bishops"—Manchester)
Fraud and force, support of, by English press, 73, 5; noble and ignoble, 80, 17
Fraud and Taxation, views of the *Pall Mall Gazette* concerning, 44, 2
Free Companies, singular use of the word "free" by, 15, 10 and *n.*
Free Trade, principle of, 1, 10
Freedom, 28, 2; or Franchise, 46, 12
of English electors, 3, 3, 4
of ground and heart, how attainable, 79, 1
of Italian burghers, 14, 6
meaning of in Persia (unexplained), 12, 19
Free-thinking persons, their Eclectic Hall and leaders therein, 62, 21
"Freits (omens) follow those who look to them," 92, 6
French girl, story of a, 29, 13
character, 40, 7; described by Bismarck, 43, 4; remarks thereon, 43, 5
of the twelfth century, 43, 11
readers, advice to, 43, 10
servant, 48, 8
Frenchman, to hate a, Nelson's notion of duty, 25, 9
Fret (Greek ornament), use of, 23, 9; meaning of, 23, 10
Friday, Robinson Crusoe's, conversion of, 68, 9
Friedrich I. of Prussia, his economies, 3, 3; his father an evangelical divine, 40, 6
Friedrich II. of Germany, 14, 6: 15, 1
Friends, the author still retains power of sympathy with his, 37, 3
this not reciprocal, *ib.*
the author's, disappointing to him, and why, 70, 1
Friends, circular advice to the author's, 80, 13
Frogs, modern examination of, 64, 4
Froissart, extract from, describing English army before the battle of Crecy, 4, 10
his account of the fight and supper at Calais, 25, 17; no fault of his if you don't enjoy it, *ib.*
his account of the meeting of Edward III. and Alice of Salisbury, 31, 10
Froude, J. A., his opinion of Hakluyt, 13, 12
author's criticism of his work, 33, 9 *seq.*
his proper work, 83, 19
his sketch of the life of Bishop Hugo, 43, 11
History of England quoted, 87, 14
passage quoted from, on Tyndale's translation of the Bible, 76, 22
The Influence of the Reformation on Scottish Character, to be read, 40, 8
Frugality, definition of, with economy, 14, 9: 62, 8
Fruit, Persian, etc., at Venice, 74, 12; distribution of, 81, 10
Fruiterers, laws regulating their trade at Venice, 74, 10
Fruits, out of season, diabolic work, 46, 10, 15
Fucci, Vanni, his punishment in Dante's *Inferno*, 72, 9
Fuel-company, letter to the author from a cheap, 36, 13
Fund, St. George's (*see* "George, St.")
Funds, mystery of the British, 4, 8
Furies, the, 24, 13
Furness Abbey, 11, 3: 18, 5
Furrows, the first engraving, 64, 13
"Fury," use of the word in the New Testament, 77, 3; illustrated at Venice, 77, 15
Furze, use of it in hedges against wind, 69, 1

GABORIAU, Emile, extracts from novels of, 43, 10–12
Galignani, pleasant news in that journal, 77, 13
Galileo, his scientific influence, 67, 11
Gambolling, the author's, not purposeless, 62, 1
Gaols, decorative use of, in England, 6, 8, 10
Gardening, effects of glory on, 5, 17 *n.*
Gardens, modern English enjoyment of, 24, 23; their importance in Christian life, 12, 30

Gardens, the use of, ought to be in their vegetables, 46, 15
Sir Duncan Campbell's, at Barcaldine, management of fruit-trees in, 69, 20
Garibaldi, 1, 5: 3, 7: 7, 5: 40, 8; character and failures of, 76, 14
Gasometer, heaven only a large, 41, 7
Gasteropodæ, English name of, 63, 18
Genesis, book of, 41, 6
abstract of, begins, 61, 11
15th chapter of, analysed, 65, 1
nursery tales of mightiest men, *ib.*: 43, 5
Geneva, north suburb of, 1, 4
Gentility, false notions of, 24, 26
Gentlemen, how distinguished from churls, 41, 1, 2
average English, never wilful hypocrites, 49, 7
education of, must first essentially be by three animal companions, 75, 15
English, how little St. George asks of them, and how easily they can do it, 49, 3
Greek, how educated, 82, 10, 13
St. George, a type of, 25, 23
Gentleness, meaning of, by the author, 41, 1
among the first graces, 63, 9
of chivalry, 9, 11
Geoffrey, Bishop, son of Fair Rosamond, 3, 9
Geoffrey of Chargny at Calais, account of, 25, 16
Geography, how taught in elementary schools, 95, 15
Geology, the author's interest in, 34, 13
Geometry, how to be taught in St. George's School, 39, 2; (earth-measuring) lessons in, 52, 17
George, St., type of a Christian gentleman, 25, 23; not merely one, but a symbol of Knights innumerable, 26, 6
the Arian bishop, killed A.D. 361, 26, 7; the real, martyred A.D. 290, *ib.*
beginning of his work, 69, 2
Carpaccio's description of, 26, 4
Historie of, by Peter Heylyn, 1631, 26, 7; remarks on, 26, 8; his speech to the Senate, 26, 8; beheaded, 26, 8
a husbandman, 26, 10
his arrangements for land have long been practised in some countries, 69, 4
his first rule as applied to children is not inapplicable to parents, 68, 1
his message to the Catholic Bishop of Liverpool, 77, 14
George St., his work, separate—protesting against the evil of the day, 84, 13
interested in crocuses, 25, 23
knows field flowers, 28, 14
modern literature respecting, as unsatisfactory as modern art, 20, 5
of England and Venice, does not bear his sword for his own interest, nor in vain, 74, 16
on a modern pound, good die cutting of, 26, 3; on coins of George III. and George IV. compared, *ib.* n.; Pistrucci's, 26, 4
opinions of, touching Master, Lord, and King, 80, 2
religious laws underlying his active work, 76, 4
with St. Michael, calls together a body of believers in God, 62, 4
George, St., Company of:—
first proposed, 5, 21: 8, 9, 10
constitution, and further plans, 9, 2, 12, 16: 11, 23: 17, 6; state of (1872), 24, 25; Memorandum and Statutes of, 55, 7; terms of constitution, 58, 22; germ of, 60, 9; formally constituted (Jan. 1, 1876), 61, 17: 67, 1; tenths, required from members of, 5, 19: 17, 6: 42, 16: 65, 22: 67, 21: 70, 14: 75, 18: 80, 12: 88, 16
accounts (*see* "George, St., Fund of")
authority of the Master, and obedience due to him, 67, 13
agricultural life, its plan, 48, 9: 95, 2
animal food for, 58, 17
books for,—system of art instruction—purchasable works for, 57, 7: 58, 19
creed for persons received into, 57, 3: 58, 2; belief in the nobleness of human nature, 91, 4
Companions and Retainers, 58, 6, 22: 60, 7; companions sign vow of obedience to the Law and the Prophets, 62, 7; companions to be givers, not receivers, 93, 7; three ranks of, 63, 2. (*See also* "Companions")
design of, how wide, and therefore how feasible, 49, 1
difficulty of holding land under, 89, 12
dress, 58, 18
few women have joined, 45, 19
first rule of, "to do good work whether you live or die," 46, 8
ground with cottages given to, 50, 17
is to have no secrets, 62, 17

George, St., Company of: *Continued*:—
is not a company for getting money, but giving it, 19, 2, 4, 5. [For a note added here by Ruskin, see Vol. XXVII. p. 323 *n.*]
is not a refuge for the distressed, 63, 1
its care over its members, 79, 4
its action for help of British peasantry, 85, 2
landlords, 58, 7
laws, 58, 5 and *n.*
metallic currency, 58, 14
Master and Marshals, 58, 6, 22
monasticism not asked by, 59, 2
members of, initials of first Companions, 61, 17; list of, 93, 1, 11
not a new thing, nor design, 78, 9
necessity for more energetic action by the Master, 49, 16
objects of, 58, 3 and *n.*
openness of business in, 62, 4
public and domestic treasuries of, 59, 6
practical obedience to Masters required, 60, 9 *n.*
raft-making amid irrevocable wreck, 50, 12
reasons for hoping it success, 9, 13
,, for its name, 17, 6
real secret of its strength, 72, 16
settlers, 37, 8
standard of value, 58, 13
store of, 58, 12
tenants, 37, 6
trustees of, 9, 16: 11, 5: 48, 23: 55, 7, 8: 66, 18: 67, 20: 78, 17: 79, 14: 80, 12: 81, 14
vow of, 2, 22: 5, 20
young ladies in, to colour engravings, 50, 14
George, St., Fund of:—
author's gift to, 5, 20, 21: 8, 9: 12, 1
accounts of, 24, 25: 36, 16: 48, 23: 49, 21: 50, 18: 62, 19: 63, 23: 64, 21, 22: 65, 22, 27: 66, 19: 67, 21: 68, 12: 69, 17: 70, 13: 71, 15, 16: 72, 12: 73, 16: 74, 17: 75, 18: 76, 15: 78, 17: 79, 14: 80, 12: 81, 14: 86, 13
subscriptions to, 19, 18: 24, 25: 36, 1, 16: 38, 19: 42, 16: 48, 1, 23: 49, 21: 50, 18: 56, 19: 62, 19: 64, 21: 65, 22: 66, 18: 74, 17: 77, 11: 79, 14: 80, 12, 20: 81, 14: 86, 13, 18
no contributions to, from Miss Hill's disciples, 86, 18
George, St., Museum of, Sheffield, germ of, 56, 19; curator appointed, 62, 19
engravings for, 59, 9, 16
land for, 60, 7
George, St., Museum of, MS. of Bible in, 86, 1
new site for, 93, 2
proposed enlargement, 88, 17
situation of, why at Sheffield, 59, 9–11
to contain natural history of the neighbourhood, and of geology and flora of Derbyshire, 56, 19
George, St., Schools, music and dancing taught in, 57, 7
subjects to be taught in, 94, 2, 5
three R's not to be taught in, 94, 2
(*See also* "Arithmetic," "Botany," "Education")
Germain, St., 2, 18
Germans, character of the, 40, 7: 43, 4; temper of the, frightful in its naïve selfishness, *ib.*
Germany, new political party in, 87, 15
Gerusia, Spartan tribunal, judgments of, 82, 2
Ghosts, 63, 10
Gift, the need of, to the poor, without gain per cent. thereon, 82, 24
Giles's, St., Church Lane, impossibility of keeping it clean, 48, 3
Giotto, a painter for mean price, 6, 12
author's teacher, with Galileo, 67, 11
Cimabue, and Angelico, worshippers of an invisible truth, 76, 7
enormous real intellectual strength of, 76, 9
pictures by:—
Charity, 7, frontispiece, and 7, 17. [For Ruskin's note added here, see Vol. XXVII. p. 130 *n.*]
Envy, 6, frontispiece, and 12, 13
Hope, 5, frontispiece
Justice, 11, frontispiece, and 14
Injustice, 10, frontispiece, and 18
Marriage of St. Francis to Poverty, 41, 10: 45, 18
Girdlestone, Mr. E. D., his pamphlet on economy, 63, 22
on luxury, 64, 19 *n.*
notice of his pamphlet by Mr. Dixon, 67, 27
Girl, little, with large shoes, 37, 1
(draper's machinist), piety of, and other relative matters, 83, 22
pupil, letter from, asking what is to be done about town children, 65, 26
Girls:—
dress, 12, 6; letter on, 38, 17
have a moral right to be educated for self-maintenance, 56, 21

Girls: *Continued:*—
Letter to Young Girls, **65**, 24; concluded, **66**, 24; reason for separate publication, **68**, 1
picture of some of them from *Daily Telegraph*, **29**, 10
2000 apply at the Post Office for eleven places, *ib.*
white, with titles, price of, **4**, 7
(*See also* "American")
Girl-wealth of British nation, **90**, 6
Glaciers, **34**, 11–17
only one step in the knowledge of, made in forty years, **34**, 13
movement of, explained, **34**, 14: **35**, 13: **43**, 16
sketch of, **34**, 21: **35**, 13–15
newspaper account of the battle of the, **43**, 16
Gladiatorial exhibitions, signs of declining national honour, **48**, 12
Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., on "negative systems," **57**, 2 *n.*; author's rash judgment of, **57**, 2; on the Eastern question, **87**, 4; on Montenegro, **89**, 9
Glasgow, public buildings of, **16**, 12; number of hours counted as a week's work at, **62**, 25
Glass pockets, the members of St. George's Society are to have, **8**, 8: **62**, 17
Gluttony in literature, **61**, 15
Goblins, work done by, **5**, 10, 11
God, existence of, not chemically demonstrable, **71**, 6
His care for mankind, **77**, 1
is not a worse worker than man, **76**, 1
of England, what kind of Person to be ascertained, **76**, 11
the substance and sum of property, **70**, 7
Gods, **5**, 9: **6**, 6
angels, heroes, and, the order of beings in Greek worship, **70**, 8
and their children, Egyptian sacrifices to, **82**, 19
the existence of, known to divinely minded men, **82**, 7
God-daughter, the author's, letter from, **68**, 27
Goethe, botanical discovery made by, **5**, 6; abuse of his teaching, **82**, 20
(*See also* "*Faust*")
Gold, pedigree of, **16**, 9, 10
all vices summed in the simple acceptance of the authority of, **36**, 7
and silver, lust for, in Plato's Greece and Carlyle's England—just come to the same phase, **82**, 34
in the land of Havilah, **62**, 11
Gold, of ancient womanhood, ductile and silent, **66**, 12
of the Bible, only to be got by hard crushing, **66**, 6
Goldwin Smith, Professor, his desire for the improvement of the lower orders, **78**, 4
on the rich consuming the means of living of the poor, **60**, 6
his speech on returning from America to Reading, **78**, 19
his statement concerning English "opulence," **79**, 8
opinions of, **81**, 11
Good Friday, author's recollection of hot-cross buns, **53**, 1
at the Crystal Palace, **24**, 7
1876, bad weather on, **65**, 13
Good things and bad, **50**, 3
Good-humour, an easy virtue under favourable conditions, **3**, 12; of Cœur de Lion, **3**, 12
Goodness and badness, essential qualities in different persons: the good only to be taken pains with, the bad let alone, at least until we have more force, **9**, 4
Goodwin, John, his books burned with Milton's, **15**, 14
Goose, the author knows one by the look, **67**, 25
Goose pie, receipt for, **25**, 2
not economical, a friend thinks, **27**, 14
economy of, **35**, 10: **48**, 11
Gordon, the Rev. Osborne, author's old friend, corrects error about Rahab, **66**, 26
Goschen, Mr., article in *Spectator* on speech of, **4**, 9
his naval authority, **23**, 1
on national prosperity, **50**, 12
on the state of England, **48**, 21
Gospel, modern, what truth and what pestilent evil is in it, **42**, 10
only two possible forms of, **56**, 23
preaching it for hire, **51**, 20
Gospel message to Christians, the three divisions of, **81**, 3
Gotthelf, Jeremias, author of the *Mirror of Peasants*, **30**, 1 *seq.*
in sympathy with Pope and Fielding, and pure as Wordsworth, **34**, 10
his *Bernese Stories*, **62**, 8 (*see also* "Broom Merchant")
his *Schnitzfritz*, **62**, 8
his novel of *Ulric*, **61**, 7, 13; heroine, Freneli, a farm-servant, **91**, 4
Gould, *Birds of England*, his wonderful plates, **51**, 23

Government, 3, 3
a worthless nation capable of none, 13, 9
any form of it will work if the men in it are good, and none if they are bad, 67, 16
cannot be instantly constructed, 1, 6
duties of, 67, 16; defined at last in America, 81, 22
modern civilised, is merely an apparatus for collecting and spending money, 67, 3
must attend first to the back streets, 67, 17
Grace before meat, carols of, 50, 13
Grammar (the general word for literature), only to be taught to youths for three years, 82, 16; use of, in education, 95, 5 and *n.*
Grammars, three, of Natural History, the author employed on, 67, 12
Grandfather, the author's, his severe punishment of falsehood, 46, 2; his death, 46, 3
Grandmother, the author's paternal, 63, 11
Grange to Carnforth, author's journey from, 69, 5
Grant Duff, Mr., his opinions on the British army, 14, 5: 15, 9, 12; on riches and intelligence, 14, 2
Graphic, The, its views on the subject of perdition, 8, 6 and *n.*
man with boots on it, 69, 7
the moral of him, 69, 10
the British public virtually all day long with its boots on it, *ib.*
what the real worth of art in, 69, 14
Grass in May, 14, 7
Gray, Dr., of British Museum, 52, 19
Greece, artistic perception and skill of, 27, 12
Italy and, traditions of, how necessary to their art, 79, 6
Greek manuscript given for lesson in writing, 61, 9
Greeks, type of Japhetic race, 62, 12; surrounded by beautiful things, why or how, 79, 7
Greenbank, St. Helens, Fors sends a cheering piece of news concerning, 77, 13
Green-head-ghyll, Michael of the, 12, 17
Greenhouses, girls advised to have nothing to do with, 46, 15
Greg, Mr., challenged by *Fors* without answer, 78, 12
defends the luxury of the rich, 60, 6
his false economy, 61, 6
Grenier d'Abondance, ruins of, at Paris, 17, 7, 10
Grenville, Sir Richard, 9, 10
Grey, Lady Jane, 35, 9, 11; reading Plato, 54, 21
Grief, a divine trial, according to Plato, 70, 11
Grisette, modern, corruption of Franchise, 43, 8; description of a French, *ib.*
Grocers' shops, magazines of petroleum, 45, 10
Grosvenor Gallery, system of, examined, 79, 10
"Guarded," use of the word in the New Testament, 77, 3
Guards, British Horse, their use, 19, 3
Gunpowder, effect of, on society, 15, 7
not a sacred farina, 12, 13
not to be manufactured under any compulsion, 7, 16
Guns, Armstrong, 29, 8, 9
Guy, John, important letter from, on St. George's work, 78, 23; manner of working land, 85, 9
Guy Fawkes, his life, how generally resembled, 77, 6

Hail on Good Friday (1876), judicial? 66, 1
Hair, treatment of, in sculpture, 77, 10
of Athena, symbolism in the manner of its representation, 78, 5
Hair-dresser, the author's, sum paid by him for house rent, what it might have done for him, 68, 6
Hakluyt, Richard, his naval history, 13, 12
Hale White, Mr. W., admirable letter by, on house-building, 75, 23
Haliburton, Barbara, heraldry of her shield, 33, 11
Hall, Mr. S. C., 54, 13
Halsey, Joseph, letter to author, 60, 8
Ham, posterity of, 61, 12; fully mapped out, 64, 1
last destruction of his power, "good tidings on the mountains," 65, 15 (*see also* "Shem")
Handiwork shall be taught to St. George's boys, 48, 10
Handwriting, 16, 7: 59, 6: 61, 8: 64, 16: 66, 16: 83, 6: 94, 7 (*see also* "Writing")
Hansard, Rev. Septimus, Rector of Bethnal Green, his pluck and self-devotion, 51, 15; letters on his ministrations to poor of London, 54, 26
Hanwell, qualification for, how it begins, 48, 2
Happiness, only to be got out of honesty, 30, 8

Happiness, and counter-happiness, 34, 2
only attained in thirst for the presence of a Divine King, 53, 11
Happy face, not one among seven or eight hundred people, 69, 10
Hardiknute, 32, 12
Harding, J. D., the author's morning work with, at Venice, 74, 12
Hardship of my best Companion's life, 61, 21
Harfleur, 14, 1
Harlequin, his mask needful for the author's stage business, 62, 4
Harlotry, modern (painted and other), mixed with piety for entertainment, 61, 5; true meaning of, 61, 15, 16; wealth, in what consisting, 70, 4, 5
Harmony and its orders among the Greeks, 83, 3
Harpies, split or spread, of modern philosophy, 73, 2
Harras Moor, near Whitehaven, merry meeting on, 70, 17
Harriet, beginning of her education, 61, 21
Harrison, Mr. Frederic, author's letter to, 66, 9; letter from, in reply to the author's, 67, 24
does not see the bearing of author's question about usury, 68, 4
confuses benevolence with religion, 69, 16
misuses the word "religion," 70, 7
his religion of humanity, 76, 7 *n.*
Hartley, Major, reported neglect of Tyndale's house by, 76, 22
Harvest, feast of, among the Jews, 63, 15; word not known by town child, 65, 26
Hatred, covetousness, disobedience, the three moral principles of modern creeds, 72, 8, 9
Havilah, land of, 61, 12: 62, 11
Hawkins, Mr. Waterhouse, work by, on the anatomy of the dog, 70, 8 *n.*; his canine science and art, 75, 11
Hawkwood, Sir John, 1, 5: 14, 6: 16, 2
his character in Italy, 15, 13
letter from the Florentines to King Richard about the body of, 15, 13
Headlam, Rev. S. D., letter on ministrations of Rev. S. Hansard, 54, 26; on sacrifice of the clergy, without temporal reward, 55, 1
Heart, difference between the sins of the hot and cold, 41, 2: 42, 11; needs instruction before any other part of the body, 49, 3
Hearth, domestic seclusion of, in no danger from business frankness, 77, 8
Heartlessness, deliberate, or hasty, which guiltiest, 68, 26
Heather on Addington hills, how beautiful, 70, 9
Heaven, how grave we are if the doctor hints we are going there, 28, 2
earth and, their suffering children, 70, 11
meaning of the word, 75, 3; author's use of it, 88, 4
only a large gasometer, 41, 7
the sense of its nearness, deepens with advancing years, 92, 8
the teachings of, are often given in an obscure manner, 42, 10; necessarily read wrong by blockheads, 42, 10
Hell, meaning of the word in the Apocalypse, 72, 4
Helmets, and helmet-crests, proper signification of, 25, 7
of death instead of salvation, on England's head, 69, 11
Helots, their life the real strength of the world, their history its story, 83, 1
Help, constancy in, the second vow of St. George's Company, 2, 22
how to be given most surely, 19, 6
mistaken tendency of modern, 9, 4
to St. George's Guild, how it may be generally given, 67, 20
Henry, R., Scotch clergyman and historian, 25, 11
his polished account of the supper at Calais, 25, 17
Henry II. of England, life of, 3, 9: 84, 11 *n.*
education of, 4, 12
Henry VIII., 13, 12
Heraldry of Barbara Haliburton's shield, 33, 11; of the Waverley Novels, 47, 7
Herb, Madonna's, at Venice, 70, 10
Herbage in undrained land, poisonous, 69, 20
Herbert, George, "He pares his apple that will cleanly eat," 54, 23
Herbert, Mr. Auberon, his republican opinions, 13, 7–10
Hercules strangling the serpent, again visible to us, 82, 32
Heresy of the tables, 82, 5 *n.*
Heritage of the squires of England, what it once was, 45, 11
Hermes, myth of, 94, 4
Herne Hill, situation of J. J. Ruskin's house at, 54, 3
Hero, meaning of, in Greek thought, 82, 10; in Greek and English the same word, 82, 19 *n.*

Heroes, 2, 2; Heroes, Saints, and Kings, 25, 3
Heroism, how held to be rewarded by the Greeks, 24, 4; truth of, to be persistently taught, 9, 12
Hesiod, does not "opine," but "knows" the most important truths, 71, 1
Heylyn, his translation of the history of St. George, 26, 7
Highlanders, the modern Amorites, 65, 11
Hill, Miss Octavia, her work in London, 10, 15: 40, 1 *n.*: 46, 8
correspondence with author, 86, 18 *seq.*
Hill, Mr. Alsager A., letter from, on Boardsmen's Society, 3, 5
Hills of Addington, 70, 9
Hinton, James, his book, *Life in Nature*, 75, 10
Hireling shepherd, his wages paid him by the wolves for flying, or at least for skulking, out of their way, 49, 10
History, present, the passing scene of an unintelligible play, 3, 1; of the past, how little known, 3, 9; better read none than such as the specimen by R. Henry, 25, 18
extreme difficulty of writing it, 62, 23
temporal and spiritual lessons of, 86, 3, 4
Ho's, Holiness of the, 24, 7: 25, 3
Hodge, Captain, and his cat, 68, 15
Holbein, his woodcuts:—
the Drummer-boy, 63, 15
the Expulsion, 4, 12
the Rich Man, 6, 13: 53, 6
Holidays, ought to be enjoyed at home, 10, 13: 22, 24; true rest in, 25, 3
Holiness, communal, 7, 5 (*see* "Republic")
its spiritual power, 61, 16
uncertain meaning of, 24, 7
Holy Land, its limits, 65, 11
Home, bitter-sweet, 8, 6
break up of the, of one of the author's friends, 36, 14
each man to live in one fit for him, 47, 13
honour of it lost in England, 5, 2
its proper furniture, 79, 8
letter describing the break up of a real, 29, 6
love of, the end of all right education for a woman, 33, 15
sanctities of, 75, 23
Scott's notice of his first, 29, 5
Home-made things, advantage of, 30, 5
Home-teaching for children, 94, 8
Homer, his ideal of kinghood, 10, 4
Homes, railroad, 29, 5
Homily of Justification, 56, 22
Honest men, cannot now live in England by trade, 9, 13
can do little for the present, 44, 15; advice to, *ib.*
need of, to put life into forms of government, 22, 9
rogues and, confusion of the two is the result of evangelical teaching, 35, 3; one punished as much as the other at present, 37, 5; how distinguished, 41, 1: 63, 18
Honesty, of open cattle-stealing, 31, 15; *e.g.*, of R. Scott, *ib.*
in the minds of men really foremost in modern business, instanced, 80, 1
the way of it cannot be shown to some clergymen, 49, 5
Honey, adulteration of, 79, 8
Honour, to be given like mercy, 9, 11
a divine good, to whom due, 70, 11
and shame, true relations of, *ib.*
to the brave, in modern Venice, 42, 6, 9; entirely desirable, *ib.*
understanding of, will be essential in the education of the children of St. George's Company, 37, 8
Hood, Robin, 1, 5: 22, 20
Hooper, James, letter to author, 60, 9
Hope, the second of the three spiritual needs, 5, 14
loss of, in England, 7, 18
Giotto's, 5 (frontispiece): 45, 18
what objects given to it among the lower orders, 50, 3
Hopper, John, of Sunderland, 57, 11; on episcopal revenues, 83, 19
Horace, the most beautiful descriptive line in, 43, 10
his song for home-sacrifice, 74, 2
his faith in gods and fauns, 92, 9
Horrible, the, instinct for, in the English mind, 51, 23
Horror, appetite for, among modern English children, 61, 21
Horse, and Wave, the chivalry of both, 9, 11
dog and, at Venice, 74, 7
dog, and eagle, considered as tutors, 75, 15
fine, if taken from the squires, would be useless to the mob, 73, 4
kitten and, story of, 79, 13
St. Theodore's—the saint asks pardon for his sin against the divine nature in it, 75, 9
Horsehair worn by English squires, 25, 7
Horticultural Society, accounts, 62, 18

Hospital vote, an application for, 52, 26; work, general principle of, 81, 17
Hospitality in the Tyrol, 69, 4; example of true, 93, 9
Host, or hospitaller, a sacred function for young Christian men, 36, 5
of heaven, its meaning, 12, 8
Hotel, Umfraville (Margate), ghastly nature of, 38, 12; Meurice, in Paris, 48, 8
House-building, admirable letter on, 75, 23
Housemaids, would young ladies feel aggrieved at being made under-, 30, 4
Housemaid's broom, spear of lady members of St. George's Company, 30, 5
Houses, not commodities, according to Mr. J. S. Mill, 4, 8
about London, packing-cases, 29, 5
advice about a suitable, 47, 13
at Herne Hill exactly fit for the author, 47, 14
each man to live in one fit for him, 47, 13
ill-aired, pestilence of, in the suburbs of London, 29, 2
of St. George's Company, 37, 8
our own and our neighbour's not by rights exchangeable property, 62, 10: 70, 9; reality of property in, 70, 2
rent of, when it becomes usury, 68, 4
the simplest way of building, 47, 15
Housewife, her weekly bill doubled, 29, 8; cause of this, 29, 9
Howell, James, and Co., remarks on a circular from, 26, 2
Howell, Rev. Mr., his sermons, 52, 4
Human degradation, its cause, 55, 6
Human life, commercial value of, 58, 23
Human nature, evangelical theory of, 55, 5
belief in its nobleness, 57, 3: 58, 2: 67, 8, 9: 69, 16: 76, 7: 91, 4
how lovely when fortunate, 82, 15
Humanity, opposed to mechanism, 5, 5
bewigged, its development, 66, 14
development of, in America, 71, 22
is not an aggregate of men, 66, 13
questions vital to, proposed to Mr. Frederic Harrison, 66, 14
religion of, Titian works in, 69, 16
Humble bee, its apparatus for breathing, 51, 9 *n.*
(bumble), why so called, 51, 14
its sting, 52, 28
(*See also* "Bees")
Humility, 30, 4
among the first graces, 63, 9
the virtue of, 94, 5, 6
Hunger, suffering from, in modern England, 1, 3
Hunter Street, London, author's early home in, 51, 2; and Market Street, Croydon, change in relations between, 46, 5
Hunting, central idea of, 62, 12; mischief and sin of, 67, 18; and shooting, healthy animal stupidities, 37, 11
Hurry of mind, 25, 20
Husbandry, science, art, and literature connected with, 55, 7, 8: 59, 9
Huxley, Professor, 35, 10
atheistic opinions of, 71, 6
his frog question, 64, 4
on results of the reign of law in England, 50, 12
thinks himself wiser than any quantity of psalmists, 35, 3
Hyacinths, wild, 6, 4
Hydrophobia, 83, 24
Hypocrisy, types of, 84, 11, 12

Iconoclasm at Bristol, 66, 23
Idiot, meaning of, 28, 19
Idiotic way of looking at things, 82, 7
Idle persons must be fed if tolerated, but not encouraged as a source of revenue, 73, 10; chagrins of the, 93, 8
Idleness, compulsory, 4, 5
in company of Monte Rosa, none to be idle, but the dead, 5, 21
no dinner without work, 7, 6
old English detestation of, 83, 10
on Sunday morning, in central England, 6, 7
supposed privilege and dignity of, 6, 9: 9, 2: 11, 8
well paid, when voluntary, 22, 14
workmen's idleness in hope of keeping up wages, 4, 11
Idolatry, 13, 3
of epaulettes, 65, 7
of Sunday, and the God of Usury, 62, 5
Ignorance, bestial, of Moral Law, the term defended, 81, 8
far from being the extreme of evil, 83, 11
the greatest, in what consisting, 83, 4
Ilaria di Caretto, her tomb at Lucca, 66, 17
Iliad, extract from Pope's translation of the, 9, 11
Illuminated writing, examples of, for schools, 95, 17
Illustrated News, worth of, 28, 8
"Imagery," offensive and impious, removal of, at Bristol, 66, 23

Imagination, power of, always purifies, 34, 8; distinguishes a gentleman from a churl, 41, 2
fiction supplies defect of, in common minds, 34, 6
See also "Faith." [For the note added here by Ruskin, see Vol. XXVII. p. 346.]
Imaus, Mount, 15, 7
Immortality of the soul, probably an illusion, according to Mr. J. S. Mill and the Bishop of Manchester, 82, 21
Impudence, taught in England as the chief duty of man, 9, 12
cock-on-dunghill type of it, 69, 10
how leading to licence, 73, 15
modern English, 69, 7
"Imputing" and "imparting," difference between, 53, 19 *n.*
Inaugural lecture, the author's, at Oxford, 68, 10
Inch, French and English, 59, 4
Incisions, Egyptian, in shape of stars, 64, 15
Income, required by the author for his own living, 70, 16; the author's estimate of his own, and of his securities, 76, 20
Income-tax, the only just tax, 7, 15; inquisition for, 8, 7
Increment by usury, to the rich, balanced by precisely equal decrement to the poor, 68, 5
Indemnity, French, how it is to be raised, 8, 3
Independence, 3, 6
of thought and action, 54, 18 and *n.*
of modern youth, how shown, 63, 9
Index, difficulty of making, 30, 6
Indian Civil Service, modern examinations for, and their effect, 71, 21
Indian famine, notes on, 83, 25
Indians, Otomac, diet of the, 27, 15; assertion by Count Bismarck that the French only copper-coloured, finely dressed, 43, 4
Industrious persons must feed the idle (if they leave them idle), 73, 10
Industry, new, like picture-making, its results zero, 1, 9: 4, 7
annual, of the European soldier, swindler, and orator—its produce, 69, 10
helpful, how easily begun, 75, 16 (*comp.* 2, 17)
of princesses, 20, 19
profits of a new, merely a diversion from other channels of expense, 1, 11
(*See also* "Idleness")
Infallibility, 53, 20
Infanticide, newspaper extract on, 63, 26
Infernal things, various, described, 29, 8
Inferno, Dante's, its plan, 23, 18: 24, 12
Infidelity, modern, its horror, 79, 5; its marvellousness, 66, 2
Injuries, not to be revenged, 2, 22: 7, 19
Injustice, Giotto's ideal of, 10, 18: 12, 12
complex modes of, respecting means of maintenance, 15, 1
corrupts the whole framework of modern life, 66, 3
is in permission as well as action, 10, 18
modern character of, 11, 15
Inns, true hospitality of, still possible, 44, 7
Inquest, coroner's, on death from starvation in Seven Dials, 61, 18
Inquisition, French senate's objection to, 8, 7
necessary, through glass pockets, 8, 8
a wholesome institution, 62, 4
modern impatience of, and future inevitableness of, 77, 5
Insanity, egotistic, 48, 5
incipient, 62, 1
manual work a preventive of, 48, 5
necromancy and, 61, 5
of modern times, of special character, 66, 3
(*See also* "Madness")
Insect plague on the vine, 53, 17
Insect World, The, on bee's teeth and tongue, 51, 12
Insolence, 9, 7 *n.*
Inspiration, 53, 20
Instinct, the principal mental agent in any great work, 53, 16; of animals and men, 53, 15
Institutes, Literary, failures, 25, 14
Intellectual education consists in giving the faculties of admiration, hope, and love, 67, 19; teaching, as at present given to the poor, a load of rubbish in a sinking boat, 82, 31
Interest, no lending ever to be on, 1, 14
debt and, 55, 4
how reckoned in America, 68, 9
infinite spiral of, 64, 18
not produced by natural laws, 18, 19
power of money to accumulate value by—extract from Kellogg on, 44, 19
principle of, examined, 18, 15, 16: 45, 15
question on, answered, 68, 26
rent and, thefts by the rich from the poor, 78, 13
why the author takes it, 21, 18
(*See also* "Jews," "Usury")

Interests, selfish, a vulgar Scotchwoman's notion of their power, 70, 14
International law, 1, 1
Intervention in helping the right side, 1, 1
Inundations, proposed control of, in Italy, 19, 9, 14
in Alpine regions, 85, 14
"Invidia," 7, 13: 62, 8 and *n.*; jealousy of your neighbour's good, 7, 13
Ion, his recognition of trespass in blasphemy, 65, 8
Irish Land League and its purposes, 89, 6
Iron-masters, commission on ships, 25, 6
Iron-selling, why stimulated by the press, 67, 5
Iron servants, 5, 10, 11
Iron-trade, state of, at Cyfarthfa, its causes, 85, 11; works at Tredegar closed, 87, 16
Ironwork and railings, 2, 10; cutler's, best at Sheffield, 59, 9: 60, 4
Isaiah, author's argument about, with the sacristan at Assisi, 45, 1; 16th chapter of, questions in, 66, 7
Isidore, Bishop, of Seville, 15, 5
Isis with Horus, the Egyptian Madonna, 64, 17
Isle of Man, woollen manufactures in, 72, 12
Israelites, the true, how to be known, 49, 11
Italy, modern, degradation of, 49, 14
and Greece, traditions of, how necessary to their art, 79, 6
inundations, 19, 9, 14
modern practice of military recruits on Sunday, 84, 2
true race of Northern, its characteristics, 84, 3

Jack, the house he built, 23, 13
Jael, her hammer in the hands of "Fors," 81, 9
James, the commercial, his views of sweet William, 8, 4
James I., of England, court language of, 20, 6
James, St., his Catholic epistle, 76, 10; his views on the Law of Liberty, 76, 14
Japan, inlaid work from, presented by Mr. H. Willett to Museum at Sheffield, 64, 20
Japheth, 61, 12 (*see also* "Shem")
Jebusites, a noble race, 65, 11
Jeremiah, quotation from, 46, 11
Jersey, account of changes produced in, by recent trade, 30, 7
Jessie, author's aunt, 63, 11
author's Scotch cousin, 63, 14; wading in the Lune, 52, 12; her plans of life, 65, 17
Jethro, the Midianite, 12, 17
Jevons, Professor W. Stanley, his calculation of pleasurable forces, 14, 3
Jewel, Bishop, extract on usury from, 53, 25
Jews, relation of, to Christians, in time of Richard I., 3, 11 (*see* "Usury"); have not all hard hearts, 30, 3
Jim, the little street-boy, his ride in an omnibus in pious company, 80, 19
Joan of Arc, 54, 25; price of, when bought by English from Bastard of Vendôme, 4, 7
Job, his questions to his friends, 16, 9; chapter xxii. 24, real translation of, 72, 15
John, St., gospel of, the author stopped by a text in, 28, 1
First Epistle of, 81, 2
total message of, 81, 5
Johnson, Mr., speech on the immorality of cheapness, 51, 1
Jones, E. B. (*see* "Burne-Jones")
Jones, Rev. David, on usurers, 53, 25
Jones and Robinson, demigods, 38, 1
Journal to be published by the St. George's Company, 37, 7
Journeys, the author's, with his father and mother, 10, 6
Judases, little, of the modern streets, 80, 19
Judasian heresy, 82, 5 *n.*
Jude, St., general epistle of, the sum of all the epistles, 76, 13
the last clause of it precisely imperative to St. George's Company, 76, 14
translation of its opening passage, 77, 2
Judges, of England, 47, 2; of Hades, the three, their respective powers, 82, 5 *n.*
Judging, all good, gratis, 31, 18
Judgment, of good from bad persons, not presumptuous, 63, 6
the Last, perhaps not with the music usually supposed, 63, 16
Judith and Dalilah, difference between, in modes of treachery, 80, 17
Jupiter, Angel of the Planet of, how sculptured at Venice, 78, 2
Jury, ignorant of the meaning of mercy, 42, 11

Justice, true and false, 9, 3 (*see also* "Injustice" *and* "Anger")
almsgiving and, 56, 21
Giotto's ideal of, 11, 14, and frontispiece
laws of international, not recognised, 1, 1
mercy and, professional sale of, a deadly sin, 31, 18
poetical, in what consisting, 83, 9
sad-eyed, 52, 15
Sir Philip Sidney's translation of the psalm concerning it, 66, 5
squinting, in mud-and-flat-fish period, 11, 15, 16
the eternal righteousness, 8, 12 : 11, 12
virtue summed in, 41, 1
Juvenile depravity, 35, 17

Kate, the author's servant, 62, 10: 69, 18
Katrine, Loch, a reservoir, 27, 10, 13
Keble, his popular sentiment, not usually acted up to, 64, 6
Keels (boats on the Humber), described, 72, 16; educational uses of, 75, 17
Keep, they may who can—old proverb, the scope of it, 70, 3
Kells, the Archbishop of Canterbury at, 83, 21
Kensington Museum, a few words on, 32, 27; modern art teaching at, how utterly bad, 32, 27
Kent, catechism of the county of, 27, 3
Kepler, Mr. John, 4, 4
Kettles, being dragged about behind, feed nobody, 69, 11
King Kenneth, showing shining figure to his councillors, 25, 11
King and Queen, fifth order in the Feudal System, 71, 9
Kingfisher, author's drawing of, 65, 21
Kinghood, the end of, supposed to have come, 39, 8 *n.*
and Priesthood, the days of, not quite ended, 76, 14
Kings, ancient and modern ideas of, 10, 4
bishops, professors, and kings, to be reverenced, 1, 4 : 4, 12
French revolution was against a good one, 40, 1
good, useless if officers are allowed to oppress, 40, 1
heroes, and saints, 25, 3
how judged in Sparta, 82, 2
if you have logs instead, the choice of wood is immaterial, 67, 16
last kings of true power, 45, 13
of Argos, their essential guilt, 83, 5
Kings, power of their shadow on republican minds, 10, 9
restoration of, how desirable, 10, 8
whose eyes have seen the King? 45, 2
Kingsley, Canon, *Application of Associative Principles and Methods to Agriculture*, 56, 21; sermon on miracle at Cana, extracts from, 86, 9
Kirk, Professor, his *Social Politics* to be read carefully, 27, 10
on land and liquor, *ib.*
letter to the author regarding book of, 29, 14
his statistics of drunkenness, 73, 12
Kirkby Lonsdale, valley of the Lune at, 52, 6 : 56, 16
Kirkthorpe, 55, 9
Kitten, the author's, 27, 6; the pet of the racehorse, 79, 13
Klein, Mr., the author's courier, 64, 23
Knatchbull-Hugessen, his tales, 33, 10
Knowledge, must not be sold, 7, 10
with sight, the best of acquisitions, 7, 10
yet will not make us happy by itself, 4, 4
as St. John understands it, 81, 2
the two kinds that prove the being of God, 82, 7
Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, their psalm, 63, 16
Koran, illuminated, delightfulness of, 24, 14

Labour, demand for, 2, 6, 7
demand and supply of, 2, 6, 10; *but see* "Work"
the two great kinds of, 2, 10
Mr. Mill's definition of productive, 4, 5, 6
and capital, extract from Kellogg of New York on, 44, 19
"division" and "collation" of, 55, 5
essential divisions of, 89, 11
greater part spent unproductively, 29, 8
hand, letter describing, 40, 3
how best spent, 44, 15
killing and grinding, 46, 10
machine, letter describing, 40, 2
muscular, need of, 67, 16
of St. George's Company, 37, 6
our first duty, 53, 16
question of, at the Social Science meeting, 28, 22
rest from, 45, 6
the first, of the landlords, to keep hold of their lands, 45, 9
(*See also* "Working men")

Labourer, pillaged by the idler, 84, 14
Labourers, what sort of, the author writes for, 36, 2; Unions, instead of Trades Unions, 89, 11
Labyrinth of Crete, design of, 23, 16, 18; carved, at Lucca, 23, 9
La Cava, forests of, 32, 12
Lace, manufacture of, not always a desirable one, 2, 9
Valenciennes, manufacture of, 68, 27: 70, 18
Ladies, advice to, 45, 19: 66, 24
Lady, the first duty of a, 45, 17
Lady of the Lake, speech of Roderick in, 15, 2
Lady-friends, the author's, keep silence under appeal, 81, 1; deny the sisterhood of the poor, 81, 3
Laffan, Miss, *Baubie Clarke*, 90, 7; *Tatters, Flitters, and the Councillor*, 90, 7
Lakes and seas, of the world, full of its dead, 72, 3
Lambeth, the Archbishop of Canterbury's library at, how to be made serviceable, 70, 9
Lameness (of Scott), caused by cold and bad air, 31, 23
Lamp, Abram's vision of the moving, 65, 7
Lancashire, ideal war of, with Yorkshire, in the present day, 1, 11
Lancaster Castle, a jail, 56, 16
Lance point, land won at the, must be held by the, 45, 13
Land, to be cultivated by Englishmen with their own hands, 5, 20
author's proposal to make some piece of English land beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful, 5, 21
belonging to a State, just division of, 67, 18
desert, to be redeemed, 44, 15
every man to possess as much as he can live on, 89, 6
for St. George's Company, poor preferred, 37, 6; if marsh, how to be treated, *ib.*; how, if rocky, *ib.*
for public uses and pleasures, 95, 4
how the present holders of all land became possessed of it, 2, 3
laws, movement among Atheists for alteration of, 89, 14
laid up in a napkin, 45, 7
limitation of its quality and use, 73, 3
Lord Derby's ideal of its ownership, 10, 1
may be held as private property, 11, 13; *comp.* 22, 12, 14: 25, 25
Land, monopoly at the bottom of all pauperism, 83, 18
promised to Israel, how large, 65, 15
question, final words on, 95, 2
reclamation of, on west coast of Scotland, 69, 20; to be reclaimed for food, not quarried for cathedrals, 79, 18
"Shall not be sold for ever," 72, 11
tenure, system of, by which labouring men may possess their land, 89, 12
to be made the most of, and not defiled, nor left waste, 89, 6
with tools (or capital), the present sources of rent and interest, 11, 9; neither of which is lawful, 11, 13
Landholders of England, the trial in store for them, 70, 3 *n.*
Landlord and landlady, the third order in the Feudal System, 71, 9
Landlords, more or less thoughtless and ignorant, 27, 12
to fight for their lands, 45, 9, 13
how they pillage the labourer, 84, 14
Landscape, how the author was diverted from the study of, 45, 2; modern, peculiar skies of, 79, 8
Laocoon, story of, to the Greeks, 26, 11
Laodicea, address to the Church of, 34, 18, 26
Larch, limit of its growth on Mont Blanc, 85, 14
Largesse, French description of, 45, 14, 16; and supplication, not part of the world's work, 46, 8
Largitas, leader of the virtues on the Ducal Palace of Venice, 77, 9. [For Ruskin's additional note, see Vol. XXIX. p. 116 *n.*]
Lasswade, Scott's cottage at, 92, 10
Last Judgment of squires, imaginary picture of, 45, 7
Latin, should be generally learned, 8, 10; supposed properties of, for purposes of explanation, 35, 14
Lauterbrunnen, village of, waiter at, 3, 3
Law, Mrs., her lecture on Divinity, 62, 21
Law, commandment, and statutes of the Lord, distinctions between, in the 19th Psalm, 75, 3
the prophets and the law, what they are, 62, 7
"Law of human nature," 85, 4 and *n.*
Law, letter on reform of, 44, 16; modern British, 47, 1

Laws:—
ancient Athenian, of music, 73, 15
bad and good, definition of, 10, 19
English, unkindness of, to dead, 12, 1
eternity of good, 10, 20
framed by Richard Cœur de Lion, 3, 11
of God, an article of property, 70, 6
of liberty, St. James's views on, 76, 14
of Plato, their summary in his own words, 76, 1; his words concerning, adopted by the author, 78, 16 (*see also* "Plato")
of St. George's Guild, none of them new, to be established by patience, not violence, 67, 6
of the universe, not relentless, 87, 12
or Word of God, value and obtainableness of, 70, 8
primarily Christian, not Spartan, 68, 1
to be obeyed in St. George's Company to be the laws of Florence of the fourteenth century, modified, 37, 11: 38, 2, 3
to learn to obey good ones our main duty, 7, 20
wise, long since known and obeyed, 38, 1
(*See also* "Father-laws")
Lawyers, 31, 15, 18: 62, 1
absurdity of their existence, 16, 4, 5, 6
advice to, at Billingsgate, 38, 9
and parliaments to be abolished, 1, 6
definers of limits and modes, 47, 1
do not make laws, according to Mr. Frederic Harrison, 67, 24
how the author would dispose of them, 16, 5
in Parliament, advice to, 40, 15
letters, cost of, 80, 5 *n.*
live on the vice of their country, 4, 12
no need to speak of the honesty of, 31, 15
the members of St. George's Guild invited to manage their own business with their help, not troubling the Master, 67, 22
the professed interpreters of justice, 36, 11
valuable for the sake of their wigs, 1, 6
work done by, 9, 2 *n.*
(*See also* "Legal Profession")
Lead, stream by the North Inch of Perth, 65, 19: 66, 25
Leader, the author does not pretend to be a, 30, 8; present, of St. George's Guild, has put none of his own fancies into its laws, 67, 6
Leading, meaning of, in education, 82, 11
Lead-poisoning, death from, 58, 24
Leal, the land of the, 32, 22
Learning, not a necessary element in education, 82, 31 (*see also* "Lessons")
Leather-dressing trade, 59, 14
Leaves and flowers, relations of, 5, 7
Lecky, Mr., statement of his sagacious creed, 43, 14; his opinions, 48, 5
Leeds, as a factory town, 55, 9; state of, 56, 20
Legal, profession, exactly right condition of, explained, 31, 18; expense of, to the kingdom, query concerning, 44, 17
Legibility of character, 31, 17
Leisure, in England, unpurchasable, 79, 8
why we have not, in modern England, 81, 19 *n.*: 82, 33, 34
how obtained by the Greeks, 83, 1
Leith, condition of the water at, 33, 2
Lent, how kept in the author's family, 53, 1
Leonardo da Vinci, as engineer, 19, 16
L'Espérance, Geneva, "A Propos d'une Paire de Gants," 53, 22
Lessons, by heart, meaning of, 32, 12; power for good of, 94, 8
first, what they are to be, 32, 12
in the Parables of Christ, intentionally obscure, 68, 2
Letters, the author's request concerning, 16, 3 and *n.*: 29, 14
Egyptian, for pictures, 64, 9
from Mr. Affleck, author pleased with, 25, 24
from a naïve and honest republican, 25, 25
from a girl describing a modern Arcadia, 35, 12
from Manchester working man and mates, interesting, 25, 24
from a south country clergyman, 25, 3
from a working man on literary institutes, remarks on, 25, 14
from a young Englishman on Columbia River, 68, 13 *seq.*
of the author, constant objects of, 25, 3
on brutality in factory and colliery districts, 50, 11
on the rice famine, 40, 5
troublesome to the author when directed to effect his conversion, 70, 1
Leucothea, Etruscan, photographs of, 64, 17; classification of, 66, 17; what is in it, 69, 14; notes on, 78, 5
Leviticus, author's reading in, 63, 15
Liars and traitors, no legislation for, but gravitation, 38, 2

Liberalism, atheistic epoch of, 15, 7
its follies summed in denial of intrinsic value, 4, 5
the author, the polar contrary of a Liberal, 1, 4 : 10, 1
Liberals and Conservatives, the division of parties into, is ridiculous, 1, 4
Liberty, absolutely to be refused by company of Monte Rosa, 5, 21
best idea of, 3, 6
death and, 57, 1
the French knew what it was before you, 43, 6
how exhibited at entrance of towns, 6, 8
how little interfered with in modern days, 16, 11
in baronial times, 15, 10
in the modern English sense, 43, 6
its synonyms, 43, 8
of conscience, how far indulged by St. George, 76, 14
of opinion, not desired by an Athenian theatrical audience, 73, 15
ultimate privileges of, 28, 20, 21
working man's notion of, 42, 16
Libraries, of schools, their desirable contents, 67, 12
Library, of Scott, when a child, 33, 10, 14
of the St. George's Company, 37, 7
formation of a, a main object with the author, *ib.*
Lido, St. Nicholas of the, at Venice, public amusements at, 71, 5
Liebig, Baron, his opinions on the power of England, 12, 9
Life, three material things essential to, 5, 14; three immaterial things essential to, 5, 14 : 9, 12
division of, into youth, labour, and death, 32, 1, 3, 5
duration of, unknown to any of us, 72, 7
entirely healthy, happy, and wise, 44, 8
means of, on ground, 5, 10
mechanical, must be as limited as possible, 44, 13
mystery of inferior, 9, 11 and *n.*
the noblest is the happiest, 82, 19
not earnest, but a play, 82, 14
of God, not discovered by reasoning, but by obeying, 53, 12
realities of, the best and truest tragedy, 82, 16
Shakespearian, image of, 61, 6
Light, the god of, Deity of Zoroastrians, 12, 27
Light, physical and spiritual parts of, one great whole, 66, 3
works of, their real nature, 63, 4
Lilies, Belt of, 25, 12
Lille, cellars of, 88, 14
Lily, the author's friend's favourite cat, 61, 1
Linen, good Scots preferable to that from Glasgow mills, 32, 15
hand-made, compared with machine-made, 40, 3; lasted three generations, *ib.*
and other stuffs, dutiful manufacture of, enforced, 77, 11
Linlithgow, 33, 2
Lions in heraldry, 25, 10
Lippi, Fra Filippo, why more successful in art than other monks, 22, 4
his Etruscan breeding, 62, 15
Madonna by, photographs of, for St. George's Guild, 59, 7; described, 62, 15 : 64, 17 : 66, 17 : 69, 15
Literary men, as component of civilised nation, 67, 3
faculties, perversion of, 85, 3
mind, condition of the average, 53, 19
Literature, cheap, evils of, 17, 5, 6; value of, 38, 14
not cheap anciently, 16, 8
hinders children in the acquisition of ideas, and confuses the memory of them, 94, 4
modern, for children, 33, 10
popular, pestilence of, 94, 2 *n.*
produced for money, always poisonous, 67, 10
Liverpool, conditions of crime among the lower orders at, 49, 19
town of, leads the way in religious toleration, 77, 13
Liverpool Commercial News, folly and impudence of, 46, 18
Liverpool Daily Post, its care for liberty, 6, 8; its familiarity with Utopia, 7, 6
Living, in style, British public's idea of, 38, 12
expensive in London, and why, 61, 5
in modern England, "so very expensive," 69, 11
Livy, 61, 14
Lizard's mouth, a dumb trench, 25, 5
Lockhart, not answerable for the author's statements about Scott, 31, 5
Loire, series of Turner drawings upon the—author's gift to Oxford, 62, 8
London, East and West end compared, 44, 12

London, misery in suburbs of, debate concerning remedy for, 10, 14
modern prosperity of, how falsely alleged, 2, 19
population, vile life of, 44, 11
privileges and facilities in, 29, 8
so big, and why, 61, 5
type of five-sixths of middle classes about, 29, 5; they compare unfavourably with apes, *ib.*
Loneliness, severity of change from, to membership of a large family, 31, 23
Lonsdale, Earl of, church patronage of, 70, 10, 17
holdings on estates of, 69, 3
letter respecting rents on his estates, 69, 19
obituary of, 70, 17
observes an ancient custom, which would have been more honoured in the breach, 70, 17
Lord, de Manny, at Calais, 25, 16
John de Montagu, at Calais, *ib.*
Beauchamp, at Calais, *ib.*
Eustace of Ribaumont at Calais, *ib.*
John of Landas, *ib.*
Gawain of Bailleul, *ib.*
Lords and ladies, the author's liking for, 63, 13
Lord's Prayer, full meaning of, 74, 14; our ability to say it, the sign of a good day, 77, 7
Loss, the Son of, 28, 3; of anything whatsoever not to be minded, 68, 1
"Loss of life," 91, 10
Lot, his dwelling in "the Paradise of God," 65, 14
Louis, St., 3, 3, 7; folly of, virtually causes the strength of France to perish, 40, 8
Louis XV., 14, 7
Louvre, 6, 14
Love, first great meaning of, 5, 2
chief of the three spiritual needs, 5, 14 and *n.* [For the note added by Ruskin here, see Vol. XXVII. p. 90 *n.*]
among the French peasantry, 21, 19
decree of the Court of, 35, 8
having it, you have all, 5, 2
how it ought to come, according to Shakespeare and Scott, 47, 5
nothing else in the world worth having, 17, 9
of money, the root of all evil, 35, 12
songs, 35, 3–6
Love, state or habit of, is gentleness, 41, 1
story of, in *Redgauntlet*, 47, 5
three great loves rule the souls of men, 41, 2
two kinds of noble, 34, 2
what objects given to it, among the lower orders, questioned, 50, 3
Love's Meinie, plan of, 60, 1
Lovers, position and conduct of, 91, 5, 6; modern, 91, 6
Lowe, Mr. Robert, his match tax, 6, 4 and *n.*; his views respecting the battle of Marathon, 6, 4 *n.*
Loyal land, the author's approach to the, 63, 10
Loyalty, capacity of the French people for, before the revolution, 40, 1; in useful employment possible, no less than in useless, 79, 3
(*See also* "Obedience")
Lucca, things to be seen at, 18, 2
Luino, Bernard of, painting by, 24, frontispiece
Lune River, author and his cousins wading in, 52, 12
Valley at Kirkby Lonsdale, 52, 6
Lust, state or habit of, is clownishness, 41, 3
Lustration, popular, in Rome, 44, 1
Luther, on the gospel of St. James, 40, 7
Luxuries, the basest, of the idle classes, how paid for by the poor, 44, 14
Luxury, Mr. Girdlestone's pamphlet on, 64, 19
mischief of, 7, 6; *comp.* 24, 13
Pope's mistake about, 64, 19
Lycurgus, power of, royal as well as loyal, 2, 2
Lydian churches, Christ's words to, 84, 15 *seq.*
Lyre, the proper instrument for regulating song, 83, 2
Lyttel, Edward Z., letters to author, 51, 20: 52, 23: 53, 18: 54, 27: 55, 1: 56, 22, 24

M'Cosh, the Rev. James, a catechist of nature, 27, 7
Macdonald, Mr., gardener to the Duke of Buccleuch, 69, 20
Macdonald, Mr. Alexander, master of the drawing school at Oxford, the author's obligations to, 61, 3
Machine labour, analysis of its results, 5, 10
evils of, as proved in America, 17, 8
sewing, unhealthiness of, 70, 18 *n.*

Machinery, not to be used on St. George's land, except such as is moved by wind, water, and animal force, 37, 9: 49, 15: 77, 11
author's attitude towards, 85, 4
conclusive definition of, effect of its use, in agriculture and art, 67, 18
power of, 44, 4, 9
whatever is needful can be driven by wind or water, 44, 13
Machines, what is the use of them? 79, 8
Madness, how to be ended, in dogs and men, 75, 16
in dogs (*see* "Rabies")
Mackenzie, Mr. Wm., of Archandunie, admirable management of Ardross estate by, 69, 20
Madagascar, usury in, 60, 8
Madonna, influence of the worship of the, 41, 4
modern magnifying of the, *ib.*
Magi, 60, 2
adoration of, by Luini, 24, frontispiece
history of, 12, 17–32
Magistrate, scarcely now exists, but to do evil, 44, 11 *n.*
Mall, game of, 14, 9
Malt liquor and tobacco, increase in the disposable quantity of, 12, 25
Mammon, the author never heard one preacher deal faithfully with the worship of, 36, 7
Man, the centre of his world, 5, 7. [For the note added by Ruskin here, see Vol. XXVII. p. 85 *n.*]
a carnivorous animal, 42, 14
his heart and conscience divine, 53, 13
Management, necessity of docile and sensible people for, 40, 1
Manchester, life of, incredible in the future, 14, 11
gloom of, described by one of its inhabitants, 81, 17
muddy and smoking streams of, suitable for crocodiles, 27, 16
Rhadamanthine verdict on, 82, 5
robbers, 82, 6
Manchester, Bishop of (Dr. Fraser):—
author's challenge to, 49, 11: 76, 13: 78, 13
his opinion on holidays, 10, 13
or angel of, speaks persuasively after dinner, 83, 19: 84, 7
popularity of, 81, 8
sermon by, on the peril of anticipating immortality, 82, 21
Manchester Guardian, admirable letter in, 79, 6
Manfred, of Swabia, death of, 25, 7
Mankind, the broad division of, into two great masses, 11, 5: 15, 1
Manny, Sir Walter de, 25, 16
Mansion, meaning of, in St. John's gospel, 27, 1
Manual labour, of Company of Monts Rosa, how to be directed, 17, 6
no true teaching of theology but through it, 62, 7
universal in healthy society, 17, 9
Manufacture, methods of, 52, 14
Manufacturing race, misery of, 80, 3
Manuscripts, illuminated, the author's extravagance in buying, 69, 18: 70, 14
Maps, 95, 15; historical, 95, 16
Marathon, battle of, 6, 4 and *n.*, 5
Athenian imagination at its date, 78, 5
the state of Greece in its time, 80, 8
Margate, visit to, 9, 17; modern and ancient state of, 9, 19
Mariegola, or Mother-Law, why so called at Venice, 74, 12 *n.*; deepest meaning of, for all of us, 75, 8: 81, 10
Marino Morosini, Duke of Venice, rhyme taught the author by, 74, 11 *n.*
Mark, St., and St. Theodore, standard-bearers at Venice, why, 75, 8
Marks on things, the three possible ways of making, 64, 12
Marmion, quotation from, note every word of, 31, 17
Marmontel, account by, of peasant life in his own district, 17, 9
character of, 14, 7
early life of, 14, 7 *seq.*
errors of, 21, 21
his style of writing, 14, 11
his tale of the philosopher (from *Le Scrupule*), 21, 20
lovely and wise sentence of, 40, 1 and *n.*
quotation from story by (*Le Misanthrope Corrigé*), 40, 1
Marriage, to be encouraged by good landlords, 17, 9; chapter on "Rose Gardens" in *Time and Tide* compared, 17, 11
a providence of God, 36, 5
Carpaccio's thought of it, 71, 14
not possible in modern life on five hundred per annum, 28, 16
proper, 47, 5
Marshals of St. George's Guild, with the Master, state of their affairs must be always public, 62, 17
Marsyas, contest of, with Apollo, 83, 14; myth of, 83, 15: 84, 2

Martin, St., 61, 2
Martineau, Miss, effect of her writings, *Deerbrook* quoted, 87, 2, 3
Martyrs, made away with usually less for their faith than for their incivility, 26, 8; boy and girl, the author has no respect for, 32, 26
Mary, St., you don't care for any, 31, 8
Mary and William, author's cousins, 65, 19
Marylebone, the author's property in, account of, 78, 18
Master, the present, of St. George's Guild, his affairs, 59, 16: 60, 7: 62, 17, 20: 63, 24: 64, 23: 65, 23: 66, 22: 67, 23: 68, 11: 69, 18: 70, 14, 16: 71, 17: 72, 13: 73, 17: 74, 18: 75, 19: 76, 17-21: 77, 12: 78, 18: 79, 14: 80, 13: 81, 15: 82, 27: 83, 17: 85, 8: 86, 14 and *n.*, 25
the author only a makeshift one, 67, 9: 81, 7
his authority must be dictatorial, not imperial, 67, 13; declines responsibility as to legal tenure of land, 67, 22
leads a pleasant life? 66, 22
Master and Marshal of St. George's Guild, 62, 17
Master and Mistress, the basic elements, or first order of the Feudal System, 71, 9
Masters, and servants, 28, 11: 82, 8
true relations between, taught by Scott, 31, 4; subject begins to purpose, 31, 14 *n.*
masters, only truly served if loved, 32, 20
curious piece of lecture on the duties of, 33, 7
and men, relation between, how false and falsely thought of, 80, 2; separation between in iron-trade, 85, 12
definition of masters, 89, 2 and *n.*
their duty to make the lives of their dependants as noble as possible, 89, 6
Mastership, royal and hireling, 78, 14
Materia medica, Thomas Scott's opinion of, to be greatly respected, 31, 22
Materials to be freely provided for labour, not lent to it on usury, 67, 17
Matheson, Mr., improvements on his Ardross estates, 69, 20
Matthew xxv. 27, "At my coming I should have received mine own with usury," 53, 19
Matthias, St., schools, 32, 26
Maude, the Empress, escape of, from Oxford, 4, 12
Maurice, Rev. F. D., his rank as a man of literature, 22, 23
Mause, old Scotch servant at the author's aunt's house, 65, 17
May, first of, questions proposed on the, 30, 9
Mazzini, on the author having "the most analytic mind in Europe," 54, 14; character and failures of, 76, 14
Mazzini, Piero, my Venetian servant, distress of, 78, 10 *n.*
Meat, spiritual or fleshly, 84, 5
Meat and drink, how sanctified to us, 36, 4
"Meat for the belly, and the belly for meat," 72, 8
Mechanical, population of England her certain ruin, 44, 10; occupation invariably degrades, 44, 13
Mechanism opposed to science, 4, 4; opposed to manhood, 5, 5 (*see* "Machine")
Medicine, how practised in Venice for the poor, 78, 10 *n.*
Melchizedec, Order of, its continuance, 76, 14
Mellor, Mr. Justice, on brutality and crime in country districts, 49, 19: 50, 11
Melons, sale of, how regulated at Venice, 74, 11
Memmi, Simone, painting by, in Florence, 46, 2; St. Agnes in Paradise, 50, 14
Memorials of good and bad men, how to be kept, 9, 12: 16, 3
Men, the possession of God, 76, 1
we must work as such now, whatever else we were, or may be, 76, 7
their moral and intellectual limitations, 95, 7
Mendicity society's tickets, 39, 7
Menial, a terrible word to the modern English mind, 28, 14
meaning of, *ib.*
service, 30, 4
to be abolished in American "homes," 71, 22
Merchant, an entirely honest, epitaph on author's father, 10, 6
Merchant of Venice, meaning of, 53, 7
Mercury, The Public (old newspaper), 15, 14
Mercy, the real meaning of, 42, 11
not understood by a jury, *ib.*
truth and, 42, 11, 13
Message, the author's, in political matters sufficiently spoken, 78, 15
"Metamorphosis of Angels," 66, 4
Methodist preacher, 73, 18

Michael Angelo, painter of squires, 45, 7
Michael, St., armour of, 48, 14
St. George and, 62, 4
patronage of, 35, 10
Venetian sculptures of, 74, 7 : 78, 3
Michaelmas, henceforward only remembered for goose, 35, 10
Midas, story of, 51, 16
Middlemen, for sale of perishable articles, to be entirely abolished, 38, 2
would not be tolerable, if once visible, 73, 12
indignant laws against, in Venice, 74, 12
Midland manufacturing districts of England, 50, 16
Military gentlemen of Europe, their carving compared with Abram's, 65, 7
Milk Street, 7, 6
Mill, Mr. J. S., on "second capital," 2, 8
definition of productive labour, 4, 5
expedient dishonesty of, 82, 21
general type of his school, a flat fish, 10, 19
his opinions on the rights of women, 12, 14
labourers produced by the writings of, 36, 2
on the folly of reverence and obedience, 12, 18
on the future of working classes, 12, 18 : 57, 6
on intelligence and its effects, 69, 15
on nursing the baby, 31, 8
result of his Essay on Liberty becoming the gospel of England, 35, 11
Millais, J. E., pictures by, 79, 10, 11; early promise of his work, 79, 12
Millowners, shrieks of the landed, 45, 10
Mills and water power, 44, 13
Milton, burning of his books by order of House of Commons, 15, 14
Mind, of the author, practical and matter-of-fact, 37, 2
Mineralogy, study of, connected with practice in behaviour, 69, 17
Minerals, author's gift of, to Museum at Sheffield, 70, 13
useful, in the world, not practically infinite, though the *Pall Mall Gazette* says so, 73, 4
Mining for precious metals, extract from *Athenæum* on, 89, 18
Minos, lord of penal justice, 23, 16 (*see* "Rhadamanthus")
Minotaur, the enemy of Theseus, 23, 22 : 24, 13, 16
Minstrel, feeling of, steadily antagonistic to Puritanism, 32, 16; bard, and troubadour, their best powers depend on memory and voice, as distinct from writing, 94, 4
Miracles, absence of, in the Church, challenged, 49, 12
the question of, first distinctly put, 66, 2
at Cana, extracts from C. Kingsley's sermon, 86, 9
Mirror of Peasants (*see* "Gotthelf")
Miscreant, or misbeliever, properly applied accurately to Turks, 25, 19; to be discerned from faithful men, 73, 14
Misery, 2, 19 : 10, 14 : 14, 13 : 81, 10 : 93, 4
accompanying strikes of workmen, 86, 5
author's pleading about, 93, 4 and *n.*
caused by floods, 86, 12
example of, 61, 4, 18
in Elbœuf and Rouen, 88, 12
might be lessened by education, 95, 8
miserables and, 61, 5, 7
mother and child, deaths by starvation, 61, 19
mother leaving her child to perish in the snow, 87, 7 : 93, 4
of manufacturing toil, 80, 3
of Tredegar workpeople, 93, 4
overcrowding and, 40, 11, 15
various causes of, 56, 21
(*See also* "Distress")
Missionaries in Italy, 20, 21
in India, result of, as a whole, 37, 13
Moab, his throne, questions on, 66, 7
Mob, British, its gnarled blockheadism, 37, 3; civilised, fancies of, 67, 3
Modern abuses, 55, 4 and *n.*; science, instincts of, the counterpart of forms of idolatry, 53, 17 *n.*
Modern Painters, with other works of the author, general account of, 78, 14
Modesty, 9, 7 *n.*
Mohair, the Angora goats producing it, 82, 32
Mona, meaning of, in St. John's gospel, 27, 1; possible effect of using the word, 27, 2
Monarchy, institution of, how advantageous, 1, 6 (*see* "Royalty")
Monastery of St. Bernard in Charnwood forest, 38, 19
Monastic life, the innermost good of, 93, 8

Monasticism not asked by St. George's Guild, 59, 2
Monetary Gazette, the author's thanks to, 66, 3 and *n.*; article in, on over-production, 69, 10
Money, nature and use of, to be explained, 1, 6
the author's love of, 24, 5, 14
filtration of, from the sky, 4, 9: 7, 14
ineffectual increase of, 78, 21
of St. George's Company to be the "soldo" of Florence, 37, 12
power of, in matters of crime, letter on, 44, 16
token of right, not a medium of exchange, 44, 11
what to do with it, a question of increasing gravity, 44, 14
worship of, 46, 12
Monks, why don't people do anything wise and generous without becoming? 38, 19 *n.*; silent, *ib.*
Mons Justitiæ, destruction of, 18, 14
Monsters, 73, 15
Montagu, Lady M. W., 42, 1
Monte di Pieta, origin of, 22, 22
Monte Rosa, company of, its plan, 17, 6
Monte Viso, relation of, to the Piedmontese elect, 76, 8; to God's elect, 76, 12
Moon, sculpture of, on Ducal Palace of Venice, 78, 1
Moral disposition of a child determined greatly in its speechless years, 33, 7
education, primarily in cleanliness and obedience, 67, 19; summed in doing our work with delight and thoroughly, *ib.*
Law, relation of, to artistic design; assertion of, in the *Heart of Midlothian*, 83, 10
Morality, cannot be pure without labour of hands, 67, 18; how successfully taught in a Scottish school for rural labourers, 69, 20
More, Sir Thomas, 37, 11
character and opinions of, 7, 6
life of, at Chelsea, 6, 13: 13, 12
Morning, lovely, at Oxford, description of, 25, 20
at Coniston, description of, 28, 11
first bright, seen for months, 29, 1
Morning Post, sagacities of, 73, 6
Morning Star, 60, 3
Moses, education of, 64, 4
Mother, the author's, 46, 2–4
Mother-Law of Venice, 81, 10 (*see also* "Mariegola")
Motto, one-tenth of a pound, not the ancient motto of England, 25, 13
of the garter described, 25, 13
of the Prince of Wales, remarks on, 28, 9
Mountains, how represented on maps, 95, 15 and *n.*
Mourning, 15, 17; of Egyptians for Jacob, 64, 3
Mullens, Rev. Dr., extract from his work on Madagascar, 60, 8
Munera Pulveris, 14, 5; references to, 78, 14
Mungo Park in his Scottish home, 92, 5; story of, 95, 24, 25
Murder, expiation of, 82, 2
Muri, woods of, 55, 5
Murray, Mr. A. S., letter from, on Greek music, 83, 14 *n.*
Muse and amuse, relation of the terms to music and amusia, 83, 5
Muselessness of Cameronian sectarians, 83, 12
Muses, the disciplined choir in worship of, as designed by Plato, 82, 19; contest of, with sirens, 83, 14
Museum, British, need not be visited for amusement, 23, 5
Museums, places of education, 59, 11
Music:—
absolute need of, for working people, 81, 18
delight of poor people in, 90, 9
elements of, to be taught in St. George's schools, 94, 2: 95, 9
essential to the right government of passions and intellect, 82, 18
good, moral effect of, 73, 14
how it might be given of grace to the poor, 81, 18
little attraction for some young people, except for dancing, 56, 20: 57, 3, 4
modern festive, in Cumberland, 5, 11
modern pastoral, 5, 11: 57, 4
modern Venetian "Barcarolle," 19, 11: 20, 12: 57, 4
necessity for sound system in elementary, 95, 9
operatic, 2, 17
Plato's views of it, 82, 7; an essential study, to follow grammar in Greek education, 82, 16
principal element of future education, 5, 21: 6, 6: 57, 6
to be practised for others, 59, 2
rightness and wrongness of, 73, 15
seven technical divisions of, by the Greeks, 83, 3

Music: *Continued*:—
should always have true meaning, 9, 12
study of, by the lower classes, 51, 21
total definition of, 83, 5
what kind recommended for churches, 94, 9
Muskets, United States, quality of, 68 19
Mustard, diaphanous, exported from Bordeaux to Italy, 19, 1
Mutiny against co-operation law, why punishable, 79, 3
Muzzling dogs, a great mistake, 40, 15
Mythology, how helpful to the author in his present work, 67, 11
Myths, natural, of flowers, the buds of—legend of St. Ursula, 71, 3 *n.*; use of, when living, 74, 3; great, slow manifestation of, 75, 1

Nahum, prophecy of, 65, 15
Nail-making, practice of, in Worcestershire, 80, 4
Nails, bad, modern manufacture of, 77, 6 *n.*
Nanterre, its cakes and Rosière, 96, 2
Napoleon III., had no real power, 3, 3; effect of his shadow on French republican imagination, 10, 9; not the cause of the French war, 40, 6
Natal, Bishop of, defended against the Bishop of Oxford's inhibition, 49, 12; the only quite honest bishop known to the author, 62, 4
Nation, a civilised, defined, 67, 3
National Debt, moral difference between national store and, 58, 11
National store (*see* "Store")
"Nationalization of Land," 95, 2
Nativity, story of the, 12, 2 *seq.*
Natural history, education in, how to begin, 75, 14; method of teaching, 51, 19; author's system of education in, 60, 1
Natural scenery, its effect on great authors, 92, 13
Nature, "remuneration" received without working for it, a sin against, 11, 10
with her hands behind her back, 27, 7
perverted by the sin of man, 66, 3
how to become a means of education, 67, 19
defiance of her laws by sectarian education, 83, 12
Nature, Life in, Mr. Hinton's essay on, 75, 10
Navy, strength of British, dependent on seamen, not steam, and on oak, not iron, 9, 10; British, transformation of, 69, 10
Necromancy, recent claims to the power of, 61, 5
Needle and thread preferable to telegraphic needle, 29, 11
Needlework, how to be taught in schools, 94, 10: 95, 21
Neff, Felix, his ministry, 52, 24: 55, 4
Neglect of their children by the French upper classes, an absolute source of corruption, 43, 8
Neighbourliness, proper limits of, 73, 18
Neighbours, now little helpful to each other, 19, 12
Nelson, his last writing, facsimile of, given as a lesson, 66, 16 and *n.* 2; 94, 7 *n.*
Nests of eagles, their national importance, 75, 15
Newcastle, 29, 9
Newspaper extracts, 37, 14
Newspapers, what their power in England is, 6, 1 *n.*: 11, 2; what it might be, 3, 1
number of, 11, 2
their exaltation of the upper classes, 11, 8; discouragement of all that can advantage the lower, 9, 1: 22, 8
New York, 1, 4
"Nextness," beautiful term of modern science, 65, 9
Niévole, Val di, 18, 2, 3
Nile, the mud of, 64, 4
Nimrod, beginning of his kingdom, 62, 12; Dante's, 67, 18
Nineteenth century, its total result in contribution of ideas to mankind, 78, 10
Ninian, St., sum of his work, 92, 3
Noah, drunkenness of, its symbolism at Venice, 74, 6
Nobility as component of civilised nation, 67, 3
Noble persons have always believed in a supreme Spirit, 67, 19
Noblemen's houses, going through, 56, 12
Nombre-di-Dios, 13, 12: 22, 20
Normandy, frankness of, 43, 9
North, Col., extract from speech of, in House of Commons, 7, 10
Northcote, Sir Stafford, conceived under the same trial as Abram, 65, 4, 5
Northcote, the painter, his portrait of the author as a child, 51, 3; anecdote told by, of Sir Walter Scott, 83, 6
Northfleet, wreck of the, alluded to, 29, 15

Northumberland, extent of, in Charlemagne's time, 25, 12; letter of Lord, to Henry VIII., 31, 9
Norway, account of its prosperity and of its causes, 89, 7
Notre-Dame, Paris, casts brought by the author from, 41, 4
Novels, Scott's, are history, 32, 4
Novelties of the nineteenth century, 78, 10
Novelty in youthful education, 82, 19
Nubia, her brave king, 64, 1
Nugget, hardness of another walking off with a scientific, 34, 15
Nurse, author's account of his, 28, 15; Scott's second, went mad, 32, 9

Oaths, old Latin, 20, 7; modern Italian, 20, 7
Obedience, 10, 9, 10
  the third vow of St. George's Company, 2, 22: 5, 21: 7, 20
  and disobedience, the three orders of—diabolic, human, angelic, 67, 14
  cannot be mentioned by the English squire, 45, 12
  first preparation for intelligence, 66, 6
  how once more attainable, 9, 9
  its relation to the art of music, 73, 14
  patience in, with practice of Arts, the only elements of education, 17, 6. [For a note added here by Ruskin, see Vol. XXVII. p. 297 *n.*]
  meaning of, no modern can understand, 66, 20
  nature of, in the St. George's Company, 37, 8
  necessary in young painters to their masters in art, 79, 10
  the Magi sent to Bethlehem, to teach it to the king himself, 12, 22
  to our fellow-creatures, the first necessary, 67, 13
  to something, necessary, 54, 2
Occupation for youths without perseverance, 53, 26
Ogilvie, Hon. Mrs., account of, 33, 3, 4, 5
Oil, aspect of country producing, 18, 3
Old Mortality, Scott the, of the heart, 32, 4
Oliver Twist, rearranged, 94, 2 *n.*
Ophir, 61, 12
Opinions, the author does not choose to express any of things knowable, 6, 3; of no value, opposed to knowledge, 71, 1
  individual announcement of, how pestiferous, 73, 15
Opinions, of what five persons to be ascertained, for practical use, 18, 13
  in what sense no one has a right to have any, 11, 18
  sale of, fraudulent, 44, 3
Opus and opera of St. Bernard, 63, 4
Oration, modern, of the *Scotsman*, the author's say of it promised, but not yet said, 82, 35
Order, the disposer of things, 82, 7
  the first aim of every great painter, 69, 15
Orleans, 14, 1
Ormerod, Dr. Latham, *History of Wasps*, 51, 13
Ornithology, the author going to lecture on, 25, 20
Orphan Asylum at Bassano, account of, 96, 4
Otomac Indians, diet of, 27, 15
Our Boys, play of, quotation from, 69, 12 and *n.*
Outlawry, wilful—the Titanic nature, 73, 15
Ouvrier, new meaning of, undoer, 7, 3
Owls, of modern philosophy, 73, 2
Own, every man to his, meaning of the expression, 28, 1
Ownership, a man's, meaning and extent of word, 70, 9
Oxford, author's work at, 1, 3: 8, 9: 9, 15
  art at, on what now dependent, 37, 1
  modern liveliness of, 66, 9
Oxford, Bishop of, challenge to, 49, 12

Padua, 13, 17; chair of rural economy founded at, 19, 12
Pain, a divine and necessary trial according to Plato, 70, 11
Painters and authors, no need to speak of the honesty of, 31, 15
  for British workmen, where are they to come from? 79, 7
Painting, the witness of, unbroken, down to the last days of Venice, 26, 10
Palaces, not to be envied, 21, 16
Palissy, Bernard, 6, 6
Pall Mall Gazette, extracts from the, on a month's railway accidents, 35, 16
  on the wealth of the world, 44, 2; remarks thereon, 44, 3; absurdities of, 73, 2
Pamphlet, on social subjects, interesting as a type of popular selfishness, 79, 1
Panama, Isthmus of, 13, 12
Pancras, St., 32, 26
Pantaloon, majesty of Venetian, 77, 15

Pantomimes, **12**, 4 : **14**, 13 : **61**, 6
at Drury Lane, **39**, 4
compared with the real world, **39**, 6
Paper manufacture pollutes streams, **33**, 2
Paper-money of modern Italy, **18**, 4
Parables of the New Testament, to whom misleading, **53**, 8 ; *e.g.*, of the Talents, **53**, 8
spoken by Christ, general tenor of, **68**, 2
Paradise (Dante's), **24**, 10
Paradise Place, the author's property in, account of, **78**, 18
Pardoneres, ancient and modern, **18**, 9 ; Chaucer's tale of, **18**, 11
Parental virtue, Heaven's gift to children, **14**, 8
Parents and children, relation between, **63**, 9
Paris, fighting in, **7**, 1
behaviour of old, **29**, 12
breakfast in, **48**, 8
children killed in siege of, **3**, 2
food fund, committee of, pleasant reading, **33**, 19
her own destruction, **8**, 11 : **43**, 3
ruins of, **6**, 14 : **17**, 7
state of gardens in, during the siege of, **5**, 17 *n.*
walk through, **41**, 4
Parizade, Princess, **87**, 15 and *n.*
Park, Archibald, **95**, 24
(*And see* "Mungo Park")
Park, meaning of the word, **27**, 5
pulling down railings of Hyde, **28**, 4
cost of, **27**, 8
no longer for us, **28**, 4
Parks of England, **27**, 8
Parliament, British, a luxury of squires, **1**, 6
debates of, a form of dog-fight, **6**, 10
houses of, worthy of destruction, **1**, 4
Parliamentary talk, a watchman's rattle sprung by constituencies of rascals at the sight of an honest man, **37**, 5
Parricide at Halifax, **35**, 17
Parsons, Dr., of Hawkshead, **88**, 3
Party, in politics, its effects, **1**, 4
Passion not judged, but the want of it, **42**, 11
Passover, meaning of, or a household feast, **74**, 3
Pastor, his office explained, **84**, 14 and *n.* ; definition of, **89**, 2 and *n.*
Pastoral happiness, **14**, 12
life promotes song, **32**, 13
Pasturage, in Alpine regions, **85**, 14
Patience, necessary for work, **25**, 20 ; effect of a mother's, in education, **33**, 13
Patmore, Coventry, letter from, on the Protestant Church—author's reply to, **66**, 23
Patriotism, real, what it is, **46**, 12 ; never fortunate, according to Bacon's noting, **61**, 4
Patroclus, sorrow of Achilles' horses at death of, **9**, 11
Patron saints of the chief occupations of the members of St. George's Company, **26**, 10
Paul, St., why to be reverenced, **28**, 4
ascertained by German critics to be Simon Magus, *ib.*
his grave, **43**, 13
Paupers, squires are able-bodied, compelling their dole, **45**, 12
Pavement, ideally clean street, **48**, 3
Pawnbrokers (*see* "Monte di Pieta")
Pay for bad books, harm of, **81**, 12
Payment over the counter, in all wise commerce, **26**, 1
Peace, gives knowledge, but not knowledge peace, **63**, 13
meaning of perfect, **54**, 13
prayer for, **58**, 1
promised as the reward of right doing, not necessarily joy, **79**, 5
Pearls from the Tay, **60**, 5
Pears, Queen Louise, at Abbeville, **72**, 13
Peasant, difference between English and Swiss, **39**, 9 *n.*
Peasant and clerk, root of contest between, in Germany, **15**, 3
Peasant paymaster, the, **11**, 5 : **15**, 1 : **47**, 1
Peasantry, Bavarian, **5**, 11
French, **17**, 9 : **21**, 20
Tuscan, **18**, 5
(*And see* "Savoy" *and* "Tyrol")
Peculators, punishment of, in Dante's *Inferno*, **18**, 13
Pedicularity, Batrachianity, and Humanity in the Comtian sense, **66**, 13
Peebles, story of Peter (*Redgauntlet*), **47**, 7, 8 ; compared with Miss Flite (*Bleak House*), **47**, 9
Pegasus and chivalry, **75**, 2
Peleg and his family, **61**, 12
Pence, author's love of, **63**, 15
Penny, shilling, and pound, the British Bible, **25**, 4
description of a, **25**, 5
of St. George, **58**, 14
Penrose, Mr. F. C., his work on the Parthenon, **75**, 24

Pentateuch, results of its careful reading, 66, 1
Pepin de Werre, at Calais, 25, 16
Pepper's ghost, 29, 4
Pergamos, address to the church of, 84, 18, 22
Perseverance of the author's mother, consequence of, 33, 13
Persia, education of princes in, 12, 19; famine in, 11, 16
Persians, type of Shemite race, 62, 12
Perth, the author's early life at, 10, 5: 63, 11
Peter, St., young disciple of, goes salmon-fishing on Columbia River, 68, 10
Peter, the author's cousin, death of, 65, 18
Peterborough, Bishop of (Dr. Magee), author's challenge to, 49, 11: 76, 13
declines to give opinion on political economy, 72, 3, 14
Pétroleuses, 8, 6; Madeleine, la Pétroleuse, 12, 23
Phalanthus of Sparta, allusion to, 25, 7
Pharisee and Publican, the parable savoury to rogues, 49, 11
Philadelphia, address to the church of, 84, 18, 25
Philistines, elements of malignant force, 65, 12
Philosophers, as component of civilised nation, 67, 3
Philosophy, modern practical, at our universities, 72, 8
Phlegethon in men's hearts, 24, 9, 12; in Dante's Hell, 24, 15
Photographs for St. George's Guild, 59, 7; list of, sent to Sheffield, in illustration of *Fors Clavigera*, 78, 7, 8
Photography, 5, 9; art of the modern Archangel Uriel, 78, 3
Physical science, advantage of, to boys and girls, 48, 10
Physician, benevolence of, in Kirkcudbrightshire, 16, 12
Physicians, dishonesty of, 31, 15
Picnic, the hungry fed by, on what condition, 2, 17; the only occupation of the upper classes of Europe, 2, 16
Picture-dealers, consolation offered by them to the author, 76, 18
Pictures, purchase of, its non-effect on national wealth, 1, 8
the author rebuked by *Liverpool Daily Courier* for extravagance in, 4, 7
the author buys selfishly, 70, 4
the collection of, in "Alder Point Mansion," 68, 18
Pictures, not attractive to some young people, 56, 20: 57, 3
of natural objects and scenes, possible uses of, 81, 19
purchase of, its rational laws, 79, 8
why bought by a modern collector, 70, 4
Piety, 36, 9; impertinent—its results when allied with conceit, 49, 6
Pilgrimage, sacred, how joyful, 72, 11
Pillage, of France by the Prussians, 1, 6
by the English, 4, 11
essential principles of, always accepted, 4, 12
military, the author's reasons for directing attention to, 78, 11
Pillars of salt and sand, 66, 12
Piper, Highland, feeling of, steadily antagonistic to Puritanism, 32, 16
Pippins, Devonshire, not improvable by modern science, 66, 12
Pisa, boys and idlers at, 18, 1; Sta. Maria della Spina at, destroyed, 18, 14: 20, 20: 57, 9
Pitcher of water (the sign of the place for the last supper), meaning of, 74, 4
Place, every one to find his own, 28, 2
Plague-wind in spring, 53, 1; of recent years, 65, 19
Plan, the author's, in this book, 36, 2: 37, 10: 43, 3
Plantagenet, power of the name, examined, 4, 12
Plants, early springing of, 82, 15
Plato, a master of political economy, 70, 6
does not "opine," but "knows" the most important truths, 71, 1
his account of the ruin of Doric cities, 83, 4
his views on music, 82, 7
parable of Theuth and the King of Egypt, 94, 4
principles of his economy, 70, 11
quotation from the *Republic*, 37, 11 and *n*.
Socrates, Epaminondas, and, Mr. John Bright's contempt for, 75, 4
sum of his tenth book of *Laws*, 76, 1
uselessness of, to human folly, 82, 20
(*See also* the list of passages in Vol. XXVII. pp. xxxiv.–xxxv.)
Play, how was it Scott could not write a? 33, 17
Play of children, its manner, how important, 82, 19
Pleasure, acting for, instead of use, 61, 15; sought before use, brings death into the world, 74, 7

Pleasure, calculus of its economy, 14, 3
different qualities as well as degrees of, 14, 3
how to take, 89, 13
not to be a primary motive of life, 61, 15
texts respecting, in New Testament, 12, 11
satieties of, 93, 8
Plimsoll, Mr., his stand against the English Commons, 56, 18
Ploughshare, the sword set to undo its work, 17, 7
Plumes, what they are the symbol of, 28, 9
Plutus, the vision of, 53, 7
Plymouth, 13, 12
Pockets of glass, 8, 8 : 62, 17
Poetry, dramatic, lyric, and epic, 34, 4
author prefers pence to, 63, 15
its vital earliest form, 76, 3
Poictiers, 4, 11
Poison in marsh grass, causing red-water, 69, 20
Political Economy, extract from *Manual of*, 1, 12 (*see* "Fawcett"); fallacies in Mr. J. S. Mill's, 2, 8
Political economy, and the Peace Society can neither grant nor protect land, 45, 9
a vulgar falsehood, taught by dishonest commercial men, 67, 2
the science of social averages, 53, 19
Polype, a slimy, 25, 5
Pomfret (Pontefract), modern, deaths from starvation outside the walls of it, 61, 19
Ponte Vecchio, at Florence, 21, 5
Pontine marshes, a symbol of diabolic work, 46, 10
Poor, the, if they are not virtuous, what will the rich be? 67, 17
their food, the first care of Venetian legislature, 74, 13, 14
their kindness to each other, 81, 19
relations of, to rich, 2, 16
Pope, 32, 4 : 40, 14
Essay on Man: "See him, from Nature, rising slow to Art," etc., 53, 15
mistake in his idea of the uses of luxury, 64, 19
Pope, the, gives telegraphic benediction, 18, 1 : 20, 5; Toni, Mr. Rawdon Brown's Venetian servant, goes to see, 75, 11
Popular Assembly in Sparta, limited power of, 82, 2
Porch, St. Mark's, at Venice, 70, 10
Porphyry, hardness of, under graver, 64, 15
Porphyry, lifelong affection for it, how to gain, 69, 23
sculpture of, by companion of St. George, 69, 23
Portrait-painter, our best, since Gainsborough, sends his son to Jamaica, 61, 7
Portsmouth, modern, description of, 64, 26
Position of William, 1, 13 : 5, 13 : 8, 4, 5 : 11, 7
Positivism, 6, 2 : 37, 3; the author has no idea what it means, 67, 25
Posting, 56, 10; expense of author's journey through England in that manner, 66, 22
Post-office, eleven vacancies for girls at the, applied for by 2000, 29, 10
Pottage, its associations, 24, 18; in Egypt, 64, 2
Pound (the coin), put it on the table and let us examine it, 26, 3; (the prison), chosen in preference to park, 28, 4
Poverty, of the country through the enriching of a few, 27, 13, 14; Giotto's picture of the marriage of, to St. Francis, 45, 18 : 76, 9 and *n.*
Power of writing and spelling correctly, how acquired by the author, 33, 13
Practice, as opposed to theory, English notions of, 3, 15
Praise, ours, of God, not necessary to Him, 12, 11
Prayer, to take away hardness of heart from all Jews, etc., an absurd one, 30, 3; the author's form of, for himself, *ib.*
alms and, exhortation to learn meaning of, 82, 24
Duke of Argyll on, 46, 9
is not work, 46, 8
modern, only street boys' play with God's door-knocker, 82, 24
"Preacher, the," Lord Lonsdale's racehorse—the breakdown of, proves a disappointment, 70, 17
Preachers, the things they do not preach, 81, 20
Preaching, to be good, must be gratis, 31, 18
become merely a convenient profession, 85, 3
fighting, and lawgiving, mercenary, to be abolished, 67, 16
trade of, as a means of livelihood, 75, 21
Preparation, God's, for those who love Him, 72, 8
Press, writers for the, designedly misleading, 22, 8 (*see* "Newspapers"); really answerable for the present state of things, 27, 12

Press, for thirty years steadily opposed to good work of the author, 27, 12; opinion of the British, on *Fors Clavigera*, 46, 17
folly and impudence of the, 46, 18; remarks thereon, *ib.*
in the hands of wretches, 67, 5
modern, its thousand square leagues of falsehood every morning, 67, 10
value of its productions in the morning and evening, 69, 10
Preston, children's happiness at, 14, 13
Presumption of pointing out all the ways of governing the universe, M'Cosh on the, 27, 7
Pretty ladies (the best of them), answerable for all the mischief that goes on in the world, 80, 7
Price, Mr. W. P., his opinions on the success of commercial operations, as dependent on the observance of the law of supply and demand, 11, 16
Price, author's first, always the *lowest*, 37, 12; of this book, 38, 13
fixed, to be established as first principle of St. George's trade, 79, 4
,, of corn, by Sultan Ala-ud-din, 81, 16
foundation of, 38, 11
regulation of, 38, 4, 9; now regulated by rascals, 38, 6
Pride, Scott's strongest passion nobly set, 32, 18
Priest and presbyter, equivocation on words (*see* Christopher Harvie's *Synagogue*), 49, 9
Priesthood, essential character of, how related to fatherhood, 14, 8 (*see* "Clergy"); a function expressly taken away from the Christian minister, 49, 9
Priests, their costliness, 6, 9; functions, 24, 14
Princes, definition of, 89, 2 and *n.*
Princess, a, definition of, 71, 8
dream of the Princess Ursula, painted by Carpaccio, 20, 14–16: 40, 12: 70, 12: 72, 5
Princesses, whether to be wished for, or abolished, 71, 8
Princesses of Heaven, tribute of earth to, 54, 25
Print shops can be only looked into at the expense of modesty, 29, 8
Printing, cheap, effects of, 81, 12
and engraving, relations of, 78, 3
Priscian, sculpture of, at Venice, 77, 9
Prison charity, 82, 3
Prisoners of state, why confined in the Ducal Palace of Venice, 74, 6 *n.*
Probity and virtue independent of any hope in futurity, 86, 1
Proboscis, noses and, 51, 10
Prodigal Son, parable of, 82, 23
Production, Mr. Mill's definition of, its absurdity, 4, 5, 11: 5, 4: 13, 6; of food, how contrivable, but not desirable, to increase its extent, 69, 3
Professions, relation of, to producers of food, 11, 5
all gentlemanly, except digging, have a taint of dishonesty, 31, 15
the four gentlemanly, 62, 1; the three chief gentlemanly (so called), 84, 14; the three necessary, 84, 14 *n.*
Progress, modern, confesses itself false, 4, 11; of nations, how cautiously to be estimated, 82, 5
Promises of Christianity, why incredible now, 79, 5
Property, 1, 12: 16, 9
the author's questions upon, 4, 8; the author's own, general account of, 76, 17: 78, 18; public opinion on his disposal of it, 77, 12
definition and sanctity of—it is, A. a good thing; B. honestly got; C. by some one who can use it, 70, 3
the six articles in which it mainly consists, 5, 14; articles of human, brought under seven divisions, 70, 8
different kinds of, liked by different people, 70, 4
extraordinary article of, in treasures of King David, 70, 6
letter on the increased conviction of the sanctity of, 44, 16
private right of, 28, 19
second law of old communism respecting, 7, 8
Spartan scorn of, 82, 2
valuable in itself, though we do not get interest on it, 70, 2
Prophecy, the gift of, how denied by modern clergy, 49, 8; spoken by Venice, 71, 2
Prophets, Hebrew, their conception of dreams, 65, 10
Propositions, general, to be maintained in *Fors*, nine in number, 22, 7
Proserpina, its claims, 60, 1
Prosperity, nations are the better for each other's, 1, 11
apparent, in early stages of things, not always a good sign, 61, 4
example of sang-froid in, 55, 4

Prosperity, of England, real beggary, 61, 2; measurable by her consumption of beer (according to her Parliament and her *Times*), 73, 6; according to the *Morning Post*, 22, 7
Protestant railing against Papist intolerance, 60, 9; egotism and insolence spoil the author's first books, 76, 8
Protestantism, modern liberal, the creed of, that you must not kill a man for his opinion, but you may for his money, 67, 26; analysis of, in the *Heart of Midlothian*, 83, 10
Prout, Samuel, his drawing at Venice, 72, 1; borrows author's sketch of Ca' Ferro, Venice, *ib.*
Proverbs i., discussed, 87, 15
Providence, how one should prepare for thinking about it, 78, 11
Provident, people in good position so, 28, 16
Providential punishment, 50, 6, 7
Prudence, the leader of the four cardinal virtues, 83, 4
Prussia (*see* "Friedrich")
Prussians, expedition of, into France, 1, 6
Psalmody, modern Scottish, discordant, 32, 16
Psalms, book of, very precious, 35, 3; practically dead, 53, 9
i. and xv., objectionable to nineteenth century, 49, 11
ii., 1–5, translation of, 87, 6, 7
viii., thirteenth-century text, 53, 9; notes on, 53, 10; corollary on, 53, 13
viii. and xix., compared, 75, 4 and *n.*
xiv., xv., in old English verse, 23, 24; examined, 36, 8–10; the author unable to account for the sentence, "There were they in great fear," etc., 36, 9
xix., "the heavens declare," detailed analysis of, 75, 3
lviii. 8, error in English translation of, 66, 6
lxxxvii., misinterpreted, 64, 1 *n.*
cxiv., "In Exitu," reference to, 74, 16
cxix., contents of, 70, 8
of England, 42, 14
Psalm-singing squire, his lovely love-poems, 35, 4–6
Psyche (or, soul), Plato's estimate of its value, 70, 8, 11
Public, the British, reluctance of, to trust an honest person, 36, 1; the centre of the universe, 75, 5
Public opinion, 56, 23
Publicans (in English sense of the word), young pious married couples recommended to become, 70, 16
Publishing and bookselling trades, abuses in, 53, 19; publishing on a system, impossibility of, 57, 8
Pugilism, feminine, 66, 23
Punch, attitude towards author's proposal for reservoirs on Apennines, 86, 10
epitaph on the Bishop of Winchester and Baron Bethell in, 42, 9
honestest journal in London, 86, 3
pretty girls in, 91, 1
Punch, no more to be heard at Venice, 71, 5
Punishment, capital, only opposed by rogues and their abettors, 35, 2, 11, 17; advisability of, 75, 16: 82, 4
Puns, possible value of, 82, 4 *n.*
Pupil, the author's favourite, goes fox-hunting on foot, 63, 20
Puppies, glossy-headed, to sell fish eventually, 38, 7
modern curly-tailed, their temperate sagacity, 65, 10
Purgatory, Dante's conception of, 24, 9
Puritanism, influence of, on Scott's mental life, 32, 16
one of the last remains of noble and sincere, among men of sound learning, 33, 6
true nobleness, 65, 17; modern, degeneracy of, *ib.*
Purity, Shakespeare's meaning of, 25, 15

Quakers, influence of, on Scott's ancestors, 31, 12
Quality, standard method of determining, in leather and greengrocery, proposed at Sheffield, 77, 4
Queen-Bishops, with Norman caps for mitres, 62, 3
Quercia, Jacopo della, sculpture by, 66, 17
Questions, on Shakespeare answered, 25, 15; pressing, for England and France, 43, 12

Rabbit shooting, 24, 24
Rabies, canine, letter concerning, 40, 15
Race, few now left of the old, 48, 6
Rachel of England, 46, 11
Racing, 70, 17
Raeburn, Sir Henry, dining with Lord Eldin, 38, 11 *n.*

Rahab, the dragon of Egypt, 66, 8
the harlot, a busy creature, *ib.*
meaning of word, 66, 26: 75, 12
Railings, iron, manufacture of, in England, significant of evil, 2, 10; pulling down park, a significant business, 27, 5
Railways, most, not all, in England to be destroyed, 1, 4: 5, 9
accidents, a year's, 35, 16; "blamed for blood," 35, 4
author's use of, 49, 15
destructive power of, 61, 22
dividends, letter on, 47, 17
infernal means of locomotion, 44, 5
in Wales, 61, 22
North British, station of, built on site of Berwick Castle, 77, 16
state of, in America, 81, 22
Rainbow, all the colours of the, are essentially secondary, 42, 1
Rainfall and floods, H. Willett quoted on, 85, 6; in England and on the Continent, 86, 12 and *n.*
Rank, mental, irrevocably fixed from hour of birth, 9, 5; founded on possession, 80, 8
Raphael, picture of Nativity by, 12, 21: 15, 9; popular admiration for, 52, 2
Raphael, the Archangel, on Ducal Palace of Venice, 74, 7
Rates and taxes, modern convenience of, 65, 19
Rational, what is now called, 48, 1, 2
Rattening, no means of advancing just law, 74, 15
Rattlesnake, gentle behaviour of, 82, 32
Reaction, insolence of, 54, 18
Readers, evangelical, compared to hedgehogs, 35, 3 *n.*
Reading, not necessary to education, 4, 2
aloud to children in schools, 95, 10, 11
and writing does foolish people harm, 94, 2; pictorial manner of learning both, 51, 8
early, of author, 10, 2
how to make young ladies fond of, 33, 4
virtuous or gluttonous, 61, 15, 16
Reading, town of, account of changes in, described by Professor Goldwin Smith, 78, 19
Recitation and elocution, 95, 10
Record, newspaper, 46, 20
Red, colour, political significance of, 7, 9
Redfern, Annie, her death, 24, 19
Refined personages not easy in their minds, 28, 12
Refinement to be enforced in St. George's Company, 48, 9
Reformation, not the author's object, but formation, 9, 12; of lower orders, only possible by distribution among them of three things, all good in their kind—dress, food, and music, 82, 23
Reformer, the author does not profess to be one, 70, 14
Registration of the people, 62, 3
Registry of inhabitants in the district of each great town, 73, 8
Reign of law, or of a spirit of mercy and truth, 42, 13
Relations, the author's, results of assisting them in business, 76, 18
Religion, 11, 17. [For the note added here by Ruskin, see Vol. XXVII. p. 194 *n.*]
essential meaning of, 45, 12; true, definition of, 69, 16; verbal sense of, 70, 7 and *n.*
false, attempts to cozen God out of salvation, 77, 6
frantic hatred of, by French republican mind, 43, 13
taught for money, always poisonous, 67, 10
true, forms of, one simple prayer, 77, 6
Religious egotism, Scott's inevitable perception of, 33, 6
creed for companions of St. George, 57, 3: 58, 2
madness, example of, 52, 25
service, definition of, by St. James, the Bishop, 76, 12
teaching of the author's earlier works, all wrong, 76, 8
Remedy, for the present state of affairs, proposed in a letter to the author, 43, 14
Rent, principles of, 2, 3: 10, 15: 21, 22
and interest, thefts by the rich from the poor, 78, 13; rent, the fatallest form of usury, 85, 3
and taxes, rates of, on working women, 80, 5
capital and interest all to be attacked at once, 43, 3
how to be fixed, 45, 12
illustration of its beautiful proportions to the income of the poor, 80, 20
Marmontel's idea of, 21, 22
not asked for the deck of a warship, 79, 4

Salvation and destruction of states, their causes named by Plato, 76, 1
Salvini, his interpretation of Othello, 91, 6
Samson and the lion, 65, 12
Sand, Georges (*see* "Balzac")
Sandy-Knowe, 32, 10: 92, 10
Sanitary condition of Scotherne, 27, 19
Sanity of body, worth of, 70, 8
Sarcophagi, Egyptian, in British Museum, placing and engraving of, 64, 10, 11
Sardis, address to the Church of, 84, 18, 24
Saturday, its religious significance, 24, 9
Saturday Review on the author's sentimentality, 42, 14
Savonarola, influence of, at Florence, 22, 5
Savoy, peasant of, his superiority to the author in many respects, 4, 2
Scandal at Bath Pump Room, 33, 16
Scarecrows, of idiotic soul (idiotic is used in this place in the accurate Greek sense, self-contained), 81, 9
Schism, the true and eternal, 57, 2
Scholars, can generally live on less than a ploughman, 67, 10
  on what conditions to be maintained, 67, 16 and *n.*
  the author's, their help to him at Venice, 71, 1
Scholarship, true and refined, the foundation of it is to be skilled in some useful labour, 9, 2
School, a model—conduct of children, 50, 11
  where Wordsworth was educated, 58, 20
  meaning of the word, 59, 11
  on Ardross estates, efficiency of, 69, 20
School boards, modern, 56, 16; children, their blasphemous language, 50, 11; practical effects of, 80, 21
School for Scandal in reference to Dr. Tyndall's sweet speeches, 43, 16
Schoolmistress, profession of, respectable, 33, 4
Schools, to have reading-rooms and libraries, 95, 12
  of Venice, account of, 75, 9 *n.*
  for middle-class girls, position of, 79, 13
  to be fitted for children in its neighbourhood, 95, 5
  motto for, 95, 6
Schools of Drawing, elementary, to be opened in Oxford, 9, 14
Science, modern, summary of the general temper and purposes of, 5, 3, 5
  true, the essence of Savoir Vivre, 5, 7. [For a note added here by Ruskin, see Vol. XXVII. p. 85 *n.*]
Science, general, corrupted and retarded by jealousy, 34, 17
  in St. George's schools to be practically taught, 39, 2
  advance of, no more impeded, 62, 21
  evilly laid hold of, worse than none, 82, 11
  the three sciences called necessary by the Greeks, 82, 10
Science and Art, of no use whatever to feed people, 1, 8: 4, 4, 7: 5, 3
Scientific books, modern, their effects on the author's mind, 65, 9
Scientific persons, how occupied, 8, 1
Scotch maidens, "barefooted," 92, 1
Scotchwoman, a wretched, of Holy Willie breed, 70, 14
Scotherne, sanitary condition of the village of, 27, 19
Scotland, pre-eminently a singing country, 32, 13
Scotsman, modern oration of, 82, 35; Miss Russell's letter in, on Ashestiel, 95, 27
Scott, Sir Walter, influence of, on the author, 10, 2, 3
  portrait of, frontispiece to 31
  life:—
    begins, 31, 6; unhealthiness of his birthplace, 31, 6; his ancestors, 31, 6, 11, 12, 13, 15; his lameness, 31, 23; his aunt Janet, 31, 22: 33, 12, 15; divisions of his life, 32, 1, 3, 5; epitome of his youth, 32, 3-6; his childhood, 32, 7-12; life of, too interesting to readers, 33, 1; his mother, 33, 3; his grandmother, 33, 7, 9; his aunt, 33, 7, 12; his library, 33, 10, 14; effect of sculpture on, 33, 16; goes to the play, 33, 17; his life at Abbotsford, entirely wise and good, 67, 9; Mungo Park and, 92, 5 *seq.*
  character:—
    his one weakness, 31, 3; his temper, 31, 5; his notes and private letters, caution to be observed when reading, 31, 13; his loving thought of his dogs on parting, 32, 2; reflections on his life, 32, 2; his pride, 32, 18; sorrow for his servants, 32, 19; his wrecked intellect, 54, 11; his first and last mental effort, 92, 8; effect on, of natural scenery of his native land, 92, 10; handwriting, 94, 7 *n.*; specimen of (MS. of *Fortunes of Nigel*), 83, 6

Scott, Sir Walter: *Continued*:—
characteristics of his works:—
made romance ridiculous, 31, 1; the good they could do, 31, 2: 32, 23; classed with Pindar, Homer, Virgil, and Dante, 34, 8; compared with Dante and Virgil, 31, 2; with Gotthelf, 61, 7; commonly read? 32, 23; subtlety of his teaching, 31, 2; his work always epic, 34, 5; dramatic work contrary to his genius, *ib.*: 33, 17; his legal characters, 47, 4, 5; his character portraits, 34, 9; chief charm of his prose works, what, and how obtained, 44, 6; action of his imagination, 83, 6; attitude towards the supernatural, 83, 6, 7: 92, 6; Bodach Glas and White Lady, expressions of real belief, 92, 9; conduct of lovers in his books, 91, 6
his views on:—
beatitude and virtues of masterhood, 28, 18: 31, 4
British law, 47, 2
gambling nature of business generally, 27, 13
poor law, 27, 13
tippling houses, 27, 13
miscellaneous remarks:—
description of his first country house, 29, 6
example of life in old Scotland, 94, 12
land of, limits of, fixed by the author, 29, 6
letter to Mrs. Laidlaw of Peel, 95, 25
mode of travelling, 44, 6
monument a vulgar Gothic steeple, 31, 6; his true monument, 92, 12
sum of his work at Melrose, 92, 3
workrooms at Ashestiel and Abbotsford, 92, 12
works quoted or discussed:—
stanzas on sources of the Tweed, 92, 1
Antiquary, supernatural element in, 92, 7
Fortunes of Nigel, 83, 6
Guy Mannering, supernatural element in, 92, 7
Heart of Midlothian, moral law in, 83, 8; analysis of Protestantism in, 83, 10; Jeanie Deans a peasant, 31, 4: 91, 4; walks barefoot to London, 92, 1; why the greatest of his works, 92, 7
Lady of the Lake, 15, 2
Lay of the Last Minstrel, 31, 7, 8
Scott, Sir Walter—works quoted or discussed:—
Old Mortality, character of Alison Wilson in, 32, 9: 62, 8; representation of Puritanism in, 65, 17 *n.*; idea of prophetic warning in, 92, 7
Peveril of the Peak, 10, 17
Quentin Durward, extract from, 15, 10
Redgauntlet, 29, 6; Scott's own biography, 31, 12; story of, 47, 4; epitome of, 47, 5; Lilias, 32, 3
Waverley, commended to study, 61, 10; supernatural element in, 92, 7
(*See also* "Novels")
Scottish modern religion and education, 92, 2
Scottish streams, the beauty of the sound of, 32, 13
Scripture, modern sacred, 61, 8
how ignored by Protestantism except in passages to its liking, 83, 10
(*See also* "Writing")
Sculpture, art of, necessary conditions for its development, 78, 4
effect of, on Scott when a child, 33, 16
grand knots in the beams answering all the purposes of, 46, 7
Greek, not so much worth seeing as living form is, 23, 6; influence of, on modern life, 23, 7
power of religious, *meant* to terrify, 33, 17
Sea, captains at, how to produce them, 9, 10
training upon, how influencing the northern races, 9, 11
surrender of the dead by, in the resurrection, 72, 4
Seaside hotel, old and new, 38, 12
Seasons, proper observation of, a celestial work, 46, 10
Seats, cast-iron, at Kirkby Lonsdale, 52, 8
Sebastopol, 42, 7
Secrecy, none, so far as avoidable, in St. George's Guild, 62, 17: 65, 22
Secret, the utter and inmost, of the squire's behaviour, 45, 13
Sedition, fountain of, in Argos, 83, 5
Selborne, History of, White's, alluded to on the Crocus, 26, 14
Self-forgetfulness in girls, 91, 4
Selfishness, 72, 16
Selling clothes to poor people, 52, 27; land or houses, expense of conveyancing, 50, 17 (*see also* "Sale")
Sentence, the vilest, 42, 14
Sentiment, ancient, compared with modern common sense, 33, 1

Sentiment, evil of, overpowering the intellect, 49, 6
its real nature, 34, 2
of the dark ages, 34, 1
opposed to practice and to nature by the modern Scotsman, 82, 35
pious, of modern British merchant, 67, 26
purity of, distinguishes a gentle from a churlish mind, 41, 2
Sir C. Adderley on, 34, 2
Separation of live coals from cinders, in the Church, 61, 1
of good from wicked and dishonest persons insisted on, 63, 5; strict in St. George's Guild, 67, 8
of faithful and infidel, 72, 7
Septuagint, value of, 66, 26
Sepulchral architecture, 16, 1
Seraphic doctors, their theories of employment, 2, 5
Serfs, who are, 28, 12, 13
Sermons, the author's experience of, for thirty years, 36, 7; God's sermon to Abram, 65, 3
Servants, character of the old school of, at the Hôtel Meurice, 48, 8
faithful and wise, their reward, 84, 5–7
German, 48, 8
good, how to wait for their Master's coming, 83, 1
man and maid, relation of, to master, 62, 10
parable of the, 84, 5, 6
Scott's, their love for him, 32, 20
sometimes masters, 32, 21 (*see* "Masters")
the same word as slave in the Bible, 82, 8
the second order of the Feudal System, 71, 9
Service to death may be recovered, 32, 22
broken by the sin of your masters, *ib.*
of Christ, if done well we are out of breath, and cannot talk of Him, 62, 7
Servius Tullius, coinage of, 18, 14; his rampart, *ib.*
Sesame and Lilies, author's reason for withdrawing lecture on the "Mystery of Life," 91, 8
"Set," its meaning in English Prayer-book, 59, 12
Sewing (*see* "Needlework")
Sewing-machine, its use in trade and by ladies, 59, 14
Shadow fighting (σκιαμαχία), 80, 7
Shakespeare: and Scott, 47, 6
Chaucer, Fielding, and, remarks on, 34, 9
conduct of lovers in his plays, 91, 6 and *n.*
Grecism of his conceptions, 23, 10
his ghosts and witches, expressions of real belief, 92, 9
his manner of representing the causes of misfortune, 83, 9
his spirits only show themselves to men of the highest intellectual power, *ib.*
his tragedies—faith in God and hope in futurity meant to be felt by spectator, 91, 8
remarks on shilling copy of, 25, 14
significance of his own name, 15, 12
Merchant of Venice, 53, 7
Othello, poetical justice in, 83, 9 and *n.*
Richard II., Act ii. sc. 1, "Landlord of England art thou now, not King," 95, 2
Romeo and Juliet, "Where be these enemies?" etc., 91, 7: 90, 3 and *n.*
Shame, binds brave men, but not cowards, 80, 8
honour and, true relations of, 70, 11
Sheba, 61, 12
Sheep, Scott's knowledge of individual, 32, 11; difficulty of knowing each one in a large flock, 32, 12
Sheffield, name of the town, whence derived, 59, 9: 60, 11: 62, 22
art of sculpture impossible at, 78, 4
author lodges with a hospitable grocer at, 88, 7
estate at, bought for its workmen, 76, 15
Museum (*see* "George, St., Museum")
town of, why it has no Ducal Palace, 78, 4
Shells, 65, 16
(Bulimus), notes on, 69, 22
of the isle of St. Helen, Venice, 72, 2
Shem, posterity of, 61, 11; Ham, Japhet—respective characters of their descendants, 62, 12
Shepherd, at Arundel, takes charge of a little waif, 67, 23; the old shepherd and his wife, 83, 23
Shepherd-life, desirableness of, 12, 15
Shield, Barbara Haliburton's, 33, 11; Britannia's, now no defence, 25, 6
Shields (*see* "Squires")
Shillings, the author's delight in lion, 34, 10 *n.*
Shingle, of the southern Alps, 19, 8

Shirley, beauty of the village of, 29, 3; now covered with houses built of rotten brick, *ib.*
Shoes, how to be dutifully made, within St. George's jurisdiction, 77, 4
Shooting and tormenting beasts, 46, 10
Shop-girls, life of, under a draper churchwarden, 83, 22
Shovel-hat, a cinder-sifter, 61, 1 and *n.* 5
Sibthorp, *Flora Græca*, plates in, 50, 14
Siddim, vale of, 12, 12
Sidney, Sir Philip, 35, 1 : 55, 5
his death-wound, 35, 8
his dying charge to his brother, *ib.*
his kind act to a soldier, *ib.*, and 36, 5
all England went into mourning for, 35, 9
light verses by, 66, 15
Sight, straining of, in lace manufacture, 70, 18
Sight-seeing, under direction of Murray's Guide, 18, 2
Silk, the first silken stuff made in Spitalfields of thread from Lucca, 18, 2
Sillar, Robert G., letter to author on waiting for an opening for work, 56, 25
Sillar, Mr. W. C., on usury, 21, 18 : 53, 25
helpful investigations in natural history by, 64, 18; shells sent to the author by him, 65, 16
letter from, respecting rules of John Wesley, 69, 24; 73, 18
protest against church desecration, 72, 11 *n.*
Simon, Jules, *L'Ouvrière* recommended, 88, 11
Simony, in apostolic times and in modern, 55, 1
Simplicity without coarseness, possible and natural, under laws of St. George's Company, 37, 10
Simpson, Sir J., 4, 9
Sin, mortal, its singleness, 24, 12
light and shade of, how variable by circumstances, 80, 17
national, its punishment, formerly by physical, now by mental disease, 61, 5
of the hot and cold heart, 42, 11
presumptuous, against faith and love, distinguished from sin of ignorance or weakness, 74, 6
rarely confessed definitely, 12, 4
Sinai, Mount, 15, 7
Sincerity, mistaken, more deadly in clergymen than hypocrisy, 49, 7
Singers, born, will sing if they starve for it, 67, 10
Sire of Cresques, the, at Calais, 25, 16
"Sirenic," the opposite art to "Music," 83, 5
Sirens, contest of, with Muses, 83, 14; modern, their methodic dirges, 83, 28
Sixty pounds on the square inch, power of steam at, 41, 7
Skies, where most beautiful, 9, 19
to see the sky the object of education, 9, 19
darkness of, in recent years, 8, 1 : 12, 12
still blue in London in the early morning, 41, 1
Slave, mistranslation of the word according to party prejudice, 82, 8; girls in Bassano Orphan Asylum, 96, 4
Slavery in modern life, 3, 4 : 16, 12 : 24, 10; Egyptian, 64, 2
of those employed in mechanical labour, 44, 9, 13
on the *Thunderer*, 64, 26
to society, 46, 12
Smith and carpenter in St. George's Company, what work permitted, 37, 9
Smith, Adam (*see* "Adam Smith")
Smith, Goldwin (*see* "Goldwin Smith")
Smoke and filth not to be lived in, 44, 13
Smyrna, address to the Church of, 84, 18, 21
Snails and shells, of English South Downs, drawing of a snail-shell, 62, 14; illustration, magnitude of, 62, 16
dishoused, metaphor of Sir Philip Sidney's, 66, 5
engravings of, 63, 20
in Norfolk, 63, 17
their twisted houses, 64, 18
time of hatching, 64, 24
young and old, engravings of their shells, 65, 16
Snowdon, débris of broken bottles under its summit, 67, 4
Social Science meeting, author's address on the labour question at, 28, 22; secretary of, on civilisation—the vilest sentence in literature, 42, 14
Society, modern, would be entirely overthrown by any attempt to keep the Decalogue, 77, 3
upper class of, its uselessness and pride, 61, 6; higher circles of, whom they should receive, whom exclude, 63, 8
what form of, to be overthrown from its roots, 79, 1

Socrates, Plato, and Epaminondas, Mr. John Bright's contempt of, 74, 11 *n.*: 75, 4
Sodom, destruction of, 65, 14
Soil, preparation and carting, for garden cultivation, 69, 20
Soldiers, 62, 1
  a French, and his bride, story of, 29, 13
  their good in their frankness, 80, 15
  their life passing into shepherd's promotes song, 32, 13
  their occupation, 65, 7
  their relation to peasants, 15, 1
  what the word signifies, 15, 5
Solitude, privilege of, 40, 1
Solomon, how treated by modern Venetians, 77, 9
Solway Moss, races on, 70, 17
Song, its connection with industry and human love, 32, 16
  for delight, the vital form of poetry, 76, 3
  in border land of Scotland, reasons for, 32, 13
  love-song by Sir Philip Sidney, 35, 6
  sacred, continuance of, in the discipline of adult life, 82, 19
Sop, Judas's, common public charities nothing else, 61, 1 and *n.*
Sorrow, artificial, in modern music, 9, 12
Soul, the care for, after care for dinner, extremely necessary, 67, 11
  destiny of, of men that have died in battle, 8, 2
  Plato on:—
    honour due to it, 70, 11; twofold nature, *ib.*; definition and relations of body and, 82, 18; the oldest of things, 82, 7
  pure, what does Shakespeare mean by? 25, 15
Sound of Scottish streams, the beauty of, promotes song, 32, 13
Sour plums in Galashiels, 31, 22: 32, 24; origin of the song and tune, 33, 8
Sovereign (the coin), author questions children of Coniston about, 94, 3
Sparrows, 51, 23
Spears, length of, carried by English, 15, 10
Spectator, its meaning of "high aims," 27, 12
  on agriculture, 45, 20
  quotation from the, on the author, 46, 17; on "Mr. Ruskin's unique dogmatism," 85, 4
Spelling, difficulty of, with many girls, 33, 4; cannot be learned late, *ib.*
Spencer, Mr. Herbert, various mention of, 67, 24
"Sphex," family of insects, 52, 21
Spider, Harriet's care of, 61, 21
Spinning, 95, 21, 22
  weaving and, in the Isle of Man, 64, 27
  wheel, ancient use of, 32, 15: 40, 3; at Coburg, 40, 4
Spiral, significance of, 23, 12
  how to draw, 62, 14: 64, 18
Spirit, eternal distinction of Flesh and, 72, 7
  the things of the, how discerned, 72, 8
  the Holy, its eternal Presence, 72, 11
  of Evil, triumph in modern times, 72, 11
Spiritualism, the grievous question of, 61, 5
Spitting, practice of, at Pisa, 18, 1
Spots of the world not recognisable by microscopic tests, 76, 12
Spring at Bettwys-y-Coed, filling the railway-engine, 61, 22
Springs of the Holy Land, how managed by the Amorites, 65, 14 *n.*
Spurs, dish of two, 31, 9
Squire, Squires:—
  meaning of the term (rider, shield-bearer, carver), 2, 4: 22, 18: 35, 4
  author's challenge to the, 45, 4
  an able-bodied pauper compelling his dole, 45, 12
  English, send themselves to gaol in spring, to see dog-fights, 6, 10
  first duty of, 45, 12; second duty of, 45, 12
  his usual action, 44, 11
  heritage, what it once was, 45, 11
  how to be regarded as keepers of animals, 75, 14
  how he gets into Parliament now, 45, 12
  race of, its use, 22, 10, 12
  Richard Cœur de Lion, perfect type of, 3, 10. [For a note added here by Ruskin, see Vol. XXVII. p. 54 *n.*]
  specification of some whose history is to be examined in *Fors*, 22, 20
  strict scrutiny will be made as to the use of every instant of his time, 45, 7
  the root of the present evil his crime, 44, 10
  the vicegerent of Christ, his Captain, 45, 12
  will have to fight for their lands, 45, 9

Squirrel at Coniston, sad story of a, 48, 13
Squirrel cage, London a vast, 44, 12
Standard of value, one, in St. George's Guild, a yard of Laxey homespun, 72, 12
Stanley, Dean, 2, 17
Stanley, Miss, of Whitelands College, book on sewing, 94, 11 : 95, 22
Stars, associated only with Greek legends, 24, 4
  Egyptian, engraved, 64, 15
  in the East, 60, 3
  mental knowledge of, how possible, and how differing from merely instrumental, 75, 6
  wars of, 6, 10
Starvation, death from, 61, 19
State, power of death alone possessed by the, 46, 1
Station in life, frantic fear of people falling below, 30, 4
Statuary, superstitious terror of, in Scott when a child, 33, 16
Stealing, of the labourer's bread, the ordinary way of living for the upper classes, 67, 9
  abstinence from, how astonishing when real, 78, 11
  Moses' prohibition of, a mere crotchet of his, in Moslem estimation, 77, 3
  the particular method of it enforced in the nineteenth-century Decalogue, 78, 10 and *n.*
  various forms of the sin incidental in modern life, 68, 10
  (*See also* "Theft")
Steam, power of, insisted on by Birmingham correspondent, 6, 6
  at sixty pounds to the square inch, 41, 7
  letter from China on, 42, 17
  machinery, use of, 59, 13; refusal to employ, 85, 3
  musical accomplishments of, 5, 11
  not omnipotent, 10, 20
  traction, increased use of, 75, 17
  versus wind, at sea, 9, 10
Steamboats at Venice, 74, 10
Stephen, Mr. Leslie, among the Alps, 48, 7
Stephen, St., 48, 13
Stepping Heavenward, worldly books, music and drawing abjured, 59, 1
Stewardship of money or lands, Christian manner of, 68, 2
Stockholding (*see* "Banking")
Stone-chat, 51, 23
Stone-cutting, learning, 55, 10
Stoning, possible necessity for some English people, 65, 5
Stopford Brooke, the Rev., his false notions of the object of art, 63, 16 *n.*
Store, National, establishment of, 1, 3
  carried on, 7, 8
  meaning of word, 67, 4
  opposed to National Debt, object of St. George's Guild, 67, 2
  signification and results of, 58, 9, 11, 12 : 67, 4
Storm, physical, in modern times, of special character, 66, 3
Story of the Broom Merchant (*see* "Broom")
Stoves, patent, instead of fires, 27, 14; difference of effect between, 31, 17
Stowe, Mrs. Beecher, 28, 21; St. George's contradiction of, 82, 9
Straightforwardness now an exploded virtue, even among clergymen, 83, 21
Strait gate, its meaning, 59, 3
Streams, sound of, 32, 13
  geological reasons for music of, 32, 14
  Italian, 33, 19
  Scottish, present condition of, 33, 2
  the first thing a king has to do is to manage them, 33, 19 (*see note* 3); easy to manage, 86, 11
  at Seven Bridges Road at Oxford, 38, 9
Street riots, no means of advancing just law, 74, 15
Streets of London, 39, 3
Strikes, no thought of, among Scott's servants, 32, 21; of workmen, solution of, 86, 5
Strozzi, Palazzo, at Florence, 21, 14
Strutting, Emerson quoted on, and remarks, 26, 5
Student, Scottish, question put by, 9, 6
Sturgeon, flavour of, 68, 16; how caught when eight feet long, 68, 20
Style, literary, 14, 11
Subscriptions to St. George's fund, list of (*see* "George, St., Fund of")
Suburbs of modern cities, supply of church services as of Italian organs to, 49, 7
Sugar tongs and modern refinements, 48, 8
Suisse, the Superbe, and his bear, 34 (Plate XIV.)
Sulphur, unhealthiness of its manufacture, 61, 23
Sun, the, 6, 9
  mythic purport of our strength derived from it, 63, 4

Sun, the, physical and spiritual parts of, one great whole, 66, 3
prismatic effects of brilliant, 24, 7
worship of the, 45, 3; Turner, a sun worshipper, *ib.*
Sunday, 39, 5
its observance, 10, 2: 23, 5, 6, 23: 24, 6: 40, 10
remarks on, in a letter to the author, 29, 6 and *n.*
Sunshine at six o'clock on an October morning, a mistake, 32, 25
Supper-menu, on Columbia River, 68, 20
Supply and demand, 38, 6
law of, 11, 16; its operation in Jersey, 30, 7; not consulted by Scott's servants, 32, 21
storage of rain-water and, 86, 12
Swan, Mr. Henry, appointed Curator of St. George's Museum, Sheffield, 62, 19; letter from, recording a discussion at Sheffield, 71, 15
Swindler, probable consequences if the author had been a, 36, 1
Swiss, life and snows fast passing away, 34, 11
Sybilla, story of, 90, 3
Symbolism, how engrafted on things, 23, 12; heraldic and pictorial, difference between, 78, 1
Symmetry, explanation of, in classic art, 69, 15
Sympathy with author, letter of, 48, 18
Symphony (entire agreement with itself) of the soul, properly called virtue, 82, 17; in moral sense, 83, 5, 6

Talbot, Mrs., gave land at Barmouth to St. George's Company, 56, 19: 56, 6: 69, 2
Talbot Village (Bournemouth), account of, and questions relating to, 83, 27
Tales for our working men, non-existent, 79, 7; must be true, to be useful to the poor, 81, 19
Tale-tellers, the four great modern, had all the best intentions, 31, 1; difficult to know what good they did, 31, 1, 2
Taormina, theatre of, 48, 12
Tarns on ancient glacier beds, 85, 14
Tarrant & Mackrell (our solicitors): Memorandum and Statutes of St. George's Company, 55, 7; first notes on their accounts, 64, 22; letter from Mr. Tarrant on, 66, 19
letter from, explaining the legal position of St. George's Guild, 67, 22
Taste, varieties of fashion in, how mischievous, 82, 19; in music, not to be expected in people under sixty, 83, 2
Tavern, holiness of, necessary to that of the church, 83, 15
Taxation, Taxes, 8, 4, 5: 44, 2, 14
and theft defended by popular journalists, 44, 2
history of tax gatherers mistaken for that of nations, 3, 8
how mischievous when unjust, 16, 2
in England, 40, 1
in France, income-tax impossible, 7, 15; taxes, how raised under Thiers, 8, 3
may cheerfully be paid, 17, 9
of the food, drink, and lodging of the poor—the guilt of England, 74, 11 *n.*, 15; devil's ordinances, *ib.* 15
oppressive nature of French, 40, 1
receiver of, in France, his perquisites, 40, 1
Tay River, below Scone, 52, 12; at Perth, 65, 19
Taylor, Mr. P., M.P., verses to, by supposed convict, 23, 2
Te Deum, 12, 10: 45, 4; performance of, 12, 10
Tea shop, the author's, 48, 4; his difficulty about a sign for it, *ib.*
Teaching, of nature, reserved subtlety of, 31, 2
of heaven often ironical and obscure, 42, 10
theological and political art, the most complete example of, 46, 2
Telegraph, electric, its real results how small, 5, 8 (*comp.* 29, 11); wire won't feed people, 29, 11
The Daily Telegraph, 27, 12
calls working men hard names, 25, 18
extracts from, describing murder by kicking, 25, 18; on Paris Food Fund, 33, 19; on Roman inundations, referred to, 33, 23
Telford, Henry, gives author Rogers's *Italy* —with what result, 56, 7; sketch of, 56, 6-7
Temper, a noble, better for having its own way, 31, 23; rational, 48, 2
Temperance, the author not a temperance man, 27, 9; mistaken advocacy of, 33, 15
Tenants of St. George's Company, 37, 6; on what terms they obtain leases, 37, 8
Tennant, Mr., mineralogist, 64, 15

Tennyson, opening sonnet in the *Nineteenth Century*, 76, 3
"Tenths" of earnings or possessions, 42, 16 (*see also* "Tithe")
Testament, the New, special language of, 65, 2
Testimonials, mode of provision for, 83, 22
Thackeray, W. M., compared to a meat fly, 31, 1
his theory of vulgarity, 63, 13
views of, on subject of usury, 70, 9
Thanet, Isle of, beginning of Saxon Heptarchy in, 9, 18
Thatch, tiles substituted for, in Picardy, 31, 17
Theatre, Athenian ordering of, 73, 15 and *n.*
Fors's opinion of, 90, 9
Scott's first visit to a, 33, 17
social lesson to be learned in, 61, 6
Theft, 18, 14
by the rich from the poor, the two terrific forms of, 78, 13
English dread of, 12, 21
former dignity of its profession, 14, 1
general need for protection against, in England, 2, 10
in simplicity, does not corrupt men's hearts, 7, 13
its true nature to be some day known, 62, 4
open, has no dishonesty in it, 31, 9, 15
present functions of, 14, 1
punishment of, in Dante's *Inferno*, 72, 9
Richard I.'s objection to, 3, 11, 12
(*See also* "Stealing")
Theodore, St., legend of, 75, 8; and St. Mark, standard-bearers at Venice, why, *ib.*
Theology, standard, 61, 5; of the nineteenth century, an elect stone in it, 80, 14
Theseus, 23, 7, 9, and Plate X.
statue of, now in the British Museum, 2, 2: 23, 6, 7
his sacrifice, 24, 17, 20
his soup, 6, 5: 24, 18
his story begins, 23, 7; continued, 24, 3, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20
Theuth, the Egyptian Mercury, lessons given by, 61, 8
"They have no wine:" the appeal of the workman's wife to her son, 84, 1
Thick skin, and a good digestion, the advantage of a, 48, 7
Thief capitalists, 7, 13
Thiers, M., his system of finance for France, 8, 3
Things, bad, will pay if put properly before the public, 36, 2
good and bad, 50, 3
Thirlmere, the Manchester designs respecting it, 79, 13
robbery of, by Manchester—the form of guilt involved in it, 82, 5
the report of Manchester committee on, 83, 24
Thistle and rue, their story to be learnt, 25, 11
Thistles, 51, 16; love of bees for, 52, 17
Thomas, St., 14, 8, 10, 13; the author's sympathy for, 27, 1
Thought, power of, how formed in a child, 33, 7; thoughts of a great man, the, not got at at once, 47, 4
Thoughtlessness, the chief calamity of the day, 48, 13
Threading my Way (R. D. Owen), notice of, 68, 25
Thun, scene in a farmhouse near, 44, 8
Thunderer, slaves on the, 64, 26
Thyatira, address to the Church of, 84, 18, 23
Tichborne claimant, cost of the trial of the, 44, 17; time wasted on, 94, 2 *n.*
Tide-mill, tenant of, his biography, 51, 26
Tientsin, massacre of, described by the *Spectator*, 37, 16
Time and Tide, challenge contained in, 11, 12; first references to music in, 82, 23
Timepieces, amount of European wealth in, 70, 5
Times, the, conquest honoured by, as private enterprise, 42, 6
extract from, on Rev. S. Hansard, 51, 25
sagacities of, 73, 6
Timothy, St. Paul's Epistle to, author's error in quoting, 76, 12 *n.*
Tintoret, convictions of, on the subject of the dragon, 26, 10
forgets himself into religion, 76, 6
handwriting, 94, 7 *n.*, and Plate VI.
Tipple, Rev. Mr., doctrine attributed to, 18, 9
letters from, in repudiation of it, and answers, 20, 22, 23: 55, 1
Titans, the nature of their sin and its resultant misery, 73, 15
Tithe, how used by St. George's Company, 53, 5 (*see also* "Tenths")
Titian, picture by (Plate VII.), 66, 17; analysed, 69, 16; a standard of perfection in painting, 76, 6

Tobias and his dog, story of, 74, 7 and *n.*
"To-day," war-word of the present Master of the Guild, 62, 8; and his shield motto, 86, 8
Tolling machine, 83, 28
"Tom," the old workman, his life and its meaning, 80, 18
"Tom," use of his imagination in levelling floors, 68, 18
Tombs, 16, 1; pilgrimage to, the advantages of, 73, 14; an Etruscan, in British Museum, 66, 17
Tongues, decent men and women ought to use their, 38, 19 *n.*
Toni, visiting the Pope, leaves his dog behind him—how he ought to have taken it, like Tobit, 75, 11
Tools, who should have them, 11, 13
whatever their lenders gain, their borrowers lose, 68, 9
articles of property, not to be lent, 70, 9
Topazes, 60, 5
Tortona, Azario, notary of, 1, 5: 15, 10
Tory, the author is one of the old school, 10, 2
Tovey, Harriet, the author's servant, his London plans deranged by her illness, 67, 23 and *n.*
Tower Hill, 12, 10
Town children, ignorant of the meaning of the word harvest, 65, 26
life, country memories, how precious in, 69, 22
people, wretched, 14, 13
Trade, modes of competition in, 3, 4
competition and secretiveness of British, 59, 17
dress bought for the good of, to be immediately burned, 38, 17
free, Mr. Bright's notions of, 74, 11; result of, in Venetian greengrocery, 74, 11
of England, lying, 58, 9
principles of, 45, 15
sermon declaring it to be impossible to live by, if honestly carried on, 9, 13
tradespeople, demoralisation of, 44, 11
true and beneficent, what it is, 29, 9
Trade Guilds, 89, 9; (old), provided for purity of manufactures, 59, 14
Trade Unions, 24, 26 *n.*; of England, *Fors* of August 31, 1880, addressed to, 89
Tradition, Greek, kept for 2000 years, 78, 5
Tragedy, not true worship, 82, 15
Traitors, their place in Dante's hell, 23, 21
Tramways, 29, 8
Translation, general principles of, 77, 3
Travelling, in olden times compared with new, 44, 5
modern, little cheerful, 72, 10
to shrines of good men, not less desirable than to assemblies of good-for-nothing ones, 73, 14
Travelling carriages, 56, 8
Treachery, 6, 6
Treasure, public and private, in Communist states, 7, 9; primal—the grass, sea, and sky, 79, 9
Tredegar ironworks closed, 87, 16; wages at, misery of the workpeople, 93, 4
Trees are to earth, as the soul to sunshine, 63, 4
ornamental, growth of, in Scotland, 69, 20
Tressure of Charlemagne, 25, 13
Trochu, General, 13, 17
Trout, the author's, at Carshalton, 46, 10
Trust, get your customers', not to enable you to cheat them, 30, 5
Truth, the author only states what he knows to be incontrovertibly true, 43, 1
men of, difficult to find in a Christian country, 62, 5
spiritual things and, 87, 11
Tuileries, the Potter's Field, 6, 6, 14; the burning of the, confused the author's plans, 43, 3
Tune, in it and out of it, expressions most important in Greek philosophy, 83, 4
Turk, the author would enforce a passage of the Koran on a faithful, 30, 3; acceptable in St. George's Guild, on what terms, 63, 6 *n.*
Turkish loans, admirable letter on, 74, 19; question, discussion of, 87, 4, 5
Turks, Current Fallacies about, by Rev. M. MacColl, in *Nineteenth Century*, 87, 9 and *n.*
Turner, a sun worshipper, 45, 3
author's collection of drawings by, 62, 20 and *n.*
darkening his picture, author's story of, disbelieved, 26, 6
his memory, 94, 4
his opinion of Margate skies, 9, 19
"Turner Savage," insect, 52, 20
Turnips, as generally representing food—phenomena of their distribution, 11, 5 (and *comp.* 8, 5)
Tuscans, "well-bred," 91, 4
Tweed, River, what it was to Scott, 32, 14; Ettrick and, junction of, 92, 12

Tylor, Mr. E. B., his idea of Apollo-worship, 66, 3
Tyndale, William, his life and work, 76, 22; letter to the Marquis of Berg-op-Zoom, 76, 22; his reward in this world for translating the Bible, 77, 2
Tyndall, Professor, on the regelation of ice, 33, 10
his recent work on glaciers, 34, 13
degree of ignorance to which he has reduced the general scientific public, 35, 13
atheistic opinions of, 71, 6
his sweet speeches, 43, 16
Tyrant, of the house, 55, 4
real meaning of the word, 77, 4
Tyre, 64, 1: 65, 12; the lady of carnal pride, 64, 1
Tyrol, happy state of peasantry in, 5, 11: 11, 17; villages of, simple life in, 69, 4

Ulverstone, railway travelling at, described, 44, 5
Underselling, trade of, no less wicked than slave trade, 3, 4
University, the Newington, opinions of, 65, 10
Unto this Last, passage in, significant of the author's future work, 75, 8 *n.*; highest ideals of manhood given for types of conduct in, 86, 1
Uriel, the Archangel, modern manifestation of, 78, 3
Ursula, St., history of, begins, 71, 2; legend of, fully given, 71, 13
author's mode of thinking of, 88, 6
her flower (the clarissa), description of, in morning light, 75, 10
her happy travelling, 72, 10
her merry and amused life, 73, 14
her whole utility immaterial, 71, 3 and *n.*
personality and impersonality of, 75, 1
Use, a condition of property, 70, 3
Usefulness, 3, 6: 4, 6
Usher, Mr., author's mason at Coniston, 67, 9
Usury, Usurers, 43, 14: 44, 14: 44, 19: 53, 6, 8: 70, 2: 71, 15
among schoolboys, Mr. Thackeray's opinion of, 70, 9
author's resolution to get quit of it, 76, 20
Bishop Jewel on, 53, 25
challenge to define, referred to the Bishop of Manchester, 82, 22
Usury, Christ's parables respecting it, danger of their misinterpretation, 68, 2
complete definition of, 68, 4
Dante's opinion of, 11, 10
defences of, how vain, 80, 9
effect of, in India, 81, 16: 83, 25
entire trade forbidden, 67, 17
four precise questions respecting, 66, 14
how far allowed to the Jews, 21, 19: 22, 25
how usurers are to live, a question soon to be settled, 68, 9
in Madagascar, 60, 8
Increase and, exact meaning of these terms in the Bible, 68, 8
legitimate, 53, 19
main principle of, defined, 80, 10
Mr. Fawcett's defence of, 18, 14
old-fashioned usury, 70, 6
open or hidden, the total difference between, 80, 15
Psalmist's meaning of, 53, 19
Rev. D. Jones on, 53, 25
Richard I.'s, 3, 11
sermons on, 53, 25
the adder (that biteth the horse heels) the Archbishop of Canterbury declines to set his foot on, 70, 10 and *n.*
the salvation of mankind, according to the modern gospel, 81, 9 and *n.*
there is no such thing in law as, 67, 24
use and abuse of, 53, 19
worse than theft, and why, 68, 5
(*See also* "Interest")
Utility, hitherto undefined, 4, 6; need of understanding its nature, 22, 15
embodied, Mr. J. S. Mill's estimate of, 4, 5, 6: 23, 7
of occupation, 3, 5
Utopia, author's, 50, 8; Sir Thomas More's, 7, 6
Kakotopia and, 8, 11
Utopian topics objected to in the author's art lectures, 42, 4

Vagabonds, rich and poor alike, dislike accounting for their means of living, 7, 15; how to be taken charge of, 67, 10
Vaissiere, Abbé, 14, 9
Valenciennes lace, to be worn, or not? 68, 27
Valley of Decision, the day of the Lord never in it, 83, 1
"Value," how used by author, 59, 14
Vanity Fair, portrait of the author in, 66, 10

Vaults, family, 45, 6, 11
Vegetables in Egypt, 64, 2
Vegetarianism, benefit of, 90, 10; celebrated advocates of, 90, 11
Velasquez, portrait of young princess by (Plate VIII.), 66, 17; analysed, 69, 15, 16
his dog-painting, 70, 8 *n.*
Venables, Eveline Mary, account of her marriage, 57, 12
Venice:—
Arabian nights of, 71, 7
aristocracy and modern manners, 19, 11
arsenal at, 18, 12
called "pleasant" by Shakespeare, remarks thereon, 25, 15
Ducal Palace, proposal to destroy, 5, 19 *n.*; capitals of, described, 77, 9: 78, 1–3
her first record on mercantile affairs, 76, 16
private enterprise and, 42, 8
result of her trading in pleasure, 42, 4
St. George's Chapel, author's notes on, 85, 4
St. James of the Rialto (first church in Venice), inscription upon, 76, 16
St. Mark's, treatment of west front by Venetians, 78, 8
Salute, Church of the, morning light upon, 72, 1
sea canals of, 46, 10
utters her purest prophecy by Carpaccio, 71, 2
witness of painting in, 26, 10
other mentions of, 8, 10: 9, 11: 18, 12: 20, 4, 14: 22, 22: 42, 6, 7: 57, 4: 71, 5, 12: 72, 2, 6: 73, 1: 74, 1, 6, 10: 75, 2, 8, 9: 76, 1, 3, 6, 9: 77, 1, 10, 15: 78, 1, 3 *seq.*
"Venus Mirror" in Worcestershire, 80, 6
Verona, the Adige at, 19, 7
chant of girls at, 32, 15
iron lace-work of, 2, 10
no one cares for now, 42, 3
village near, 84, 3
Versailles, 2, 18
Vervain, classic significance of, 74, 2
Veterinarian, opinion of an eminent London, on rabies, 40, 15
Vexation of Christian people, how singularly disposed, 68, 1
Victory, great, only to be won slowly, 61, 4
Vignette on title-page, whence copied, 22, 2
Village, every one should have a "holy church and a holy tavern," 93, 9
inn, the author could live contentedly in a, 69, 18
Villani, Filippo, 15, 11
Vilvorde, castle of, in Flanders, imprisonment of Wm. Tyndale in, 76, 22
Violence, not a right means of advancing just law, 74, 15
Viollet-le-Duc, "Mont Blanc," 85, 5; quoted, 85, 14
Virago of Virginia, 66, 13
Virtue, unrewarded, 3, 6: 7, 11: 8, 6
consists in the symphony of the soul's faculties and faith, 82, 17
summed by the author as gentleness and justice, 41, 1
the initial, of a race, 53, 16
the world exists only by the strength of silent, 40, 1
Virtues, the four cardinal, 12, 19: 82, 7
not to be proportionate to income, 7, 11
not to be recompensed, 3, 6
Vision, Abram's, of the furnace and lamp, interpretation of, 65, 14
Visiting and dressing, hard labour, in the world's opinion, 80, 7
Vivisection of men, not objected to, even by its opponents, 64, 8
Voltaire, adversary of St. George, 87, 1
Candide of, destitute of imaginative power, 34, 7, 8
Henriade of, 34, 7
Volto Santo, of Lucca, 18, 11 *n.*
Volute, Ionic, right character of, 62, 15; of Erectheium, 62, 16
Vote for Parliament, author never did and never means to, 29, 16 *n.*
not to be given to simple persons, 14, 4; not valuable to any persons, 13, 2, 6

WAGE-FUND, administration of, 73, 10
Wages, what they practically are, 1, 10, 12: 2, 3
find their limitation, 22, 10
high, 59, 11; and drunkenness, 86, 6
in kind, 86, 8
of Sir W. Scott's servants not determined by competition, 32, 21
of the upper classes, how earned, 6, 9
Wakefield, old and new, 55, 9
a Tory place, 57, 10
Bridge, scene from, 50, 16: 55, 9; the chapel upon it pulled down, 62, 23
chimes, 57, 10
description of modern, *ib.*
number of hours counted as a week's work at, 62, 25
Waldensian chapel at Turin, impression made on the author's mind by, 76, 8

Wales, railroads in, 1, 4
Walker, Mr. W., offers his time and trouble to the St. George's Guild, for keeping its accounts, 63, 23
Walls, pale brick, 29, 3; strength of old, 41, 8
Wandering Willie, 32, 16, 24
War, Wars, 2, 18: 6, 9: 37, 15: 42, 11: 42, 17
differences between manners of, in fourteenth and nineteenth centuries, 4, 11, 12
first reason for all, 7, 13
French, 40, 6
how paid for, 44, 14
into what three stages they separate themselves, 14, 5
loyalty in, how singular, 79, 3
machinery for, the making of, a crime beyond pardon, 7, 16
mercenary beginnings of, 14, 5
select committee on, proposed by *Daily Telegraph*, 37, 15
weaving and, arts practised in the interests of England, 78, 5
what it really means, 37, 15
Ward, Mr. William, 63, 16 *n.*; reference to, for photographs, 64, 17: 66, 17: 77, 9 *n.*
Ward, Mr. Zion, letter of, concerning the fall of Lucifer, 10, 12: 11, 18
War-horn, Border, found by Scott, 44, 6
Warrington, railway station at, how decorated with romantic ideals, 69, 7
Warwick Castle, 10, 7
Dudley tombs at, 52, 13
Washstand in the cell at Assisi, 46, 7
Wasps, mouths of, 51, 13; invasion of "Alder Point Mansion" by, 68, 19
Water, the second article of material property, 5, 15, 16
a good thing, 51, 8
carting it in summer, 85, 6
mismanagement of, in Italy, 19, 9, 10, 15
none in England fit to baptize a baby with, 5, 16
power over, for good or for evil, 5, 16
states of, on the Alps, 34, 17
(*See also* "Inundations")
Water-colour drawing, old-fashioned method of, 54, 9
Water-mill, the largest, 51, 26 and *n.*
Watt, James, 6, 6: 9, 8: 16, 12
Waverley Novels, heraldic delineations of the, 47, 7: 54, 11 (*see also* "Scott")
Wax, behaviour of, under the graver, 64, 13
Weakness of human nature as opposed to its corruption, 62, 7
Wealth, classes among whom it is distributed, 11, 8 (*see* "Money")
animals considered as article of, 75, 13
beauty, wit, and soul, articles of, 70, 5
consistence of, 73, 2
how much is really within the reach of Yorkshiremen, 73, 5
modes of obtaining, hitherto primarily fraud or force, 73, 5
none without industry, 89, 10
of any country defined, 90, 1
of ape, dog, man and woman, limited to their capacities, 70, 4
of discovery common, 7, 10
of England, present vastness of, according to Mr. G. Smith, 79, 8
of the world infinitely great, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 44, 2: 73, 2; remarks thereon, 44, 4
of virtue common, 7, 11
substantial, of what it consists, 37, 6
the sum of its articles, 70, 9
wife and home, two primary articles of a man's, 91, 7
Weariness, the author's, of his public business, 61, 4
Weaving, 95, 21
spinning and, duty of, 77, 11
war and, arts practised in the interests of England, 78, 5
Weir, Harrison, drawing of the "Duckling Astray," 50, 5
"Well-bred," meaning of term, 91, 4
Wesley, John, on usury, letter respecting, 68, 9
rules of, letter from Mr. Sillar respecting their alteration, 69, 24
his unwisdom shown in the name of the sects following his instructions, 70, 19
opinions of, on usury, disputed by a "Methodist Preacher," 71, 18
Wesleyans, the Mayor of St. Helens, though belonging to that persuasion, is tolerant of a Catholic bishop, 77, 13
Westminster, St. Peter's Council at, decree against selling men in the markets as slaves, 3, 4
Westmoreland, life in, 50, 8; wild grass land in, author proposes bettering, 69, 20 *n.*
Wharfe shore, Turner's subject of, 52, 11
"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it," the command of the Lord's mother that they should serve Him, 94, 1

Wheatstone's invention won't feed people, 29, 11
Whistler, Mr., impudence of, 79, 11
Whistles, steam, at Venice, 20, 4, 12
annoyance caused by, 19, 11: 20, 12: 57, 4
at Wakefield, 57, 10
Whistling, and buzzing, 32, 21
natural and steam, 33, 2
at Venice, 42, 4
White Company, the, 1, 5: 14, 6: 15, 10, 13
Whitebait, 46, 10
Whithorn, two classes of children at, 92, 3
Whorls of spiral shells, how turned, 63, 20
Wicked people, our association with, 63, 5
Wickedness, 77, 7
Wife, not an expensive luxury, 39, 10
an article of a man's property not to be lent or exchanged, 70, 9; our own and our neighbour's, not by rights exchangeable property, 62, 9: 91, 7
and land as property, 45, 9
and mother, 12, 14
position of, in liberal modern life, 31, 8
reality of property in, 70, 2
wifely quality, final definition of proper, 39, 10
young English, their pious aspirations, 64, 6
Wigan, sight seen from train at, 14, 13
and Preston, labyrinths to be seen at, 28, 5
Wight, Isle of, account of recent changes there, by a Fellow of Corpus, 64, 26
Wilberforce, Mr., St. George's contradiction of, 82, 9
Wildman, Mr., his management of bees, 51, 13
Will of the dead, 12, 1
Willett, Mr. Henry, presents Japanese work to Museum at Sheffield, 64, 20
papers on rainfall and floods quoted, 85, 6; on water distribution, 86, 12
William, sweet, his position generally, 1, 14: 5, 13; particularly at present in France, 8, 4, 5
Wilson, Alison, in *Old Mortality*, 32, 9 (*see also* "Scott")
Winchester, how spoiled by drainage works, 86, 15
Wind, the bitter, 8, 1
Wind-holes, 73, 14
Windmill, the oldest on record, 51, 26 *n.*
Windsor, St. George's Chapel at, 31, 10
Wine, price of in Italy, why increased, 44, 2
Winter weather, how poor people live through, a woeful mystery to the author, 61, 1
Wisdom, folly and, gradations between, 54, 2; real nature of, 75, 7
Wisdom, Book of, xv., xvi., texts collected out of, 53, 17
Wishes, value of, 13, 1
Wishing, its proper relation to believing, 71, 7
Wit, an article of wealth, 70, 5
"Without doubting," meaning of the expression, 25, 20
Witnesses, the great cloud of, 63, 4
Wolf, spiritual meaning of, does any bishop know? 49, 10
Women, their present false position first indicated, 5, 2
beauty in, 91, 1
career demanded for, by Mr. J. S. Mill, 12, 14 (and *comp.* the whole of Letter 29)
Christian, their bonnets decorated with bird-skins, like savages, 64, 7
influence of the possession or want of beauty upon, 31, 11
picture of, as qualified aspirants, by the *Telegraph*, 29, 10, 11
privilege of isolation demanded by, 5, 2
responsible for the world's mischief, 80, 7
reverence for, inculcated, 41, 4
rights of, 29, 11
their position in civilised and in savage countries, 90, 2
their position in the household, 63, 9
their proper influence, 56, 21
well-bred, out of employment, 73, 7
what is true work for, 34, 20
young unmarried, their power the greatest of all social ones, 63, 9
Women's work, 94, 12
Wonnacott, Mrs., the author's landlady at Abingdon, 67, 23
Wood *versus* coal, 60, 10
Wood-engraving, 64, 13
Woodstock, 4, 12
labyrinth at, 31, 10
novel of, 32, 3
Woollen cloth of Isle of Man, standard of value, 72, 12
Woolwich infant, 2, 20: 8, 8, 10: 15, 10: 45, 10
"Word" (Logos), used in the sense of a course of reasoning, 83, 4 *n.*

Word of God, the Bible so called, 35, 3
evangelical notion of, *ib.*
first occurrence of the phrase in the Bible, 65, 2
"Logos," as used by St. John, 65, 3
of God and of the Devil concerning money, 78, 21
not buyable, 65, 1
real meaning of, 36, 3
the phrase, how misapplied, 62, 11
to call a collection of books the, a grave heresy, 36, 3
Words, use of, *see* examination of "welded," 13, 8; "dignity" and "sanctity," 14, 9; "watching" and "messenger," 12, 5; "Sabaoth," 12, 10
Wordsworth, 5, 14; "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," 92, 8
Work, 12, 26: 17, 9: 29, 9
not wasted in itself, 2, 10: 17, 7, 8
an indefinite quantity of it not desirable, 2, 10
bad, 18, 16; tendency and habit of producing bad, 89, 15
bread and water sure for it, 10, 20
first law of old communism respecting, 7, 6
first piece a man has to do, 47, 13
good and bad, 46, 8, 10
,, modern notion of, 46, 8
,, the entrance to all princedoms, 20, 19
God's on six days, described, 46, 9
its first object, 1, 7: 2, 10
literary, not to be properly called work at all, 9, 2 *n.*
,, the author's, 78, 14
for love, the proper energy of man, 79, 1
manual, the only defence against madness, 48, 5, 6; literally expected of us, 64, 5; to be enforced on all men, 67, 9
model for, 46, 9
modern communism undoes it, 7, 3, 14
nonsense talked about that done by the upper classes, 9, 2 and *n.*: 11, 8
of darkness, 48, 15; of light and, their manner of opposition, 63, 3, 4
of men doing their best, examples of, 69, 15
of St. Bernard, lustrous, 63, 4
payment of, 16, 6
principle about doing good, 54, 1
principles of, generally, 85, 2
Richard I. of England does his own with his own hand, 3, 13
Work, to do our own well, first condition of true life, 2, 22; and of education, 2, 15; the resolution to do it well, the only true foundation of religion, and of belief, 76, 7
test of, 84, 19
the author's, constant gist of it, 81, 12
without wages, inconceivable to the modern idle mind, 79, 1
"works do follow them, their," 44, 12; meaning of the text, 45, 6
"work is prayer," 57, 5
(*See also* "Labour")
Workers, peace of true, 93, 8
and idlers, their relations, 28, 10, 11
generally have more control over their appetites than idlers, 29, 14, 15
Working men, 1, 12
English, expenditure by, in drink, 78, 19
ought not to be written for as more stupid than others, 11, 1, 2
spoken of with "labourers" as "the two sorts of providers," 11, 6. [For a note added here by Ruskin, see Vol. XXVII. p. 187 *n.*]
taught for fifty years that one man is as good as another, 29, 15
their due position with respect to the so-called higher classes, 9, 2: 11, 5. [For a note added here by Ruskin, see Vol. XXVII. p. 186 *n.*]
their functions, 22, 14
their supercilious views of the so-called higher classes, 11, 3
the life of, St. George's only thought, 80, 2
theory that they are a fallen race, 11, 4, 5
time needful for work in a well-regulated state, 7, 6
to pass examinations, 86, 7
Working-woman, letter from a, 34, 19: 40, 2
Works of author, how published and how sold, 14, 14
World, the, discussed, 40, 1
an orphanage, so long as its children know not God, 96, 6
physical aspect of, truly seen in relation to man, 75, 5
what use it makes of its wise men, 82, 20
Worship of money, 46, 12
Worth of one man as compared with another, the one thing needful to be determined by laws of nature, 14, 4 and *n.*

Wotton, Sir Henry, 4, 4
Wrath, and doubting, 25, 21
Writing, an Egyptian art, 64, 4; on rock volumes, 64, 9
art of, 58, 21
author's changed manner of, 23, 8; he cannot now write in any but his natural manner, 6, 3: 11, 1, 2; his manner of writing in *Fors*, 67, 15
first lesson in, 61, 8
learning, 61, 9
legal and mediæval ornamental forms of, 16, 3, 7
Lombardic, model of, 64, 16, and Plate IV.
Plato's idea of the small advantage in, 17, 5
proper rate and manner of, 62, 15
and reading, pictorial manner of learning, 51, 8
what kind taught in St. George's schools, 94, 7
Wrong, putting things to, the principal occupation of most men, 17, 1

Xenophon, 61, 13

Yea, Colonel, at Alma, 20, 9 and n.
Yewdale, 15, 10
Yoke of Christ, how strict, 64, 5; of Lycurgus or Numa, how heavy, 68, 1
Yonge, Miss, on almsgiving, 53, 5
Yorkshire, an Amorite country, like the Holy Land, 65, 13; operatives, author's expectations from, 73, 3 (*See also* "Lancashire")
Young ladies, letter addressed to, 30, 2; power of, for good, 61, 22
Young men and young women of the richer classes, their creed, 56, 21
Youth should be at ease in learning, 83, 2

Zanchetta, Signora Maria, mother of the orphans, 96, 4
Zebedee, the sons of, 52, 1
Zero, the result of a new industry, like picture-making, 1, 9: 4, 7
Zipporah, the wife of Moses, how painted by Sandro Botticelli, 20, 19
Zoological moralities, 52, 19
Zoology, elements of, to be taught in St. George's schools, 94, 2: 95, 19
Zoroaster, magic of, 12, 19

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